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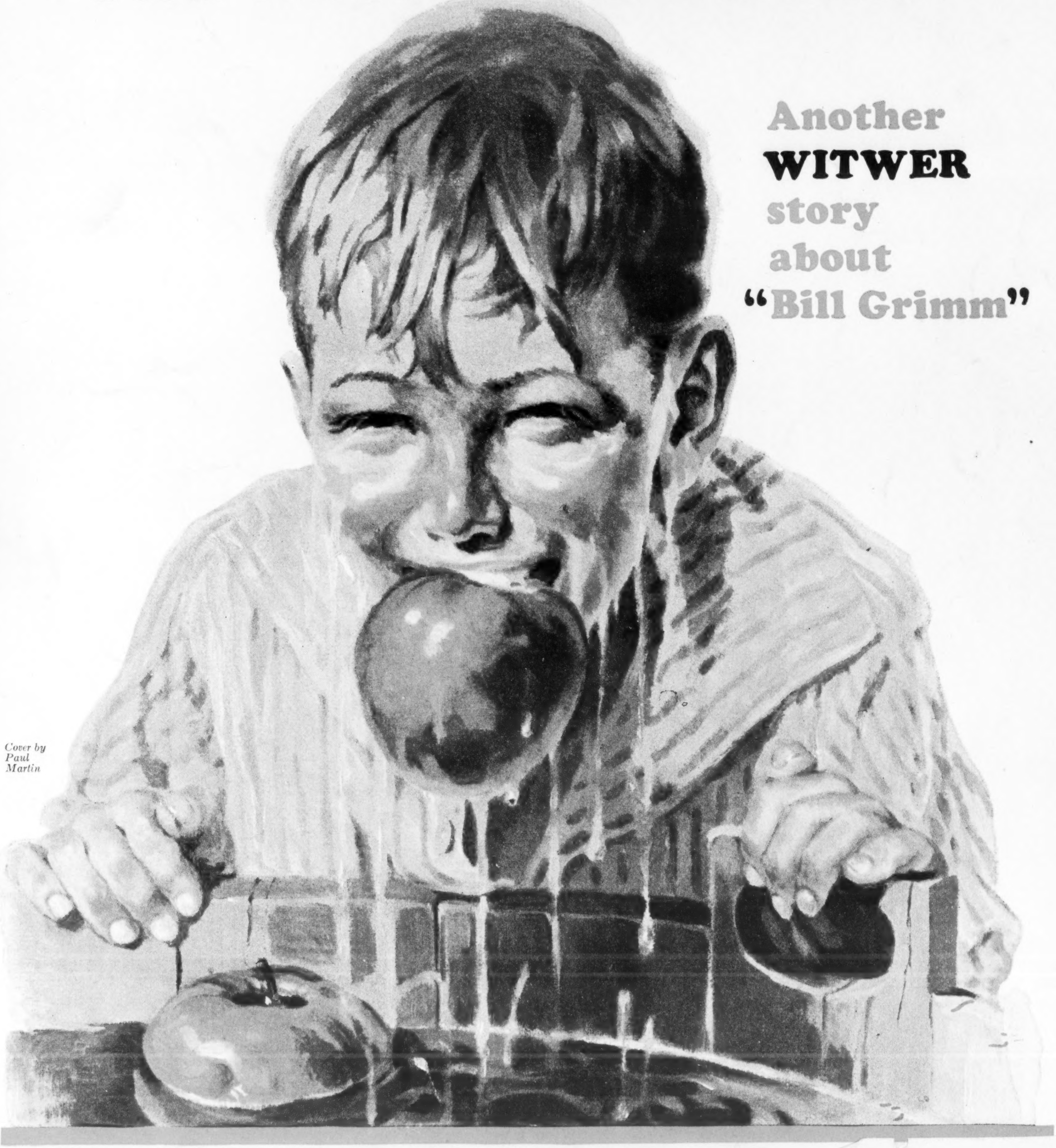
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Another **WITWER** story about "Bill Grimm"



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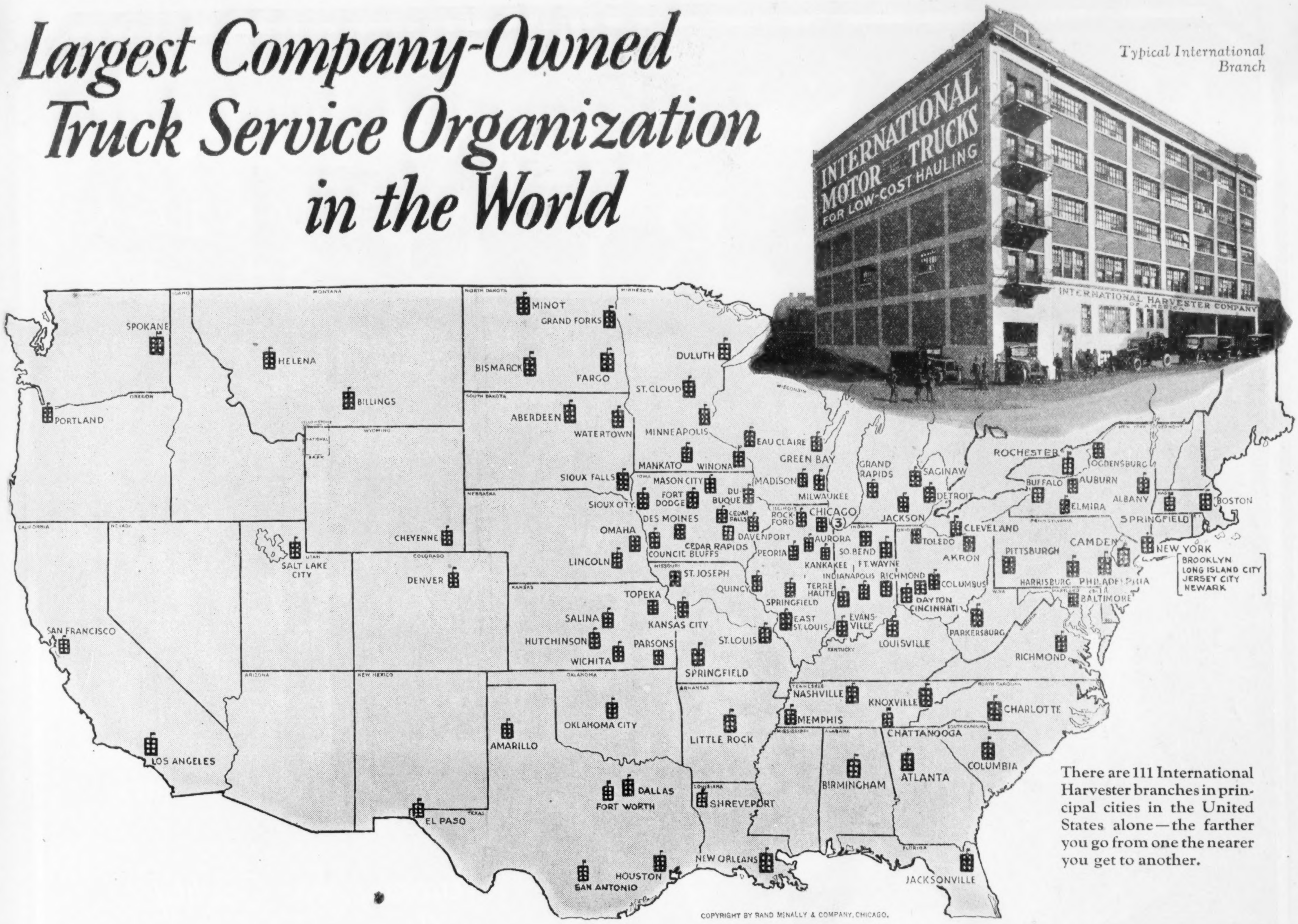

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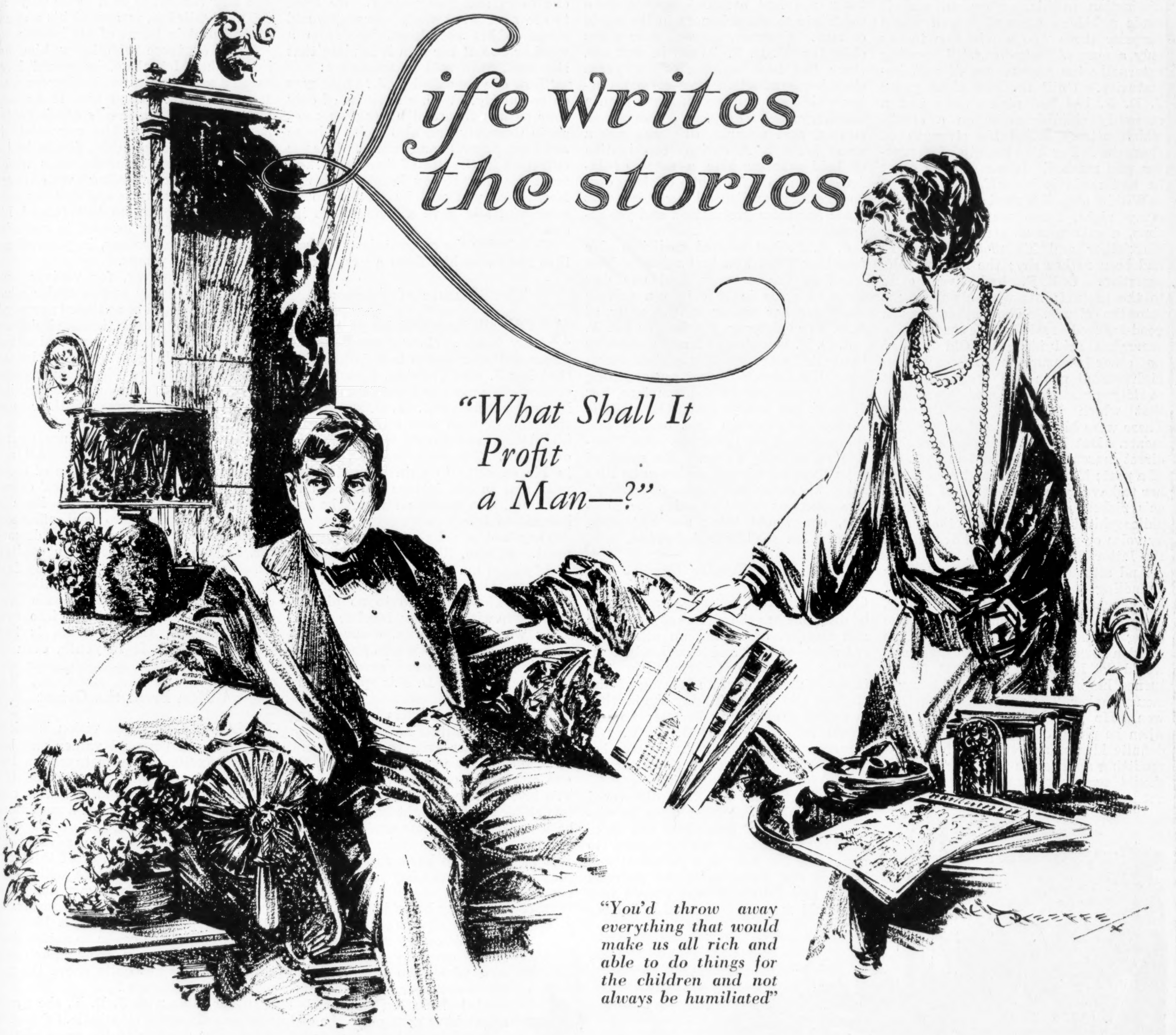
Life writes the stories

"What Shall It Profit a Man—?"



"You'd throw away everything that would make us all rich and able to do things for the children and not always be humiliated"

THE author is a famous novelist whose name is known wherever the English language is read. For his "plot" he has gone straight to life, which is as notorious as truth for being stranger than fiction. The writer knows well the characters in the story, and his reasons for remaining anonymous will be obvious. This is the first of a series of stories by the same author, true stories of real men and women whose lives are as dramatic as those in the latest "best seller" or the current screen successes.

BEFORE J. D. F.'s father died the old man built a pretentious house on a hill just outside the town. That house was the culmination of a lifetime of ambition and money grubbing. J. D. F.'s father had tried merchandising, then a factory when Ohio towns became industrial, but it was the real estate holdings and the magical American growth of the place which made the old man something more than solvent when he died.

He left behind him only one child and a widow who adored that child too much. Mrs. F. gave too much love and comforting to little J. D. F. He was fourteen before he got over being, on occasions, a lap baby. He was in Chicago University before he realized that children, like kittens and puppies, lose vigor and health by too much handling, coddling and petting. J. D. F. will go to his grave somewhat undergrown; his death mask, if one is taken, will show something of a babyish mold. No doubt some would blame heredity, but J. D. F. once told me that he blamed—and forgave—his mother. He loved her dearly while she lived, but he recognized at last that she was a masculine, dominant personality. She threw all the tenderness of her nature—and some of the strong will too—into passionate devotion to her only offspring.

When J. D. F. went to Chicago he began to realize that he would have to train himself for more rugged development. Long before the night which was the great crisis in his life he had been building a new J. D. F. It was hard work. Once sitting in a railway carriage as we rocked through the night, tapping the metal window sash with his finger tips, he told me of that struggle.

First of all, he found it difficult to throw off all the habits, customs and delicacies of the feminine world in which his mother and her female friends had held him in his home, to take on the habits, customs, thoughts and vigor of the male world. But he wrestled with his fears and reluctances. He tried to play football, although it made him ridiculous. He went into a variety of sports, and in winter he trained his body in gymnasiums, hoping to transform his rather short, plump self into a semblance of those figures of lean-hipped, knotted-stomached and graceful Greek athletes, which even in plaster casts create uneasiness in those who are far from the proper contour.

His attempt was a failure, but the Spartan will behind his desire which kept him at the chest weights and dumb-bells produced a great store of health, useful in his early fight for distinction in his profession, and it made a hidden strength which would surprise those who see in him to-day only a man of forty-five, still wearing externally the appearance of soft immaturity. Until the last eight years J. D. F. has had pink cheeks and a curiously childish smile on a mouth which utterly belied his strength of character. For his strength of character was masked. It was all his own; he had made it himself.

Within him, if I read his own testimony right, there was, for a long time, a subconscious struggle between his father and his mother. Old F. had been rather shy; the mother self-assertive. Old F. had lived close to the ground; his wife always went into the clouds. The father was a good-natured realist; the mother a somewhat acid idealist. Old F. had no other measure of success than high standing in the competition of worldly possessions, social place and that which is called "prominence." These were his dreams and his preachments. But his wife, in spite of her direct masculine manner, had the soul of a poet; if the choice had been offered her to have her son the head of America's richest corporation or a great philosophical leader, swaying thousands by voice or pen, she would have chosen the latter destiny for him.

And although the family estate was dwindling because of the expenses of his education, and because of a long, lingering illness of his mother, who clung to the big white house and the mission furniture and the cut glass and would not leave them, J. D. F. finally turned his back on the idea of being a money maker. The spirit of the mother won. He plunged into science. And when he plunged it was not without a definite idea of a lifetime of hard, unremitting application to a career which should serve mankind. J. D. F. was not the kind, however, to beat his chest when he dedicated himself to usefulness; he was much too inexpressive and shy and even modest to do so.

He was twenty-four when he met the girl I must call Emeline. By terrific self-sacrifice Emeline's family, who lived in New York, had sent her through Wellesley College. She belonged to the early crop of feminists; in her early teens she had armored herself as a candidate to share honors in the world of men. However, she was four years older than J. D. F. When he met her, there had been a span of six years since her graduation from college, during which her only product had been a desultory series of poems, essays and stories, still unsold. She was not a great beauty. A curious combination of bold manner with a sense of inferiority and of doubts of her own powers had repelled all her suitors; it made her seem pretentious and yet inconsequent.

J. D. F. had studied medicine. He found an office assistant's job in New York in the summer, and one day Emeline came in to obtain a culture made for her father at the order of J. D. F.'s employer, the famous Dr. X.

J. D. F. has always found something romantic in the memory of that meeting. His friends cannot see anything about it not utterly commonplace, but J. D. F. has always taken the attitude without explanation that destiny and the gods had set the scene. His Emeline walked in! To hear him speak of it on those rare occasions when he lifts shyly his cover and exposes his sensitive reactions to his affection for Emeline, one would think she had risen from a sea shell, like Aphrodite.

Emeline's Deadly Loyalty

SHE is not and never was an Aphrodite. She has the virtues of being tall and slender, of having an attractive, red shade of hair and a curiously comforting composure of personality. She is not without a certain bearing of distinction and poise. To-day she is what is called a charming hostess; no one would believe that, if J. D. F. felt significance in meeting her, it was because she was beautiful, or extraordinarily forceful or compelling.

No doubt what J. D. F. discovered was that she liked him; later he discovered that she loved him and later yet that she had a deadly loyalty to him. She put him on a pedestal; and because she could move the pedestal hither and thither it was proved that she could move him too. Such is the power of some women over even men who are as strong as J. D. F.

Emeline, after they were married, as a preliminary example of that power, dissuaded him from going to Germany. He told her that he never had intended to practice medicine in the ordinary sense; that he had planned to devote his life to the laboratory, to biological chemistry and bacteriology. He tried to show her what study overseas would mean to his usefulness, but from a word or two of her own it is plain that she must have said in substance:

"How can we afford it, J.? Life goes on so quickly. With an income of only four or five thousand a year we can't go to Germany and also make a home and have a family and carve a place for ourselves in the life of America. You must see that if you keep on here in New York you will be certain to be successful and have a comfortable income."

To this day she congratulates herself that she saved him from a great folly.

The Measure of Success

AFTER all, those first ten years were truly happy. No one questions the pleasure that Emeline took in knowing that her J. was growing, that he was commanding more and more recognition in the scientific world. J. D. F. was not the kind of man who comes suddenly into bloom and bursts with brilliance overnight. The hope in J. D. F. was in his capacity to gain ground every year and in his intense happiness in working like a beaver on a work he had learned to love.

They had a delightful small apartment. It was filled with things they had "picked up." The men and women one met there were not always well-known. They belonged to no pigeonhole group with a society label or grade. They were merely nice, commonplace or amusing individuals who had a good time together. No small asset to these gatherings was J. D. F.'s spontaneous laugh.

They were comfortable. His salary at one of the institute hospitals was ten thousand dollars even before he went to France for two years of the war. No one but a fool could be blind to J. D. F.'s love of life and labor and of his two children. He might be growing to be a sage when he was exploring with cultures, filters and microscope, but just as he worked hard, so also did he play hard. He was a boy when evening came.

Of course it may be said that J. D. F. —who had not yet made any world discovery nor joined the small company of research men who have conferred, as the newspapers say, an immortal boon on mankind—might have gone on to the end of his life without any great triumph of that kind. He might merely have continued with his toxins and vaccines and with his daily service as a staff man and with dreams of greatness as unfulfilled in act as they were unexpressed in any declaration of intention from him.

Emeline's loyalty to him did not extend to any faith that she was married to a genius. It was noticeable that she, who had had her own air castles as to unusual feminine self-expression and was now content to be a "wife only" as J. D. F. called it, measured his success a good deal in terms of his income.

None of those who knew him believed that, let alone, he would have cared a great deal what his income was. It would have galled him if he had failed to make his family comfortable; it would have upset him completely if he had dropped into debt, for he had a certain financial scrupulousness which steady workers dealing with exact measures and science and systems usually possess. But he had turned his back on particular interest in material gain, in acquisitiveness, in possessions, in shows and pomps.

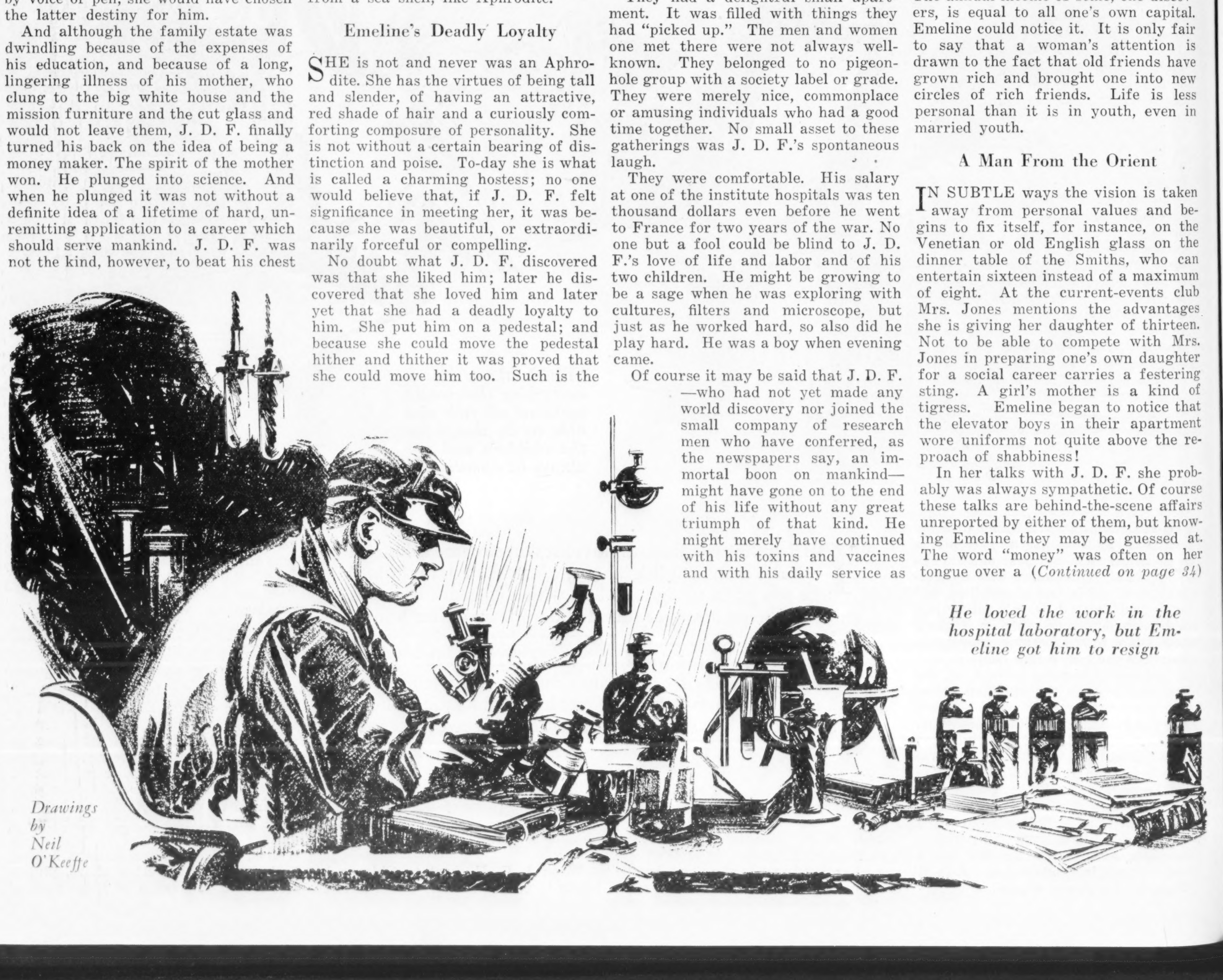
Emeline, however, for various reasons, grew slightly restive under what she often referred to as their "poverty." The thirty or forty thousand dollars which it is estimated they had saved by adding to his mother's tiny legacy did not impress her when compared to the capital she felt was hidden behind the spendings of some of their new friends.

When a married couple are young their friends are poor also. All are starting at scratch. But some of these friends in brokers' and lawyers' offices and in commercial activities have a way of emerging into real affluence. The annual income of some, one discovers, is equal to all one's own capital. Emeline could notice it. It is only fair to say that a woman's attention is drawn to the fact that old friends have grown rich and brought one into new circles of rich friends. Life is less personal than it is in youth, even in married youth.

A Man From the Orient

IN SUBTLE ways the vision is taken away from personal values and begins to fix itself, for instance, on the Venetian or old English glass on the dinner table of the Smiths, who can entertain sixteen instead of a maximum of eight. At the current-events club Mrs. Jones mentions the advantages she is giving her daughter of thirteen. Not to be able to compete with Mrs. Jones in preparing one's own daughter for a social career carries a festering sting. A girl's mother is a kind of tigress. Emeline began to notice that the elevator boys in their apartment wore uniforms not quite above the reproach of shabbiness!

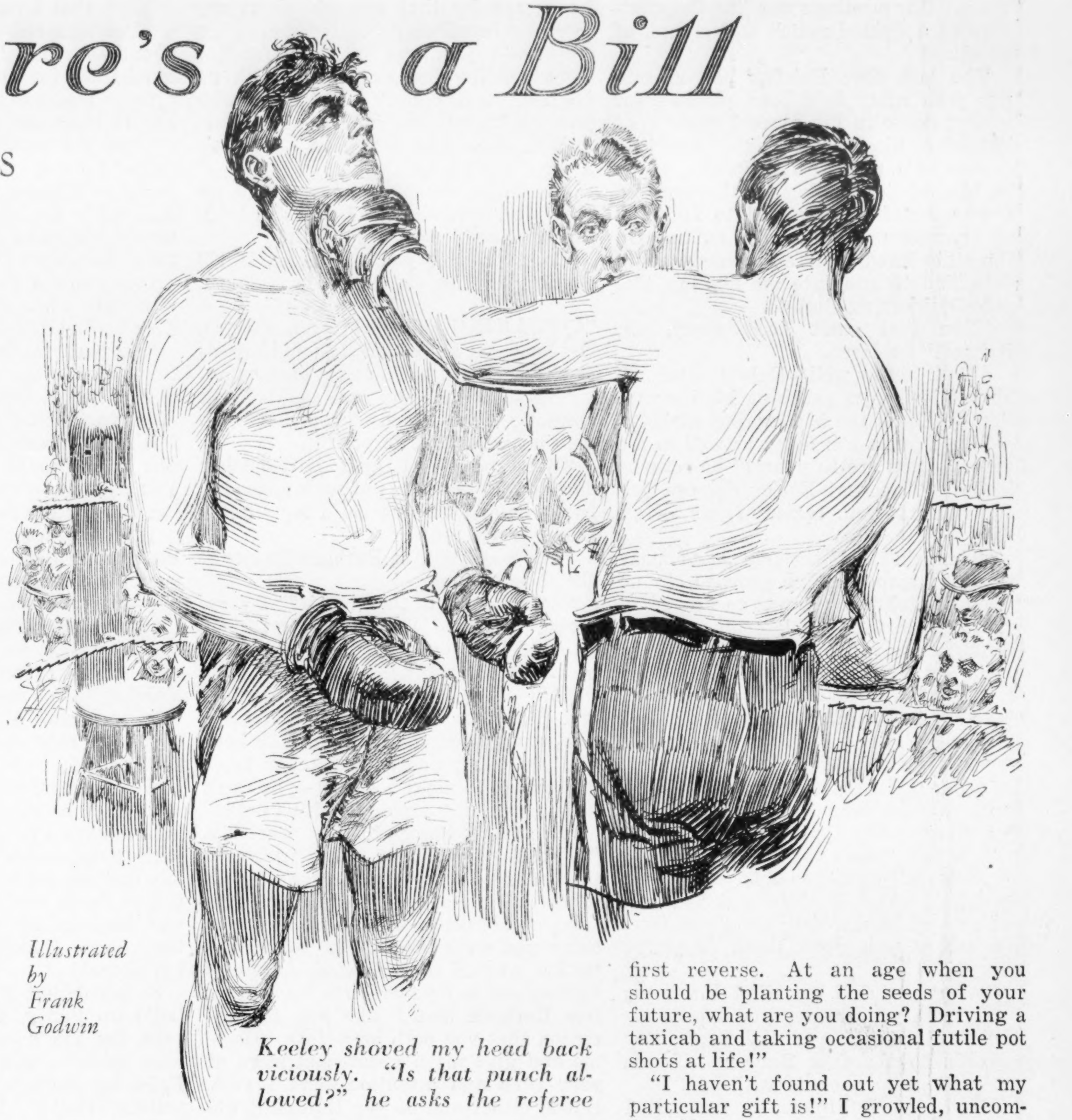
In her talks with J. D. F. she probably was always sympathetic. Of course these talks are behind-the-scene affairs unreported by either of them, but knowing Emeline they may be guessed at. The word "money" was often on her tongue over a (*Continued on page 34*)



He loved the work in the hospital laboratory, but Emeline got him to resign

Drawings by Neil O'Keeffe

Where there's a Bill



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Keeley shoved my head back viciously. "Is that punch allowed?" he asks the referee

A STORY of BILL GRIMM'S PROGRESS

By
H. C. WITWER

Funny how Bill Grimm seems to make better progress with everything else than he does with Barbara Baxter! But wait: give him another chance

"HE WHO has lost confidence can lose nothing more!"

This sample of what can be done with a ordinary pencil under the right conditions is the work of Pierre Claude Victoire Boiste. Although it's in excess of a hundred years since that gent made the above discovery, I only just stumbled across it in a book. As Pierre's wise crack on confidence fits to-day's lesson to a tea I thought it would be nobby to put it in here, and if you'll look closely you'll see that I have.

In case my bewitching profile fails to bring back any fond memories, lads and lassies, my name is William Reginald Grimm. Don't let that Reginald mislead you—there's nothing whatsoever in a name, as Jack Rich laughingly exclaimed when he checked into the almshouse. In spite of my middle cognomen, I was neither a gentleman of the chorus or one of the show places at Harvard when the following this and that come to pass.

To make a clean breast of matters, I was a young and studious pupil of the School of Experience, New York City branch. I started in life exactly the same as the Prince of Wales—i. e., I was a baby, and, like little Eddie Windsor, my tastes run to far livelier drums than Buckingham Palace. But alas, ah me and alackaday, my father's name by no stretch of the imagination was George V, so in due time I give myself up to the pleasures of driving a taxicab, first in Fairfax Falls and later along the highways and buyways of Gotham.

About the time I'd learned to look on as a yokel anybody which lived a inch outside the boundaries of Times Square, I broke out with the pungent idea that I was a box fighter. No sooner said than done! I put my trusty vehicle in camphor and shortly afterward I won my first professional bout by knocking out a tough boy in two rounds. This feat of strength and skill immediately permeated me with a wild infatuation for myself as a leather pusher. I thought I was *good*, what I mean, and that after that six-minute shambles I knew all there was to know about the manly art of felonious assault. The glamour of the ring and what I then thought was easy money hypnotized me—I was like the Patsy, winning a two-dollar bet on his first visit to the race track, which joyfully wanted to know, "How long has *this* been goin' on?" No more would I sit at the helm of a taxi. I had that cheated!

Well, to make a long story amusing, against the raucous protests of Butch Ford, my manager, I insisted on trading wallops with Knockout Keeley, the leading contender for the heavyweight championship. That was the same as trying to swim the English Channel with no more experience than the ability to take a shower bath without drowning. But I was satisfied I could flatten anybody I could smack with my right, and to me Keeley was just another chump. I trained for the scuffle by getting my hair shampooed and I bet every dime I had in the world, including my share of the purse, that I'd slap Mr. Keeley for a Rumanian ash can.

By a strange coincidence, Keeley knocked me stiff with a punch!

As busted as the Ten Commandments and as low as a caterpillar's tummy I went back to my taxicab, where I now figured I belonged. Left Hook O'Brien, by birth Izzy Rabinowitz and by nature a sweet lightweight, joined Butch Ford in urging me to forget the fatal past and make a fresh start in the ring. They still had faith in me, but I was fed up on boxing gloves. That unexpected setback to what I thought would be a swift march to the heavyweight crown had stunned me. I was through!

HAVING reached this decision after plenty of due consideration, I decided to tell Barbara Baxter. Barbara was a lady detective on the pay roll of the U. S. Revenue Department and a looker which would make the magazine-cover cuteys bite their nails. Whilst I would have preferred her in some more female job than being a gumshoe, I was maniacal about her, and she was the one which lured me into leaving the little village of Fairfax Falls to try my luck in New York.

Barbara thought driving a taxi as a lifework was the height of nothing, but her respect for box fighting was the same as a movie star's respect for humility. She'd declared many times that pugilism was "brutal, disgusting and degrading," so I naturally expected this panic would fall on my neck with joy the second I told her I'd gave it up forever and a day. But I got no service at all; in fact, gentle reader, my sensational announcement failed to click!

"Just what caused you to reach the conclusion that boxing is not your forte?" she asks me, with a odd look.

"Being kayoed by Knockout Keeley!" I answers promptly and a little bit steamed. "I thought you'd be tickled silly to hear I'd hung up my gloves, but you don't seem to get no kick out of it at all!"

"Bill," says Barbara, "what doesn't thrill me is the *reason* you give for leaving the ring! Evidently you are not retiring because you find prize fighting barbarous and sordid, as I do, but simply because you were defeated in your second bout. You have admitted a liking for boxing, you are physically fitted for it and you saw in it a quick route to fame and fortune. Before you faced Knockout Keeley you were convinced that you had at last found your talent. Isn't that right?"

"Well—yes," I says. "But—"

"But *now*, because through your own conceit you have been whipped, your confidence in yourself has vanished and you want to quit!" she interrupts, slightly scornful. "It isn't that I don't *want* you to give up boxing—if you regarded it as *I* do, I'd applaud your decision—but what I resent is your attitude in everything you attempt. In the beginning you are all enthusiasm, but if you are not immediately successful you lose interest. I can tolerate and sympathize with losers, but not with *quitters!*"

Well, that was putting it to me cold turkey for your life, and I was just a human battlefield where amazement, pain and rage struggled for victory! But before I could rush to my own defense Barbara went on to coolly take me apart before my angry eyes.

"Bill, you are without balance!" she says, paying exactly no attention to my burning face. "You are irresponsible—a child of the wind! Instead of determinedly attacking each problem that confronts you, you turn from it at the first reverse. At an age when you should be planting the seeds of your future, what are you doing? Driving a taxicab and taking occasional futile pot shots at life!"

"I haven't found out yet what my particular gift is!" I growled, uncomfortably.

"Well, for heaven's sake, *find* it and regardless of *what* it is stick to it through calm and cyclone until you have won the heights!" she busts out.

For the life of me, my countrymen, I could see no good reason why I should clutter up her home following that, so I copped a sneak a few minutes later to think matters over.

FEELING in the mood to devour a panther, I went to Pansy Pilkington for comfort. Pansy was as pretty as a Easter egg and just as hard-boiled, but I had a kind of brotherly feeling for her, and we got along like lettuce and tomatoes. She'd been a waitress at the Commercial House and one of the points of interest in Fairfax Falls till she claimed exemption on dealing 'em off the arm, having a yen to help glorify the American Girl in the Follies.

So far Pansy had failed to make the grade, but she'd been a bathing beauty in the movies, a night-club hostess and again a biscuit shooter on Broadway. However, Pansy wasn't licked by no means, her motto being the same as Nero used to tell the martyrs, "It's all in fun!"

Since losing her job as hostess in the now padlocked night club operated by my favorite enemy Jack Fairfax, Pansy was parking in a shabby rooming house—a diamond set in brass. I was worried about that appetizing, wise-cracking kid alone in Manhattan, where she knew a single bat of her thrilling eye at one of them big poultry and produce men would solve a lot of her troubles.

However, when I wheeled my taxi around to Pansy's I got quite a shock to find no less than Jack Fairfax leaving. Me and this scissorbill had been on the same loving terms as puss and mousie almost since we first laid eyes on each other, years ago back in the

Falls. Our meetings was like the meetings of a lighted match and a tank of gasoline!

The last time Fairfax had crossed my path after he'd been pinched for selling booze in his place I come near knocking him off for the insulting cracks he'd made about Pansy, which he blamed for tipping off the coppers. I was certainly surprised to find him on friendly terms with her again. On the other hand, Fairfax seemed nastily delighted to run into *me* visiting this pulse-quickening damsel.

"You just can't keep away, eh, Grimm?" he leers.

"Well, well, well—Egbert Stacomb himself!" I says, snubbing his insinuation. "How's the bootlegging racket?"

"Oh, I guess I'm doing as well in my game as you are in yours!" he returns coolly. "Knockout Keeley slapped you right back to your taxicab again, didn't he?"

"That ain't half the trip *you'll* make should I slap *you!*" I growled, in no mood for trifling. It was to this dizzy mock turtle that I'd lost all my jack through Keeley stopping me!

FAIRFAX twirls his cane and glances to my taxi at the curb.

"Well, if you want to pick up a few pennies you can drive me to my hotel," he says, and then adds with a wicked grin, "or is your business with our charming Pansy too urgent?"

"I wouldn't haul you across the street if you cried your eyes out, you big boloney!" I snarled. "Me and you will even up yet on that dough you won from me and if you don't think so you're crazy!"

"When you find out what I'm going to do with your money you'll take arsenic, Grimm!" says Fairfax. "My regards to the fair Barbara—if you are still *persona grata* with her!"

Honest to Baltimore, it was all I could do to keep from choosing him, but instead I shoved past him and run up the steps. I was still wondering what he meant by that remark about my money when Pansy greeted me.

"Yes—I just run into Fairfax," I says, reading her expression with no trouble, "and I can't understand why you don't give that cake eater the air and be done with it! You know he's always looking for the best of it and—"

Something in her eyes cut me off short and reminded me I was still holding her hand. So I dropped it.

"Is it possible you're jealous, Bill?" she laughs, but the giggle was faked.

"SPEAKING of mushrooms, do you know any reason why *I* should be jealous?" I grinned back, at my ease again.

"No—I don't," she says slowly, still standing close to me. "You don't like me *that* way, Bill, do you?"

"What way?" I asks her, sitting down on the couch to put some space between us and wishing she'd lay off this kindergarten stuff.

"The way you like Barbara Baxter!" she shoots at me.

"So it's come to this, has it?" I says, trying to sound light and airy. "Of course I like you, Pansy, or I wouldn't be here. Now—"

"Bill—be yourself!" she interrupts and sits down beside me. "You can't like *two* women the way you like her! It's not being done. Sooner or later you'll have to make a choice—you can't keep on playing around with us both!"

"Look here, Pansy," I says peevishly. "A fellow don't have to be trying to promote a girl simply because he calls on her. You should try drawing something else besides conclusions! Just because you don't scream for police protection when I come around, I haven't figured you in love with *me*, have I? I like Barbara and I like you for the reason that you both been darn nice to me and give me a great deal more of your time and attention than I rate. But if either one of you think I'm obstructing traffic I'm willing to check out right now and I don't mean perhaps!"

With that I reached for my hat.

"Don't go, Bill—I want to talk to you about something," smiles Pansy, laying her hand on my arm. "I was only kidding. You always get so serious, I like to tease you now and then."

"I'm the one which spoke out of turn," I grins, kind of sorry and shamefaced. "Excuse me, Pansy, but I'm pretty low to-day. You know how the breaks has been going against me, and that Knockout Keeley thing's been preying on my mind. I guess Barbara was right when she called me a failure. That's what I am—just a flop!"

"Barbara called you a *failure?*" fumes Pansy, jumping up. "Well, I love that! The idea of her riding you *now*, when you should be bucked up and sent forth with fresh confidence in yourself. She ought to be ashamed of herself. You poor boy—what you need is cheering up, not the razzberry!"

Well, it wasn't very long before Pansy's bright chatter and soothing sympathy chased the blues away from me—this kid was too full of life and laughs for a grouch to last long in her company. All went well till she hauled off and told me what had brought Jack Fairfax to see her that day, and then the fun begin. My personal villain had engaged Pansy for the chorus of a musical comedy to be produced by himself and some confederates. In a flash I seen what he meant by saying I'd take poison when I heard what he was doing with that sugar he won from me. Fairfax had the crazy idea that I was partial to Pansy and that by doing this he was beating my time with her. The big clown—I looked on the girl as a kid sister!

Satisfied that Fairfax was trying to build up Pansy, I tried to get her to turn the job down. I might as well have tried to stop the flow of Niagara Falls by standing on the banks and yelling "Halt!" Pansy seen Fairfax's frolic as a stepping-stone to the Follies, and I was up against a stone wall. There was plenty steel under Pansy's silk—her "No!" with a sweet smile was harder to change than if she'd cracked her lungs screaming the word. There was a huff standing near, and I left in it, sore at Pansy, Barbara, Fairfax, myself and the world at large!

I went right to my room in the hotel, locked the door and spent the night there alone. Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, incurable movie fiends, tried to get me to observe the galloping snapshots with 'em, but my own problems was far more interesting to me than the applesauce adventures of any movie hero! Hour after hour I paced the floor in conference with myself, bitterly bemoaning the fact that up to date my efforts to put myself over had amounted to absolutely nothing.

I wished to Heaven I had pennies enough to wed Barbara so's she wouldn't have to be a detective and to stake Pansy so's she wouldn't have to be fair game for Jack Fairfax and birds of his type. It was no secret to me that I'd get no place driving a taxi, but without education, influence or capital what else in the name of Indianapolis *could* I do?

However, I knew I had to make *some* kind of a move, and at the witching hour of midnight, my head whirling from wrestling with matters, I decided to take one more shot at the ring! I craved another piece of Knockout Keeley, the killer which had knocked me for a loop with a punch. Deep down in my soul I felt that if I could stop Keeley, the first person or thing on earth to shake my confidence in myself, the world was mine for the taking!

HAVING made my decision I hopped gayly in bed and slept like Rip Van Winkle till the phone woke me up at eight the next morning. The voice which acts on me like catnip on tabby inquires sweetly:

"I hope I haven't disturbed your slumbers?"

"Your call fits in perfect, Barbara!" I says. "I was dreaming about you as usual, so why should I wake up?"

"Not bad at all," she laughs. "Bill, you're improving—I must find out what you do with your evenings. How would you like to have lunch with me to-day?"

"How would I like to be Henry Ford's weakness?" I says. "Where will I meet you?"

"You're going to be *my* guest to-day—be at my apartment promptly at twelve," she tells me.

I was at her apartment promptly at eleven!

Well, boys and girls, Barbara's aunt which shared the flat with her was elsewhere, and I'll state Barbara threw one grand party. This opium fiend's dream went out of her way to be nice to me, and with the aid of a chafing dish she tossed up some cruel chicken à la king. After we'd ruined a keen repast I stepped out of character and climbed into one of her cute little aprons to help her do kitchen police. In the midst of my hired girl's duties I suddenly bust out laughing.

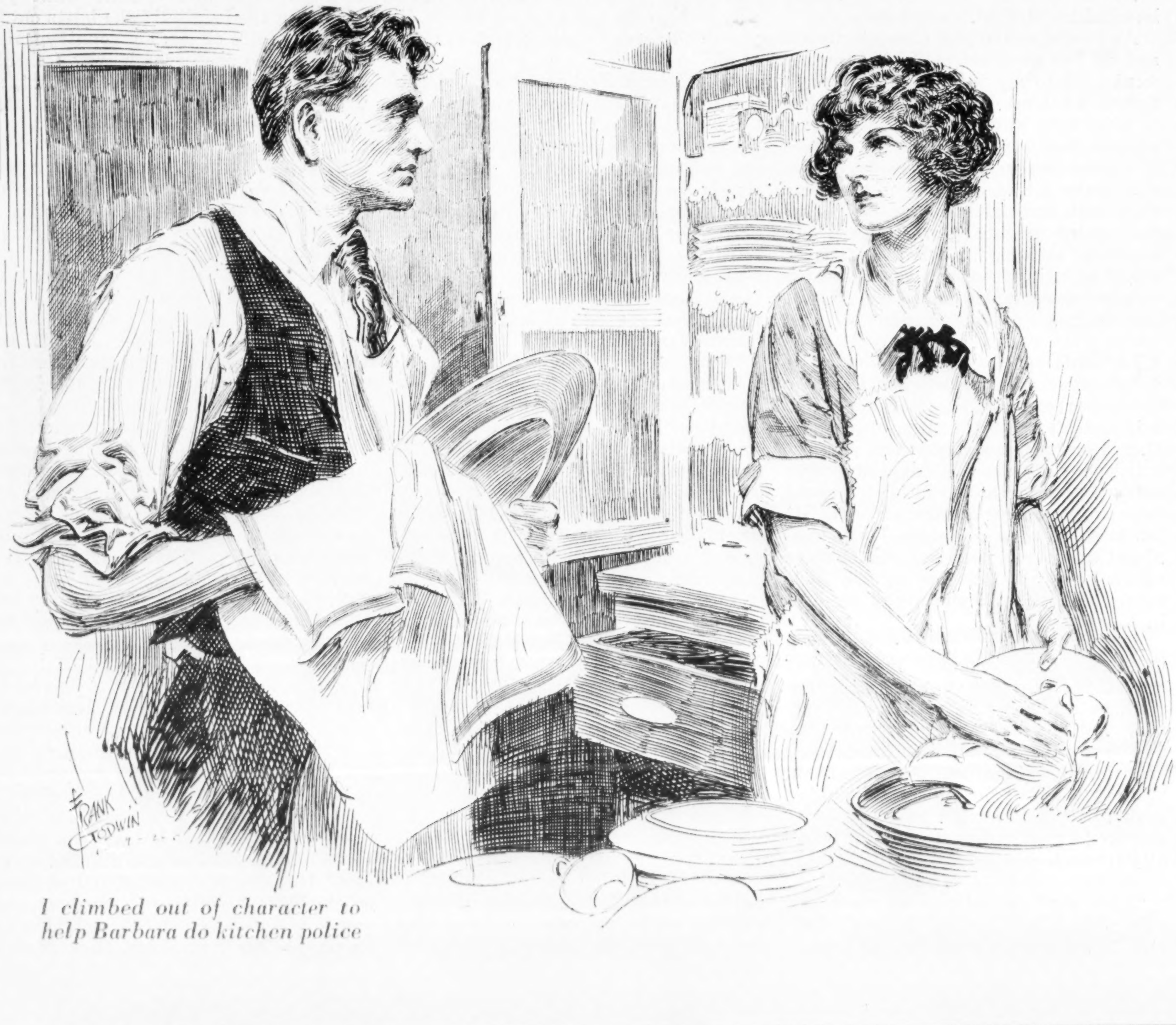
"What's the joke?" asks Barbara, handing me a platter to massage.

"I was just thinking what Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien would say if they seen me bathing this crockery!" I grins.

"You could be doing worse things than this," remarks Barbara.

"Listen, Barbara," I whispers, standing close to her, "I'd part with my right eye if this trap was ours and—"

I was interrupted by a glass falling out of her hand and splintering in the sink, darn it—just when I might have got somewhere! I picked out the pieces so's Barbara wouldn't cut her little fingers, and I proceeded to cut one of my own. It was (*Continued on page 41*)



I climbed out of character to help Barbara do kitchen police

Wide World

The end of a perfect trip: the ZR-3 (now the Los Angeles) reaching New York after her 81-hour flight from Germany

You are as safe in the air as at sea

By
CAPTAIN ANTON HEINEN

Sooner or later you will do your long-distance traveling in an airship, take it from Captain Anton Heinen, the famous dirigible expert. Captain Heinen has served as skipper of a passenger airship in Europe. He feels safer aloft in an airship than afloat in a liner. Heinen expects to see America lead the world in airship development

ONE of the main causes for the construction of the airship Shenandoah by the United States was a report which Admiral Jellicoe made as commander of the British fleet in the North Sea during the war.

In that report, which was later suppressed by the British Admiralty, he said he would be willing to lose his own scouting fleet if he could trade it with the Germans for some of their big airships. It was a high tribute which he paid to the usefulness of airships in maritime warfare.

As you know, the North Sea was Germany's danger water. Yet there is not a case on record where it was not under our eyes from the Zeppelins far overhead so that it was never possible for the English to surprise any of our units, whereas we did succeed in surprising the English on occasion.

Admiral Jellicoe's opinion of the Zeppelins had enough influence on the United States officials at Washington to make them reconsider. They had practically rejected the plans of the Shenandoah. Jellicoe's report caused them to go ahead.

The disaster to the Shenandoah should not be allowed to wipe out their sound conclusion. Airships for observation are essential weapons of defense, and should be part of any defense plan.

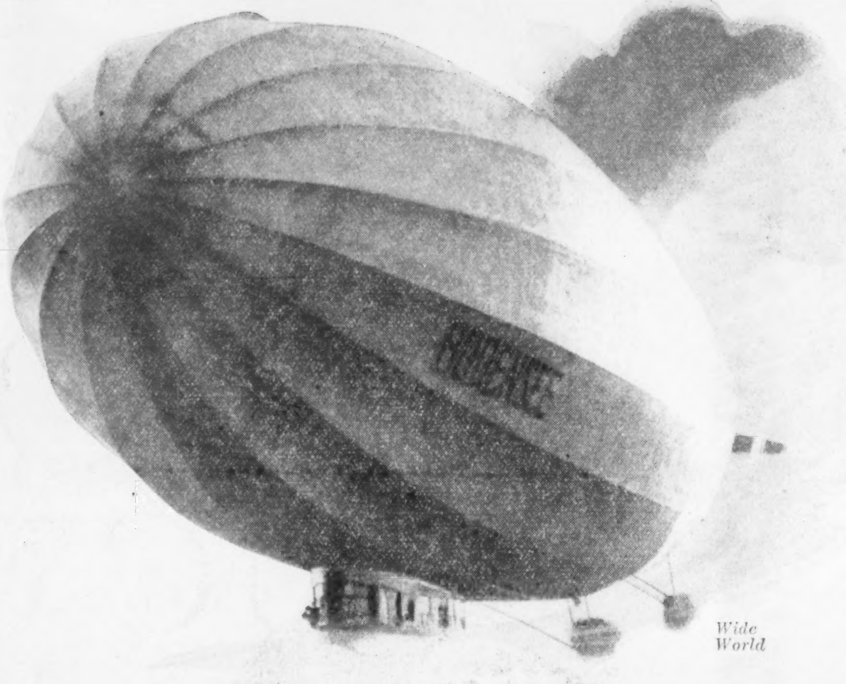
In the event of war a fleet of, say, a dozen airships of 5,000,000 cubic feet gas capacity could keep the whole Atlantic Ocean or the whole Pacific Ocean under surveillance continually from the first day of hostilities until peace came.

It is a mistake to think that supremacy of the air means simply having the greatest number of airplanes. It is also a mistake to think of airships simply as means of dropping bombs into an enemy's capital. The value of the airship consists 95 per cent in its scouting use.

The danger of airplanes attacking airships has been misunderstood. It should not be forgotten that an airship can go up to a high altitude where it still does not lose speed. On the other hand, an airplane loses speed as it ascends until it is possible for the airship to outspeed it and run away successfully.

The thing which must not be lost sight of, however, is that experience with airships cannot be transferred by a single gesture from one group of men to another. Airships may be built in a rush, but skill in handling them must be acquired slowly. The United States must make its own blunders and will be lucky if catastrophes are avoided. You have ahead of you, possibly, a repetition of the disasters which have occurred in other countries. That is the price you must pay for learning.

Aside from any discussion of the reasons which caused the Shenandoah to break in two while in the air, it must be emphasized that the loss of life did


Wide World

Captain Heinen laughs at lightning. His ship, the Bodensee, was struck several times, but the huge hydrogen-carrier wasn't hurt

not result directly from the breaking of the ship. The men who were killed were in the control car, which was hung below the ship by an antiquated design. When the ship pitched to a dangerous angle, the control car broke off and fell to the earth like a stone. The men who were in the body of the ship were saved. The latest design, such as that of the remaining American ship, the Los Angeles, has the control cabin framed into the metal structure of the ship, where it cannot break loose and fall separately. With such a control cabin on the Shenandoah those men would not have been lost.

Here I wish to take issue emphatically with Dr. Hugo Eckner, who brought the Los Angeles to this country and who now says from Germany that a German crew would have handled the Shenandoah safely. Twelve or fifteen years ago a German crew would also probably have wrecked her in some way or other. Moreover, I challenge Dr. Eckner to improve on the feat performed by the officers and men of the Shenandoah who were forced to sail for only nine miles in the forward section after the break, after losing the enormous weight of three cars and even using a broken piece of an airship as a free balloon. It is as fine a performance as I know in the history of airships.

In Germany we had at first some catastrophes which were shocking to the public mind. We were able to explain them as events in the development of a great utility. Yet the public remained aroused against airships until hostility was replaced by national pride in airships when we made a triumphal flight over Germany for the first time in the history of aircraft. The ship was acclaimed from the ground and, with the eyes of the world upon it, was presented to the Kaiser in Berlin. When it broke up on the return trip, the disaster proved to be the turning point, because it aroused the public to help Count Zeppelin in his fight.

Before the war the airship was by no means an assured success, even in our own minds. There were so many things lacking in lifting capacity and reliability in handling. Then the war forced development, and we have reached a point where we can say now the airship has come to stay. In the hands of our experienced crews, since 1911, barring war casualties, we have had no airship accidents.

As an indication of the safety of airship travel in Germany after the armistice until the Treaty of Versailles stopped it, you may be interested to know that the premiums for travelers' insurance on airships were as low as any other travel insurance. In America travel by airplane is no longer a novelty. Yet any comparison between planes and dirigibles is all to the advantage of the airships.

The airplane must depend entirely upon its speed to hold it up in the air. Its motors must be absolutely reliable. If the engine shuts off, the airplane must immediately be able to find a prepared landing ground to which it can glide. In order to make flying safe for the airplanes, the whole country over which they fly would have to be prepared as a landing field.

The airship, on the contrary, can sit in the air as a balloon without power, and can repair its engines. Except in extraordinary circumstances, it need not go down until it has reached its destination.

It can safely fly over everything.

All Nations Need Air-Eyes

IF AMUNDSEN, for instance, goes out with an airplane to reach the North Pole and comes back it is because he has at his disposal an airplane which under certain favorable conditions can do this. It was a daring stunt, with a fifty-fifty chance of final success. Therefore, even if he had succeeded in reaching the pole, I would not have called this an achievement in transportation.

The same is true of the Honolulu flight of the PN-9 No. 1 and the five navy fliers who were given up as lost by the searching vessels. Just a lucky chance prevented a horrible catastrophe. Such trips are simply juggling with the nerves of the public.

In contrast, I remember the arrival of the ZR-3, now the Los Angeles, when she was brought from Friedrichshafen in south Germany across the ocean to the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J. Everybody waited anxiously. Then all expressed surprise at the actual arrival because there was so little excitement among the crew. The newspapers emphasized this. The truth is that the crew knew quite well it was just an everyday achievement and not an act of heroism to make such a cruise. That is because the ship was properly prepared. When she reached the United States the ZR-3 had fuel enough to go another 2,000 miles. That is as it should be always. There should be a margin of safety.

Now, here is a practical application of the great cruising radius of the airship and also an illustration of the immediate utility of airship development in the United States. Consider the business competition between North America and Europe for trade with a rapidly growing center of civilization like South America. The United States has always been at a disadvantage because Buenos Aires is nearer to Europe than it is to New York. It is 6,000 miles from European ports, but 6,500 miles from New York by water.

The airship in a very few years will bring Buenos Aires as close to New York in time as if it were only 1,000 nautical miles away. You will be connected with South America by a voyage of three and a half days instead of as many weeks. A business man will be able to run down to Buenos Aires as casually as he now goes to Chicago.

The airship has an aspect in international politics of great importance to America. For instance, the unexplored country in the Arctic regions takes on new importance and should be watched by the American public with greater interest than has yet been displayed. The shortest distance between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres is right over the pole, where ideal flying conditions are to be found.

Do not think I am looking too far ahead. I am almost looking backward at German experience after the armistice. It was then that the Zeppelin company determined to test its expectations practically, and we established the first real commercial passenger line between Friedrichshafen and Berlin with one ship at the start. I was commander of that ship, the Bodensee.

We succeeded in having 92 per cent of flying days through the most severe part of the year, making practically a flight every day through all kinds of weather. All our expectations were fulfilled.

Within four weeks after we started we were always sold out for each trip, and it was interesting then to note how the character of the passengers gradually changed. At first we had only the thrill seekers who wanted to be able to say they had flown in an airship. Soon we began to get the responsible merchants, who found it was the quickest route between Switzerland and Berlin. For the 300-mile trip we charged the equivalent of $12, and we made money. It was a business success without any subsidy, open or secret, from the German Government. That is why the money backers of the enterprise did not hesitate to increase the capacity of my ship, the Bodensee, and to build another. Then the Treaty of Versailles took our ships away.

Germany need never expect to succeed in throwing off the airship restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles, because England will never again let Germany get ahead in the construction of airships. England has found out for herself the value of airships, and right now she is building them to capacities of 5,000,000 cubic feet, twice as large as the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles, to link up the British Empire.

On the other hand, the attitude of France in concentrating her construction activity on airplanes instead of airships is understandable from the French viewpoint. They talk of the high cost of constructing these clumsy and dangerous things called dirigibles, but their real reasons are political. The airplane is a weapon of offense, and Frenchmen have said recently and often that in future troubles which may occur France will carry the attack to her opponent instead of waiting in a defensive attitude.

I am asked if I think the United States should have a separate department of aëronautics instead of leaving the air development divided between the hands of the War Department and the Navy Department. I do not like to venture into domestic political discussion of this, but it may be interesting to relate the solution at which Germany arrived. During the early part of the war, in the development of the German air forces, the army and the navy both had separate air services of planes and airships. Before the end of the war the airplane seemed naturally to become the weapon in charge of the army and the airships were turned over to the navy. Eventually that division settled the question for Germany.

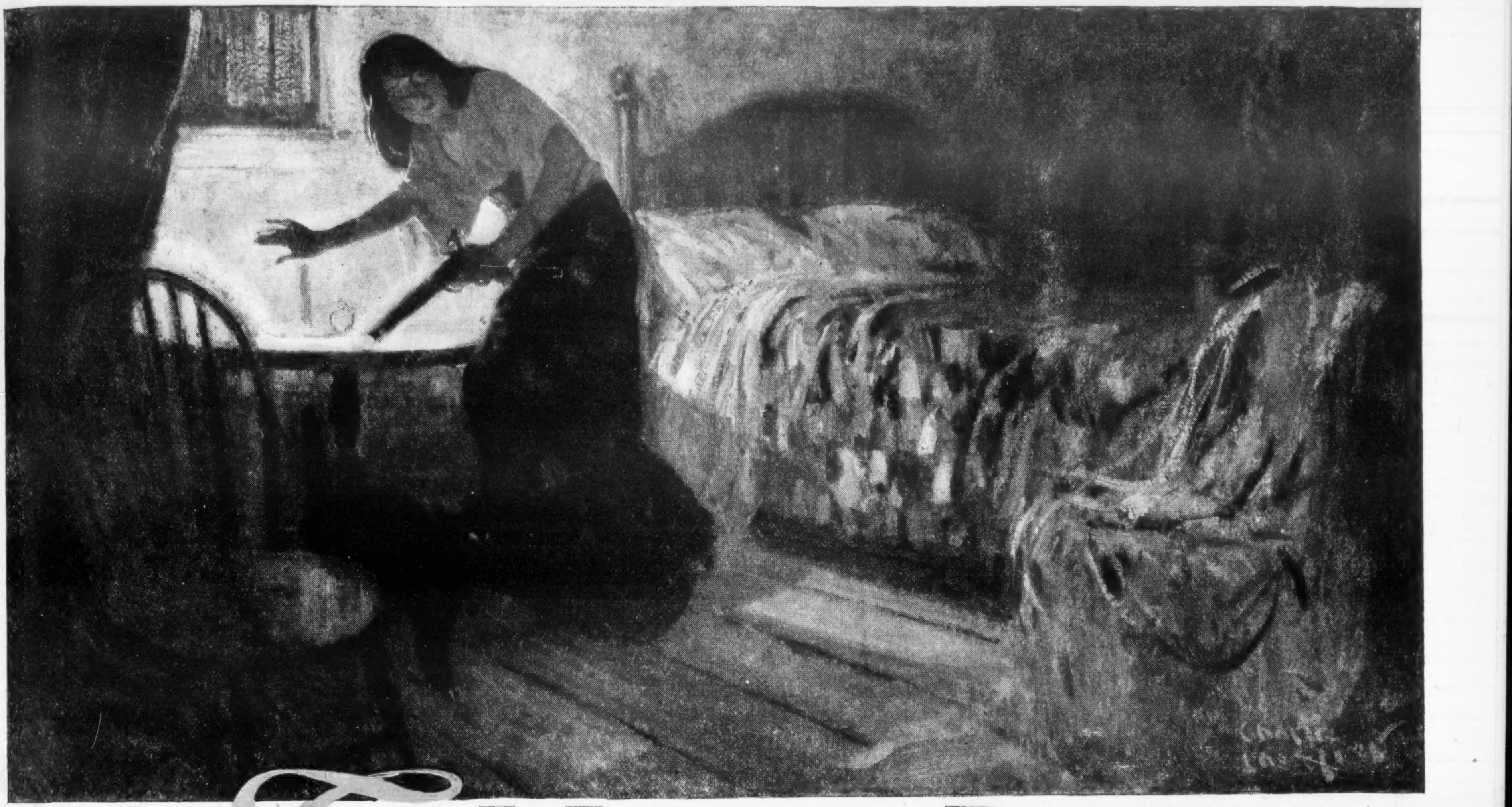
The Deadly Gas is Gasoline

THE question of the divided air service seems less important to me than the general direction which the air policy is to take. The airplane already is highly developed and is commercially establishing itself, and the United States has well-trained airplane pilots. Attention should be turned in a great measure to the future of airships.

There is, however, one great fault to avoid. That is going too fast. It is possible to construct airships of 6,000,000 cubic feet capacity, but you also need to have (*Continued on page 40*)

Wide World

"The airship has come to stay," says Captain Heinen



Zenobia, armed with her father's pistol, could look out for herself

The Wedding Dress

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

Illustrated by *Charles Lassell*

ZENOBIA WHITE is dead! This morning as I came down to breakfast I saw through the tall window that overlooks the meadows the figure of Jabez Torrence, who lives on the river farm, coming up the lane from the highroad. He was running, and when he saw me he cried out in a loud voice, "Zenobia White is dead!"

And then he fell silent, embarrassed, speechless, as if he understood at once how silly it was to be excited over the death of a queer old maid who had lived long past her time—an old woman who had lived for almost a century.

"Zenobia White is dead!"

Something had gone out of our world . . . the world of Jabez and me and all the county. Who could say what it was?

She had been dead for three days, said Jabez. No one would have found her in her little house among the bushes if her dogs had not set up a mournful unbroken howling. Jabez' father had walked in through the thicket surrounding her house. "Even the birds," said Jabez, "were still." He walked through the chickens and dogs and cats up to the door, and knocked. But there was only silence, as there had been only silence on one lonely night more than seventy years before. Inside on her bed Zenobia White lay dead. She was dressed in a wedding gown of white silk, with the veil of a bride covering her immensely old and wrinkled face. The stuff of the dress was so old that it had turned yellow. It must have been made eighty years ago.

So something had gone out of our world, and Jabez in his bewilderment knew it as well as I. We should never see Zenobia White again, walking down the highroad with the long train of her yellow taffeta dress trailing in the white dust, a basket over one arm, her lace mitts adjusted neatly, the plumes in her big hat waving in the breeze. . . . Zenobia White, walking down the white highroad, very tall and straight and proud for such an immensely old woman, her black eyes flashing proudly beneath the little veil of black lace that hung from her queer bedraggled bonnet . . . Zenobia White, immensely fierce and old, dressed always in yellow taffeta like Sarah Bernhardt in the picture by Carolus Duran . . . Zenobia White, followed by a whole procession of cats.

FAR down the valley beyond the figure of Jabez I could see the little house surrounded by bushes. I could even see for a moment a glimpse of the old white horse which Zenobia had raised from a colt and which had never known harness or saddle . . . the old white horse which lived inside her garden and attacked any intruder with bared teeth and unshod hoofs . . . the old white horse which this morning had *not* attacked Jabez' father. This morning, when Zenobia White lay dead in her wedding dress, he stood sadly, waiting. . . . The garden was full of birds, orioles and wrens and cardinals and a great number of dogs—queer, yellow mongrel dogs, unwanted by anyone, which had come to live with old Zenobia. And cats too, scores of them, which prowled in peace beside the dogs.

Zenobia White, with a thousand stories clinging to her memory! The story of the night when robbers evaded the old white horse and tortured Zenobia by baking her feet in her own oven! But she had not told them where her money was. They had gone away when she fainted, defeated. And after that Zenobia's proud walk carried the hint of a limp. . . .

But she belonged to my grandfather's day—a tall, handsome girl of twenty who sat a horse like an Amazon and was courted by half the men of the county. But even in those days she had lived alone in the cottage. The mother of Zenobia White had been an Indian woman, an Iroquois princess, who died soon after she was born. At twenty she was an orphan.

Zenobia White at twenty, living alone in the days when prowlers and renegade Indians infested the county. But Zenobia, young and beautiful, had stayed in the little house by the river, alone, armed with her father's pistols.

"But Zenobia," my grandfather used to say, "could look out for herself." He knew, perhaps, because he was one of those who admired her.

But Zenobia loved, with all the fierceness in her black eyes, young McDougal, red-haired and fiery-tempered, the fastest runner in all the county. And she was to marry him. They went in the long, still summer evenings to ride the tangled trails of the wild countryside. And they quarreled, for they were both of high tempers. And one night, two days before they were to be married, my grandfather, returning from the mill, saw them come home. They had quarreled, and Zenobia rode a little ahead of her lover, flushed and angry and handsome. And when they reached the cottage she turned in alone, without a word. . . . My grandfather says she was a beautiful woman.

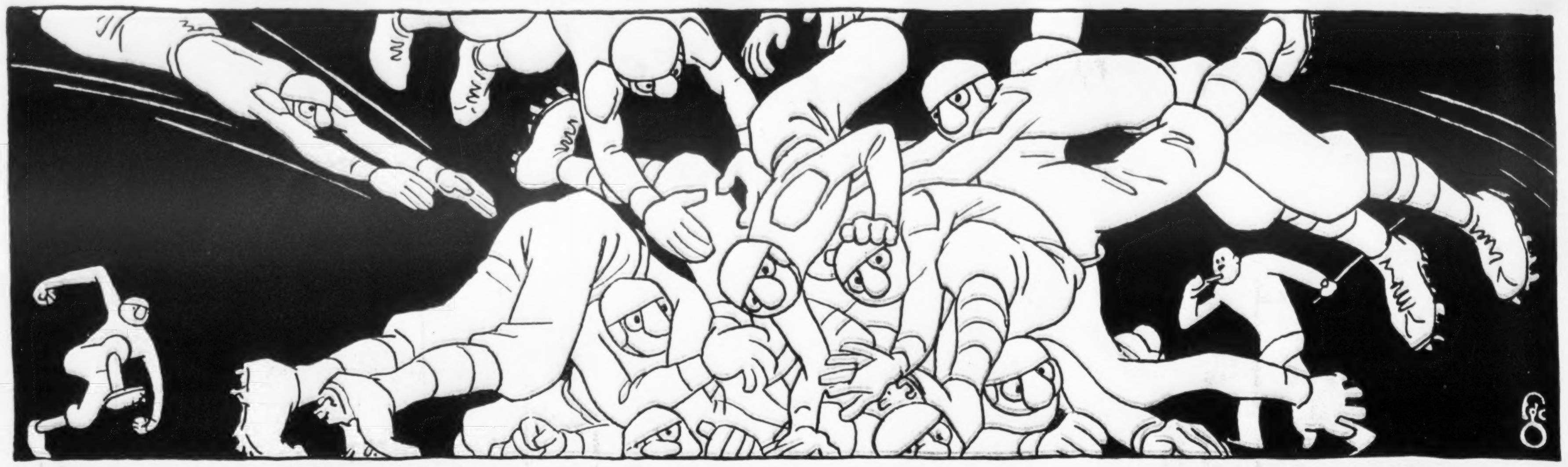
And then (my grandfather said) Zenobia had gone into the house, and after bolting the doors and windows of the lonely house against intruders sat down to read her Bible and pray that her fierce spirit might be subdued. She sat reading thus until long after midnight . . . in a tiny house set in a clearing pressed upon by the great trees of the forest. And presently, as Zenobia read, the sound of footsteps stole in upon her consciousness—faint and confused in the rustling of the lilacs—the sound of footsteps—the footsteps of one or perhaps of many men.

Zenobia put out the flame of the single mutton tallow candle and sat listening, listening to the sounds in the garden, the sound of the owls and of the wind rising over the river. And slowly, when the sounds persisted, she took her father's pistol and, raising it, fired through the door, to frighten the ghostly intruders. The sound of a shot and then a silence while Zenobia stood there in the darkness with the smoking pistol in her hand, waiting—waiting!

There was only silence. They had gone away. There was nothing but the sighing of the wind and the faint hooting of the owls. . . .

And in the morning (my grandfather said) Zenobia was awakened by the brilliant spring sun streaming in at the window and by the happy clamor of the thrushes and cardinals in the garden. The sunlight fell upon the wedding dress that lay spread out over the chair at her side. And when she had dressed and gone downstairs (she was singing, she told my grandfather) she unbolted the doors and windows one by one until she came to the last which opened into the garden. And there, full in the path, face downward, his red hair flaming in the sunlight, lay Jock McDougal—dead—with a bullet through his heart.

I LOOKED up and saw the figure of Jabez, sitting now under a tree in the lane, still puzzling. We shall never again see Zenobia White with the procession of cats at her heels, her yellow taffeta trailing the white dust. Zenobia White is dead. She is being buried tomorrow in her wedding dress.



The Quarterback carries the burden

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

He often plans and executes three plays while his critics in the stands are thinking about one

IN THE midst of a certain hard football game an old grad was criticizing the generalship of the quarterback. A former star suddenly asked, "What play would you use at this point if you were the quarterback?"

The old grad thought it over and finally announced his decision.

"That's all very well," the football veteran remarked, "but in the meanwhile the quarterback on the field has run off three plays. He didn't have three minutes to think it over."

There are few who criticize football generalship who can realize the heavy burden a quarterback carries when he runs the team. It was brought home to me with vivid distinctness in the first Harvard-Centre College game where Bo McMillin was running the Centre team in brilliant style.

After the game I suggested two or three points in criticism of his failure to kick, or something, in the final quarter, after he had handled the team in sensational fashion up to then.

"That may be true," remarked McMillin, "but don't forget this—by that time I had tackled George Owen at least fifty times. Owen weighs 190 pounds and there isn't a harder runner in football. He had an open hole through our line, and each time he hit me head on. I had to keep tackling Owen and still run the team. In that last quarter my head was dizzy and I could see the field spinning around me in circles. I was pretty badly battered and jolted, and every bone in my body felt as if it had been jarred loose. I hardly knew where I was. Under these conditions a fellow is pretty likely to make a few mistakes."

One of McMillin's eyes was about half closed, and there was a bump or two on each side of his forehead. Remembering the numerous occasions he had come at top speed from the secondary defense to clash and crash with George Owen, this was easy to understand.

Any quarterback who has to take much punishment is under a heavy handicap in running his team with a clear, unaddled head. There are not many Stuhldrehers. The Notre Dame quarter of last fall led the interference, took out tacklers with deadly effect by bringing them to earth with the keen aim of a sniper, and yet he ran his team with unerring coolness and judgment through game after game.

70,000 Amateur Critics

IN THE Army game, where Stuhldreher had taken out man after man by spilling tacklers in turn, a certain Notre Dame run was stopped with a thud. Someone had broken through the South Bend interference. On the next play Stuhldreher just watched for the Army tackler. Having spotted his man, he again called the same signal, and this time the Army man suddenly found himself on the back of his neck with both feet spinning in the air as Crowley went on for eighteen yards.

The quarterback job is a terrific burden to put on a young college athlete of nineteen or twenty. There are 70,000 critics in the stands, not counting over a hundred newspaper writers. The result has been magnified so that it isn't far from being a matter of life and death. The ball has been advanced within the opponents' ten-yard line with a touchdown in sight.

The opposing defense is now compact. One play is tried with small gain. Another follows with only a yard picked up. The burden now has become a crushing thing. If he gambles with a pass and the ball goes over the line without being completed, the ball in turn goes to the opponents on their twenty-yard line, where a kick will send it out of danger beyond mid-field.

If he takes the gamble and it fails, there will always be a certain amount of criticism. If he doesn't take the gamble and the rush is stopped, once more criticism results. Those looking on often forget that in an emergency of this sort the quarterback has only one guess. He can't be a second guesser. So all too frequently the quarterback takes the conservative side, where if the rushing game fails the opponents who take over the ball are still crowded back to their own line, still in danger of a blocked kick or a fumble.

Percy Haughton was one of the first coaches to make his quarterback a field general when he did little else but run the team. It was Haughton's belief that a quarterback calling the signals should be protected at every chance, not allowed to run with the ball or to figure greatly in the interference.

As a result Harvard had fine generalship during the régime of Logan, Buell and others. Mal Logan had another great asset for quarterback play in the quality of his voice. "As we reached mid-field," says Tack Hardwick, "Logan's voice in calling the signals sounded at a steady, even beat. It was like the smooth hum of a motor. But as we came within striking distance of the goal it suddenly turned to a sharp, staccato effect, where one could feel the hair lifting along the back of the head. Logan's voice at this point was a big factor in fairly driving the team forward. It had an inspirational effect beyond all belief."

A quarterback without an inspiring or a magnetic voice is at a big disadvantage. A dead intonation cuts in heavily upon the morale of the team.

One of the greatest quarterbacks that ever played was Walter Eckersall of Chicago. Eckersall played with the Maroon in the days when he had more than one job to carry. He had to run the team. He did the kicking. He carried the ball, and more often than not he had to stop Willie Heston of Michigan, the Wolverine Express.

When it comes to carrying a smashing burden there are none who stand above George Pfann of Cornell. Pfann was a combination quarter and halfback. He directed the strategy of his team. He was one of the hardest runners of the long list, and he could pass, kick and do anything else that had the needed ingredients of victory.

In a Columbia battle Cornell was three or four touchdowns in front, due largely to Pfann's brilliant play. Yet Pfann went after the fifth touchdown on a certain play with as much determined desperation as if Cornell's entire season depended upon this one charge.

The greatest quarterback I ever saw in the South was Ray Morrison of Vanderbilt, although Rabbit Curry, from the same university, was close behind.

Yale had a great quarterback in Lyle Richeson and Yale was lucky enough to have a Bunnell when Richeson left.

One of the greatest nerve-breaking jobs a quarter has to face is handling kicks. Yet in the last Yale-Harvard game, played through slanting rain, young Bunnell handled a wet, slippery ball, thickly coated with mud, as Tris Speaker might capture a long fly.

The selection of a quarterback to fill Stuhldreher's place this fall for an All-America location will be one of the hardest of the lot. Brains, courage, coolness, speed, stamina, durability, leadership and a commanding voice are just a few of the essentials.

This Saturday's important games are on page 49

The All-America Football Team

FOR twenty-six years the football season was not ended until the publication in Collier's of the All-America Football Team, chosen by Walter Camp.

During Mr. Camp's later years the game he loved had come into such broad popularity that it was impossible for his eyes alone to see and weigh the merits of all the great players in every part of the country. And so he drafted a corps of famous coaches and expert observers who informed him of the promise and achievements of the best players in each section.

The same experts will perform that service during this season for Grantland Rice, the most widely read sports authority now writing in America.

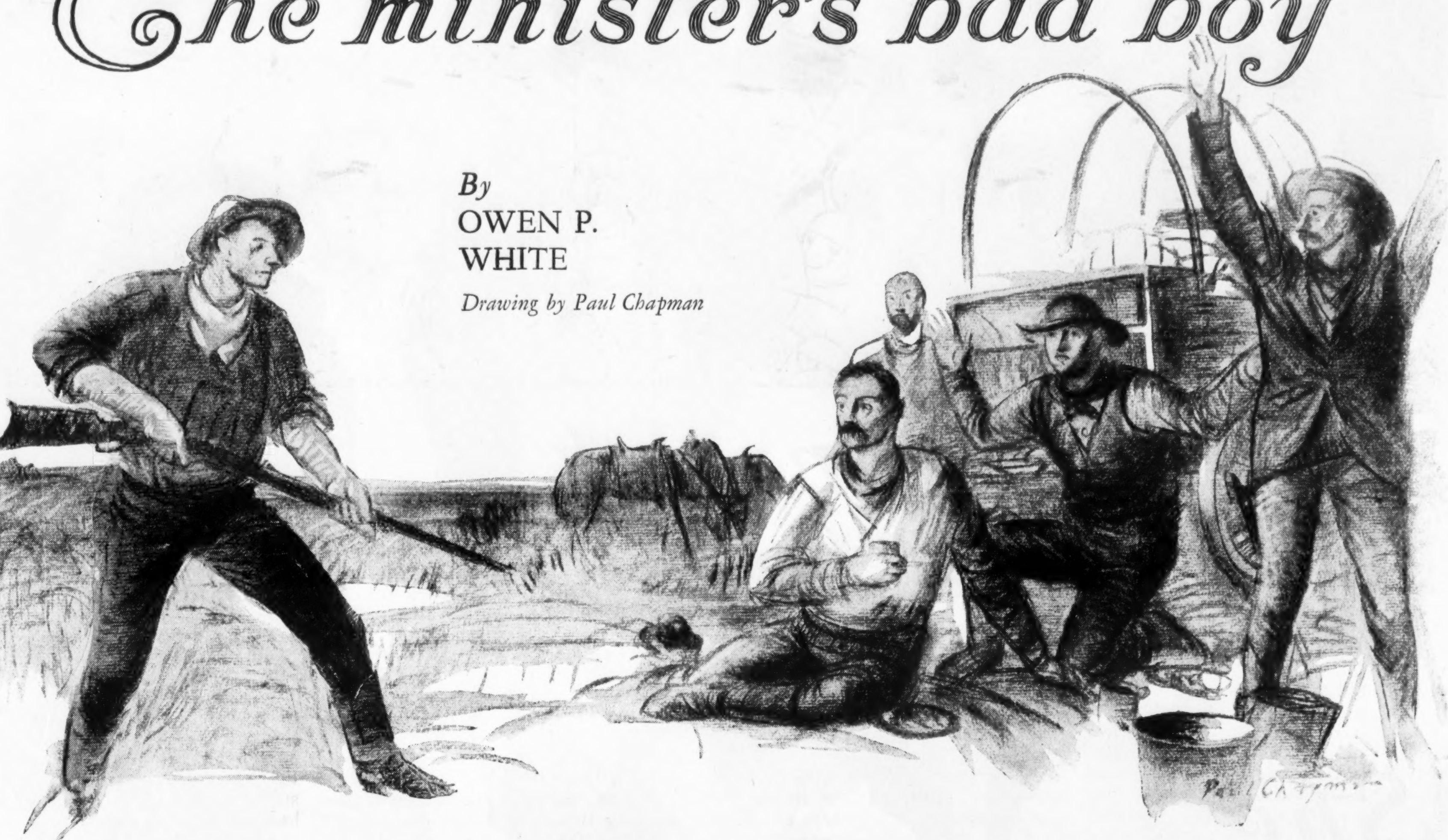
The line-up of the All-America Team will appear in Collier's for the twenty-seventh time—chosen by

GRANTLAND RICE

The minister's bad boy

By
OWEN P.
WHITE

Drawing by Paul Chapman



Beginning at the age of fifteen John Wesley Hardin attended strictly to business and became the most notorious man killer in Texas

While the officers were eating, Hardin emerged from his hiding place with his rifle leveled. "Hands up, or I'll shoot!" he commanded

WHEN he was only fifteen, just at an age when he could have been of considerable help to his father, who was a struggling Methodist minister with a large family, young John Wesley Hardin of Polk County, Tex., adopted his own course of life and started upon his career. He became a professional criminal and a perpetual fugitive from justice.

Following the fist fight which he had with a Negro boy named Mage—which fist fight, by the way, is the only encounter of the kind to mar an otherwise perfect record of exceptionally good gun play—young Hardin went home and equipped himself with a .41 caliber cap-and-ball pistol. Soon afterward he met Mage at a lonely crossroads and filed notch No. 1 on the butt of his weapon.

At the suggestion of his father John Wesley then moved to an adjoining county to live with some relatives. Within a week or two, hearing that some officers were looking for him, he went in search of them, ambushed them—two white men and a Negro—in a creek bed, and killed the white men. The Negro fled. So did Hardin.

This time the precocious young bandit found refuge with other relatives in Hill County and, as there was now no doubt at all in his mind as to what his future course in life would have to be, he set himself diligently to the task of attaining perfection in the requirements of his profession. He practiced daily in the rapid manipulation of all kinds of firearms, and also—probably so that he might be properly equipped with any number of good reasons for starting a fight in case one did not arise naturally—he learned to drink whisky by the dipperful, mastered the intricacies of poker, seven-up, monte and faro bank, and attended and bet on every horse race that was pulled off anywhere in his vicinity.

During this period of his education the young hero's ostensible business was that of a trader in cotton and hides, but his real occupation—the one to which he devoted most of his attention—was gambling, out of which, on one occasion, he learned a lesson that he profited by for the rest of his life.

One afternoon, following a horse race at which he had made some money and a poker game in which he had taken quite a sum away from a man twice his age, the youngster from Polk County was roundly abused by the older man, who threatened to turn him over his knee, spank him and send him home. Instantly he jumped to his feet, pulled two pistols from somewhere—he was always a two-gun man—covered the bystanders with one and his abuser with the other, and said:

"Come on with the spanking and don't let my age stand in the way of any of your good intentions. And don't any of the rest of you fellows move either. I'll kill the first man that makes a break because I'm going to tell this fellow what I think of him."

Innocent But Daren't Prove It

HARDIN did tell him. He told this man, who was regarded as one of the worst men in the county, exactly where he and all of his ancestry stood in his estimation; and then as he rode unharmed away from the race course, with his pockets full of easily garnered wealth, the light of a great truth burst full upon him. The six-shooter was the great leveler! With two of those weapons in his possession any boy who was willing and able to use them was the equal of any man, anywhere and at any time. And with that thought in his mind he had, before morning, got himself into another poker game, made another considerable winning and killed an opposing player.

At daylight he was on the road with a mob after him. Forty-eight hours later he was surrounded and captured in a cotton pen. His captors, still thinking him a mere lad, were careless in their watch over him, and when he made a break for liberty he was successful in getting away. After hiding for a few days he turned toward Brenham, where he intended to stop with an uncle, but being diverted by news of a circus which was showing at Horn Hill, he went there instead.

At the circus grounds he became involved in an argument with a canvasback who threatened to punch his nose but didn't do it. Hardin killed this man and got safely away because the sympathy of the crowd was apparently with him. Then, only a few days later, at a place called Kosse, he killed another man in a quarrel over a girl.

Naturally these performances, which were unusual even in Texas, caused Hardin to become a badly wanted individual in many localities. Nevertheless, in less than a month the young man made a spectacular appearance in Brenham, where he won the support and protection of the gambling and fighting group by "standing up" a bunch of them and calmly announcing who and what he was.

After this, for almost a year, Hardin went on his way unmolested. He gambled at many places, traded in hides and cattle, and finally, in 1870, having got together considerable money, he decided that he would go to Shreveport, La.

He started for Shreveport but never arrived. At Longview he was arrested for a crime which he had never committed. It was a case of mistaken identity, but as Hardin didn't dare disclose his own in order to gain an acquittal he allowed himself to be convicted and was sentenced to serve a term in the jail at Marshall, two hundred miles distant.

Tied to the back of a small pony and guarded by two men, Hardin set out on the ride to Marshall. It was a long trip, one that would take four or five days. But Hardin was happy because he knew that long before it was over he would be a free man again, for securely tied beneath his left arm was a .45 caliber pistol that he had been able to buy from a deputy in Longview. On the second night out he killed both of his guards and rode away into a new life.

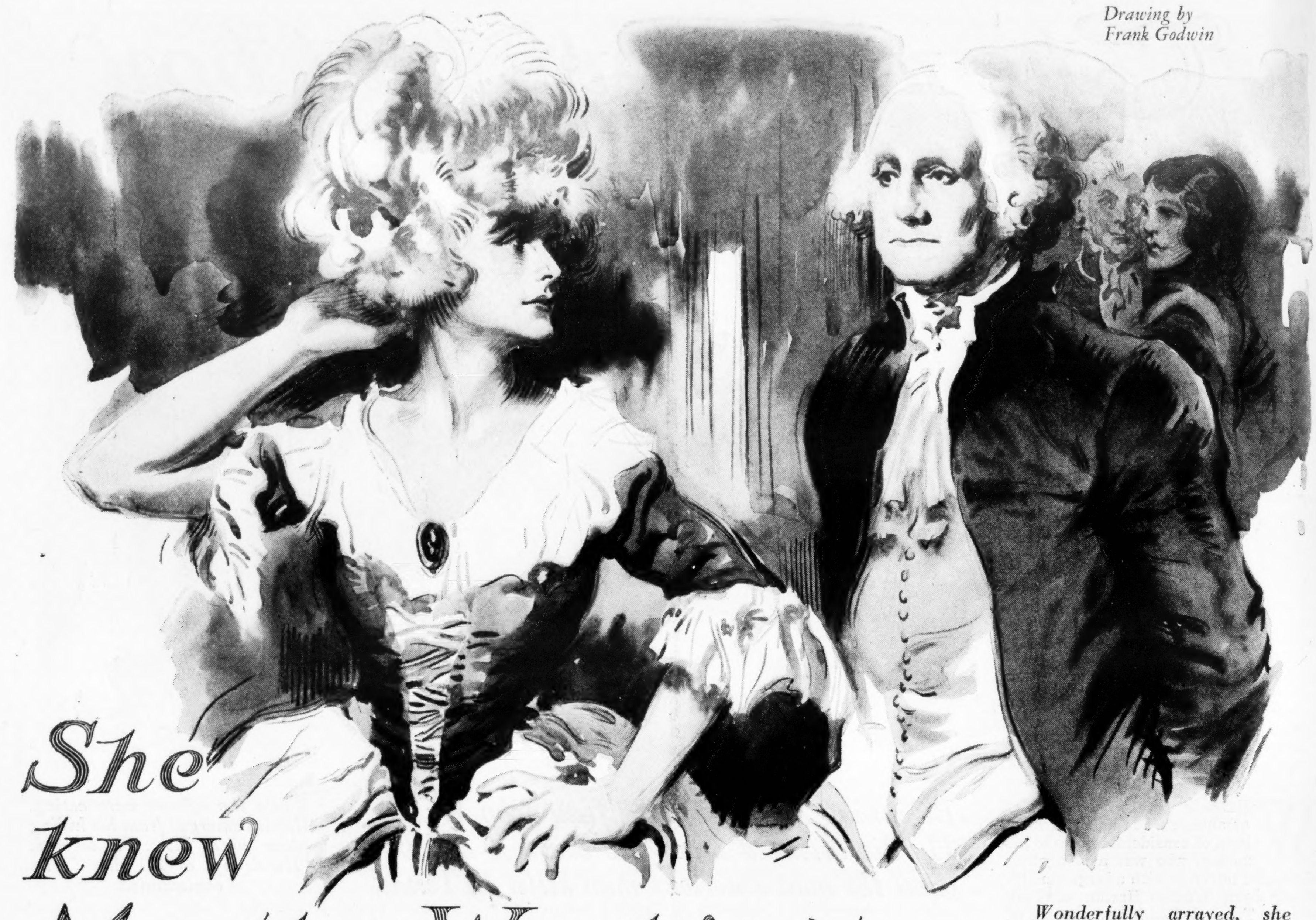
Wild Days in Abilene

WEEKS later the bodies of the two men were found by the roadside, but the lad who had murdered them had gone west. Riding hard, John Wesley went down into Gonzales County, joined some unregenerate cousins of his by the name of Clements and recounted to them the tale of his prowess. When he was told by his relatives that he would be immune from arrest in Kansas he decided to join one of the trail drives and go to Abilene.

Those were the wild days of the cow business in Texas. Abilene was the Mecca toward which the thoughts of all regular, red-blooded, he-men constantly turned, and John Wesley Hardin, not yet twenty but with an enviable record already behind him, was well qualified to participate in the excitement of the life and became a veritable leader in its hilarious and dangerous activities.

Hardin was hired as a "boss herder" by the firm of Carrol & Johnson to take a bunch of 1,200 head over the trail, and just as soon as the cows could be gathered the outfit took the road. It was a long drive—sixty to ninety days; but as

(*Continued on page 48*)



Drawing by Frank Godwin

She knew Martha Washington

Wonderfully arrayed, she asked Washington how he liked her coiffure. The poor President looked hopelessly embarrassed

HERE'S George Washington coming down the church aisle and sneered at audibly by people who resent not being able to call him "George." And here he is again, this time at a reception, mightily embarrassed by a gushing "poetess."

Meanwhile La Fayette is stirring things up in France. Can he too be a savior of his country? In these letters you'll find reason to suspect that La Fayette's fame owes a great deal to Washington's friendship.

But what sort of woman is Mme. de Maussion herself? Next week, in the last of these letters translated by Princess Radziwill, you will discover how brave she was and to what lengths devotion carried her.

Madame tells of the anvil chorus which constantly surrounded her hero, George Washington, and worked overtime, no matter what the General did. She tells of the General's popularity with the ladies—and the ladies' popularity with the General.

20 May, 1790

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

THE house of General and Mrs. Washington in Philadelphia is one of the handsomest in town, standing at the corner of Cherry Street (*rue des Cerises*) and belonging to a Sir [*sic*] Walter Franklin, a Quaker and the husband of a Miss Hannah Browne. These Quakers are very good people, but in spite of it they are not liked; I don't know why.

I fancy that General Washington does not share the prejudice against them or he would hardly have gone to live in the house of one. I have thought sometimes that the extraordinary neatness of the Quakers is what has drawn General Washington, who is himself so neat in dress and manners.

In fact, one of the criticisms of him is that he takes too much care of his person and is too fond of fine clothes. It is but too true that everybody does not admire this great man.

Probably George Washington does not mind, although I have heard that sometimes it exasperates him to think that his most insignificant actions are pulled to pieces, even to the manner in which he bows and greets or takes leave of visitors.

What people would like him to do is to be familiar with them, and he will not do it, thinking that as President he ought to keep the dignity of that position. But this is not understood and he is accused of conducting himself like a king, or trying to. I have wondered if this had something to do with the General moving afterward into another house—which he did.

They criticize in Philadelphia the ceremonious manner in which General and Mrs. Washington attend services in Christ Church. The pair enter preceded by a footman and followed by Miss Nellie Custis, the granddaughter or niece (I don't know exactly what she is) of Mrs. Washington. Then they take their places solemnly in a pew reserved for them between the pews of Bishop White and another gentleman. You will hardly believe it, but some bad-mannered persons have sneered as the General passed them and murmured, sometimes so loudly that the General must have heard:

"The king is coming!"

But the President and his lady have warm friends, and the President has among the fair sex more than warm admirers.

Among the women who have lost their hearts to him is a Mistress Warren, who thinks she is a great poetess and who is absolutely in love with him, making herself thoroughly ridiculous in attempts to attract his attention.

One evening at a reception held by Mrs. Washington the enterprising Mistress Warren appeared wonderfully arrayed in pink silk all covered up with gauze de Chambéry and with enormous pink ostrich feathers towering over her head. She went up to the President and asked him whether he liked this coiffure.

General Washington looked quite embarrassed. At last he replied that the feathers were very beautiful.

"I *knew* you would like them," exclaimed Mrs. Warren (or is the name Warden? Something like that). "I bought them specially for this occasion!"

The poor President looked hopelessly embarrassed. No wonder!

Mrs. Washington merely smiled and seemed amused—as well she might be.

The wife of William Lewis, a lawyer, is a beauty. Mrs. Washington likes her much and has her constantly with her. She is always well-dressed—never more so than on an evening when she wore a cerise satin petticoat with a dress of white damask brocaded with cerise flowers, with a few roses in her coiffure.

By the way, the famous Flora Macdonald, who helped Prince Charles Stuart to escape, is here, or was here. She came some years ago and in the Revolution tried her best to prevent the Highlanders in Carolina from joining the rebellion. This, when one recalls that she was nearly sentenced to death by the Hanoverian king, is rather strange. She had a husband, her romance with the Stuart Pretender not having prevented her from marrying. She and her (*Continued on page 28*)

"I have been a Babe and a Boob"

Said BABE RUTH *to* JOE WINKWORTH

"I AM through," Babe Ruth told me—"through with the pests and the good-time guys. Between them and a few crooks I have thrown away more than a quarter of a million dollars."

Baseball's Bad Boy, George Herman Ruth, is at last serious. He is applying all the pressure of a curious mind to a first real inventory of assets, liabilities and prospects.

And looking forward, as he looks backward upon a hectic and rollicking career of triumph and tragedy, he says: "I have been a Babe—and a Boob. I'm through."

At thirty-two, when most ball players are "through," the most spectacular and picturesque character in American sport since John L. Sullivan frankly confesses he faces either oblivion or the hard task of complete reformation.

The mountainous man whose giant war club, until the season of 1925, packed the parks and minted literally millions for organized baseball, realizes that he must make good all over again.

"I am going to do it," he said. "I used to be sore when people called me a sap and tried to steer me right. They told me about John L. and what happened to him, but I just laughed to myself.

"I was going to be the exception, the popular hero who could do as he pleased. But all those people were right. Babe and Boob—that was me all over. Now, though, I know that if I am to wind up sitting pretty on the world I've got to face the facts and admit I have been the sappiest of saps. All right, I admit it. I haven't any desire to kid myself.

"No more of the good-time-Charley business for me. I am going to start all over, and I hope they'll all be watching my smoke in 1926."

We were sitting in Ruth's apartment overlooking the scene of so many of his triumphs, the great $3,000,000 steel and concrete stadium that has been so appropriately called "The House That Ruth Built." Babe Ruth talked not of his Romanesque victories but of his defeats.

In a bookkeeping way, his financial defeats might be set down:

Money lost through gambling, horses, cards, dice—$125,000.

Money lost through ill-starred business ventures—$100,000.

Money lost in fighting suits, attempted blackmail, "hijacking," etc., fees to lawyers, detectives, etc.—$25,000.

In addition, in his five big money-making years, 1921-25 inclusive (when his income frequently exceeded $150,000 a year), Ruth's indirect losses, through money thrown away on high living, parties, charity, gifts, etc., would probably approximate another $250,000.

Folly's total toll of $500,000!

Extravagance has been Babe Ruth's middle name. He has owned nine cars of the most expensive American make. Once, in St. Louis, during a hot spell, he wore twenty-two silk shirts in three days and left them for the hotel chambermaid when the team moved on to another city!

"But I don't regret these things," he said. "I was the Home Run King, and I was just living up to the title. What I do regret is my own foolishness, the messes I have gotten into through bad judgment. Why, once I dropped $35,000 on a single horse race.

"I used to get whole stacks of telegrams and messages advising me to bet on this horse or that. And often I fell for the tips. Lord knows how much I dropped on the races. But that's all over, thank Heaven.

"A couple of years ago I dropped $10,000 in a building scheme—a theatre and office building. I was to get a quarter interest, but I was gypped.

"I lost a big wad too in a movie promotion. I was to get $5,000 a week for ten weeks' work making a picture. The picture was made all right. And after it was completed they gave me a certified check but asked me not to deposit it for a week. Before the time was out the company went into bankruptcy!"

Then there have been several cases, some of which have reached the newspapers, where the big, guileless Babe of the Wood has committed himself with women and been "taken" for amounts ranging from a few hundred to thousands of dollars. In one instance a young woman confessed she had entered into a plot to mulct Ruth. The confession came after Ruth had spent thousands for lawyers and detectives.

Wide World

"I have been the sappiest of saps, but I'm going to make good all over again"

A Mark—But Not Easy

THREE years ago Ruth met a beautiful and ultra-sophisticated young woman who had enjoyed a brief career in the Follies. She phoned him daily and quite by accident dropped down to Philadelphia to see him while the Yankees were playing Connie Mack's team in the fag end of the season of 1922. A month later, on the eve of the world series, a hijacking lawyer came to Ruth and said:

"You'll have to shell out a lot of money or Opal will swear she accompanied you into Pennsylvania and we'll bring charges of violation of the Mann Act. Better pay up or you'll be ruined."

To the vast disappointment of the legal hijacker, Ruth retorted:

"I'll do a little investigating first. Then maybe you and she will be ruined. And if you stick around here I'll try out a new bat on you."

The gentleman retired hastily and later told friends Ruth was not quite so sappy as he had been led to believe.

"A fellow is defenseless unless he cuts out all good-timing," explained Ruth, "and that's what I have done. I don't even say hello to anyone any more unless I know him well. And parties are out because I have mapped out a comeback schedule for myself, and I am going to live up to it absolutely.

"No exhibition games this fall. I'll lose thirty or forty thousand dollars, but I am going to the woods instead.

"Then, in November, I am going down to St. Petersburg, Fla., where the Yankees train. I expect to stay there all winter. I own a bit of property there. My farm in Sudbury, Mass., is on the market.

"I am not going back to Hot Springs next spring. I am convinced the attacks of influenza and grippe I have had for five years have been caused by the sudden change from a cold to a warm climate and my eagerness to take off weight. I weigh 235 pounds now, ten pounds too much."

Some years ago someone asked Ping Bodie, picturesque outfielder, how he liked rooming with Ruth.

"Rooming with him," snorted the agile-minded Ping. "Why, I room with the big monkey's baggage."

This was literally true. In every city where the team played, the Babe was carried off to outside diversions.

The situation became so menacing that the club hired detectives. Even Ruth's phone messages were intercepted. One morning in 1922 (this is a bit of hitherto untold history) the detectives reported that Ruth the previous night had been a leading spirit at a wet Broadway party.

That afternoon Ruth was notified by Manager Miller Huggins that he had been fined $9,000—more money than Ed Delehanty or Dan Brouthers got for an entire season's work!

Babe at that time though was riding the crest of one of his inspired batting streaks, hitting a homer almost every day; and the fine was rescinded.

Ruth's close friends say he is just as genuine a boy at heart as the orphan kid who played on St. Mary's Industrial School team in Baltimore seventeen years ago. He has never forgotten St. Mary's.

Not so long ago he asked Father Mathias, his old preceptor, to visit him in New York. He lured the priest to a motor-car showroom and pointed out a beautiful car of expensive make.

"Do you think I ought to buy that car?" asked Ruth guilelessly.

"If you think you can afford it, George," replied Father Mathias, entranced by the beauty of the machine.

Next day the honest old churchman clutched his heart in amazement when the machine was delivered to him with this little note from Ruth: "For you, with many thanks for what you and St. Mary's have done for me."

The Babe's Not a Mathematician

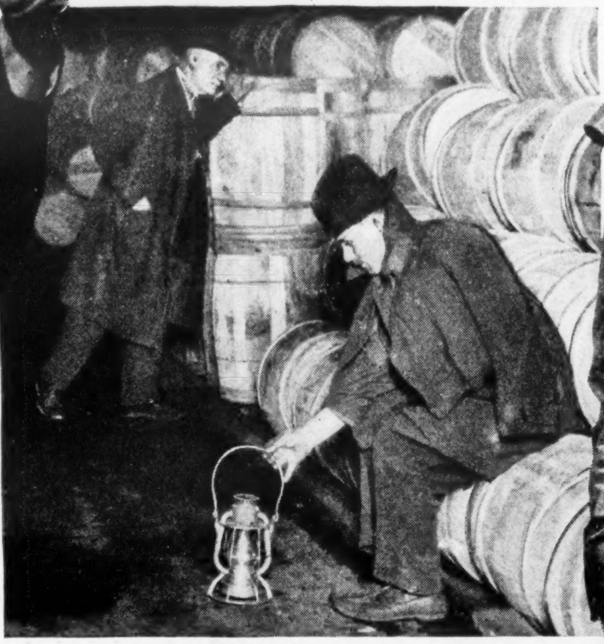
RUTH to-day has no idea whether he is a pauper or a millionaire. He is neither. After forty-five he will begin receiving a paid-up endowment income annuity of $500 a month. This was purchased by his friend and confidant, Christy Walsh, out of the profits of Ruth's syndicated newspaper articles. The insurance broker was Harry Heilmann, Detroit outfielder, and a pal of the Babe.

On Ruth's left shoulder, and extending almost to the ribs, are long white grooves, where the muscles have torn through the skin. Five years ago these were mere striations.

But the Babe insists (and there is no fugitive look in his eye) he is still far from the last long mile of his unique career—"if I can cut out being a chump."

Nineteen hundred and twenty-six will spell out the answer for baseball's most likable Bad Boy.

Watch dogs



© Keystone

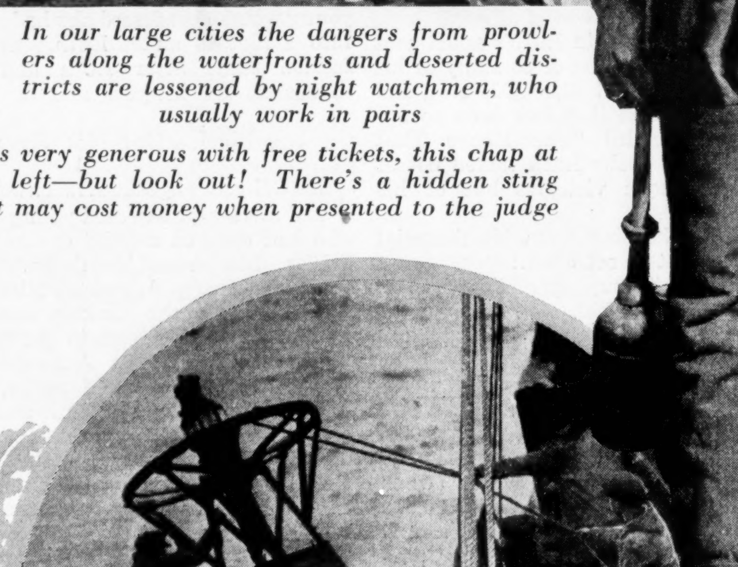
In our large cities the dangers from prowlers along the waterfronts and deserted districts are lessened by night watchmen, who usually work in pairs

Ewing Galloway

He's very generous with free tickets, this chap at the left—but look out! There's a hidden sting that may cost money when presented to the judge

By Hine © Galloway

His eagle eye is always on the lookout for broken rails and loose ties. No monument has been raised to him but many a traveler owes his life to the watchfulness of the track walker



© Keystone

Gas buoys, watch dogs themselves, bear constant watching and, as this picture testifies, it's often a mighty cold and slippery job. This is the life, boys!

Keystone

Where there's smoke there's usually fire, and it's this man's job to keep a constant and binocular eye on the forests during the dry season

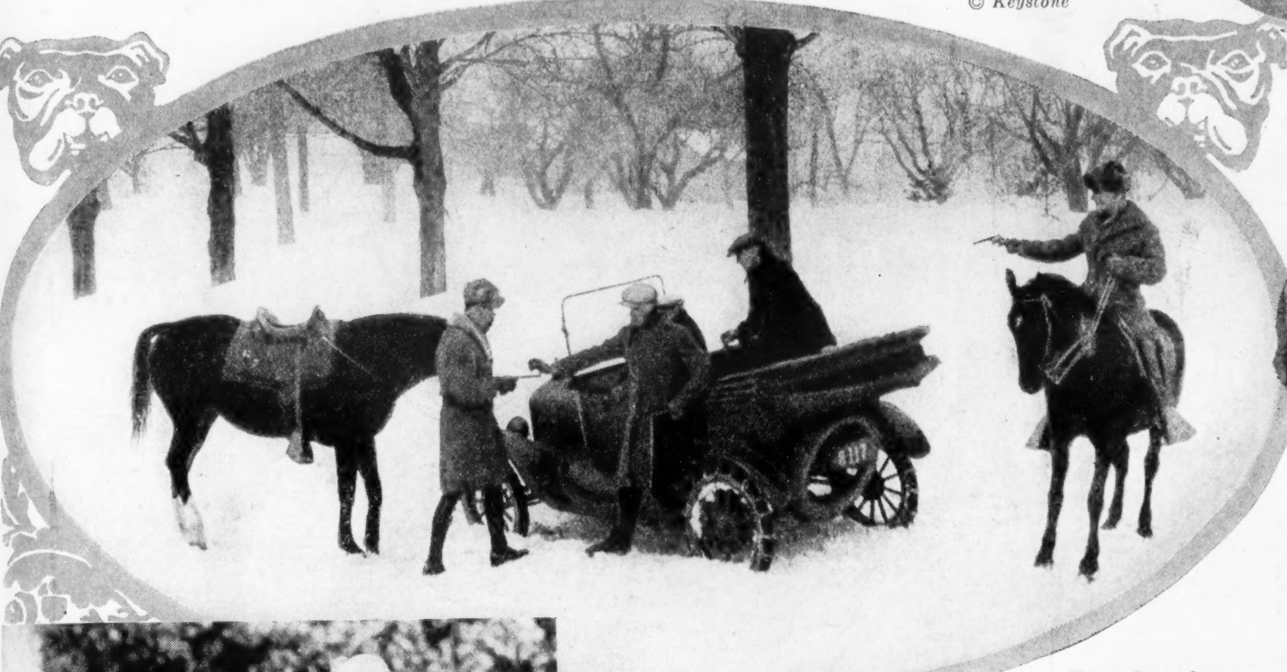
Kadel & Herbert

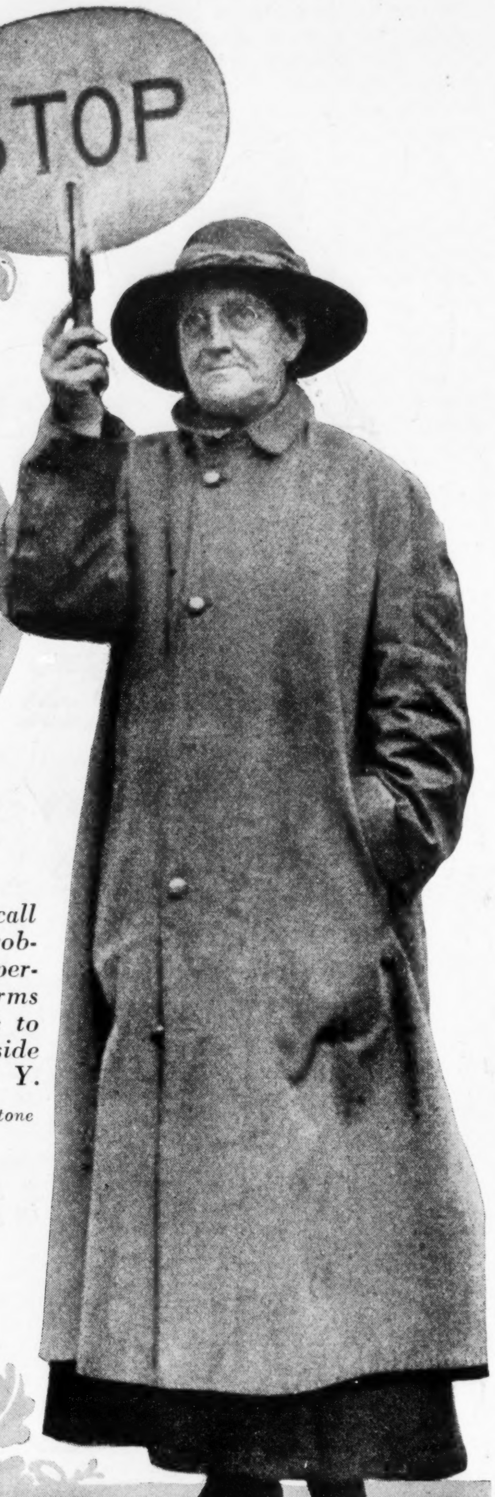
879 telephone extensions in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and this particular "central" has to be pretty watchful to hold down her job on the S. S. Leviathan

This erring and complicated world needs all kinds of watchers, and here are a few of those who serve us without fame but with something much better—faithfulness

This scene below is not a movie, or even a hold-up, but state troopers near the Canadian border looking for—well, we'll give you one whole guess

© Keystone





Exactly what to call this woman is a problem—a copette perhaps. She performs a faithful service to motorists just outside of Rochester, N. Y.

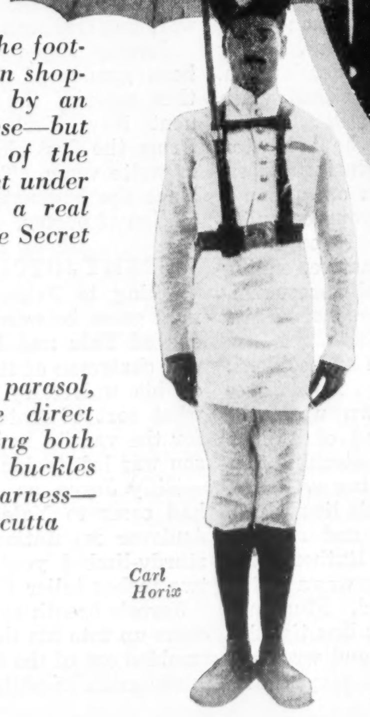
Keystone

Wide World

Leading ladies of the footlights are often seen shopping, chaperoned by an asthmatic Pekinese—but the leading lady of the land goes to market under the protection of a real watch dog from the Secret Service

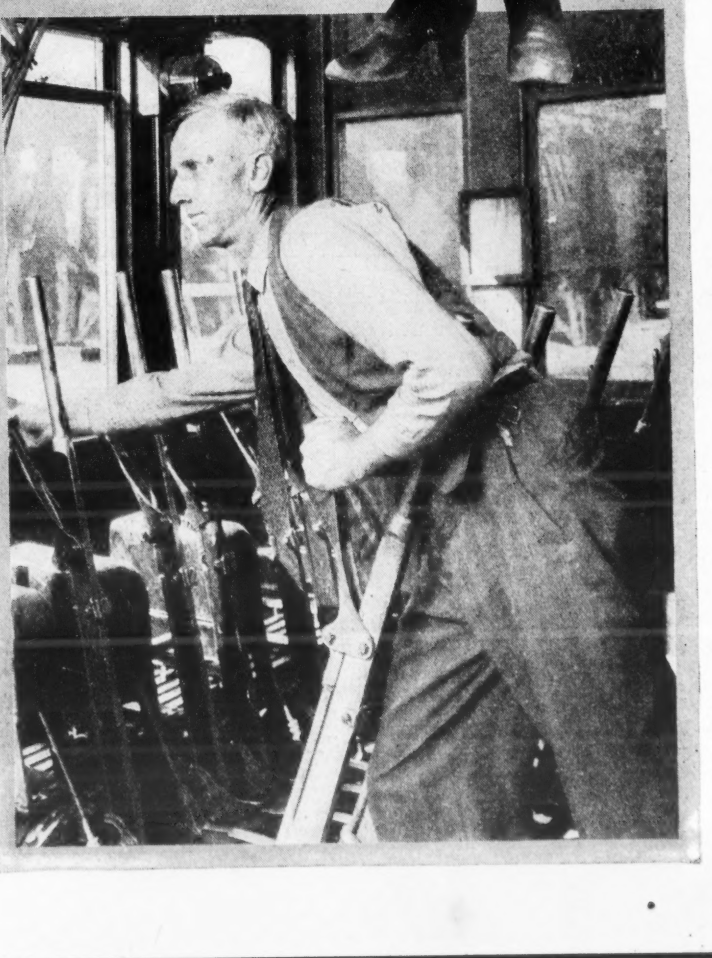
© Keystone

London offers this silhouette of one of its most picturesque watch dogs, the constable of the Royal Exchange, who wears the uniform of its 1570 opening, when Elizabeth was queen



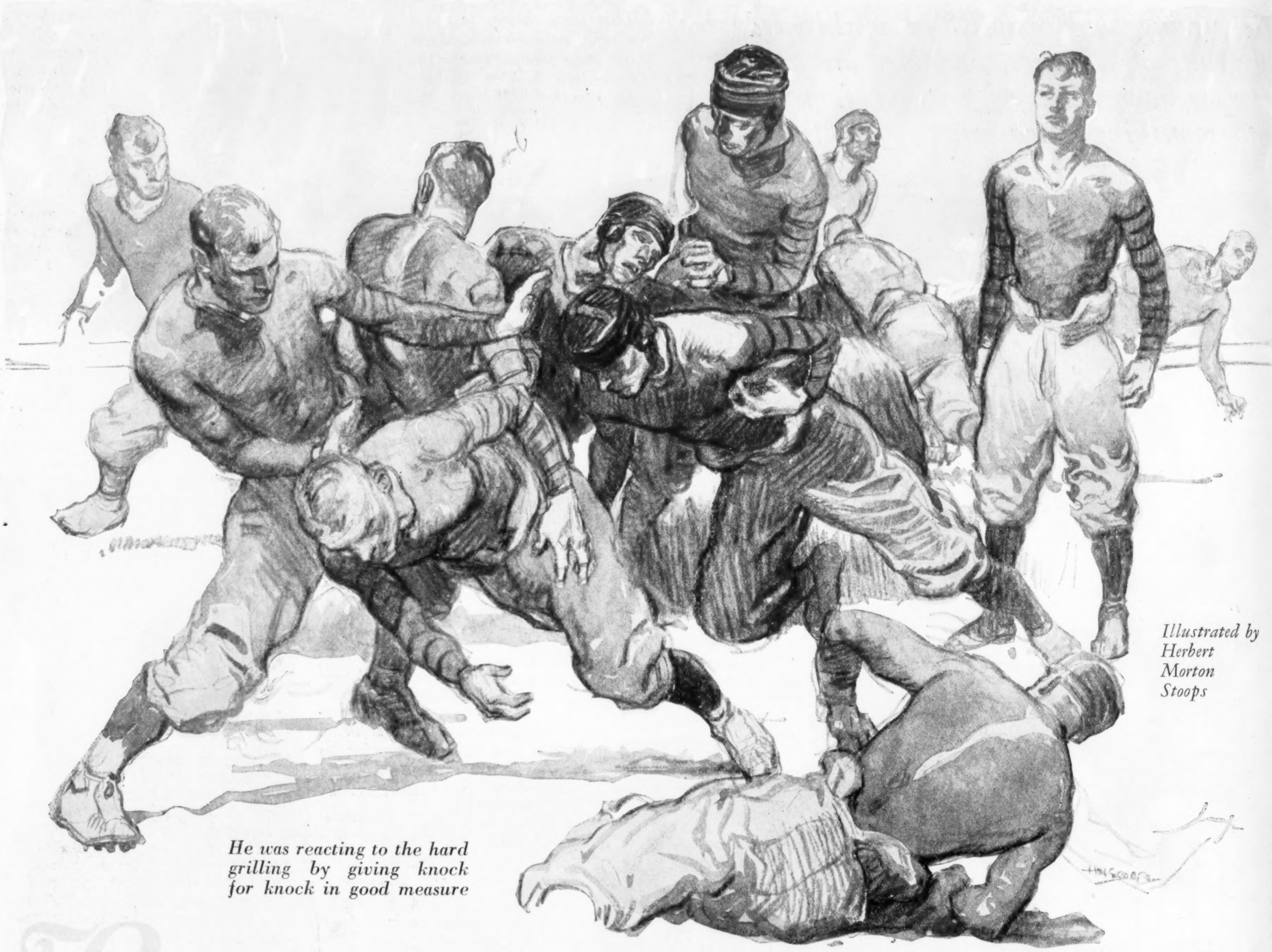
He must carry a parasol, but how can he direct traffic without using both hands? He just buckles on his umbrella-harness—that is, in Calcutta

Carl Horix



This fellow is "working on the railroad" with both arms, two eyes and a quick brain. It's no cinch to be a tower man and control a giant spider web of switches

Hine from Galloway



He was reacting to the hard grilling by giving knock for knock in good measure

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Bull pup and Tiger cub

Football! But the greatest game in the world was played (in two halves) on the Yale-Princeton side lines

By LAWRENCE PERRY

HERE is what Jeremy Joyce, Yale ninety-blank, sent to Lucy West in his junior year, the year, incidentally, that he made the varsity eleven:

She may carry the color of Harvard
In her kissable crimson lips.
She may wave the flag of Vassar
In her delicate finger tips.
She may flaunt you the color of Princeton
In the glint of her light brown hair,
And honor the color of Dartmouth
By the dress she is wont to wear:
But the color she holds the closest
Is the color of dear old Yale.
In her shining eyes it greets you,
And their skies will never fail.
The brown hair may change to silver
And lose its glossy gleam,
And in dull and quiet raiment
My Ladye will then be seen;
The red in her lips may lessen
And the rose in her cheeks grow pale
But the blue in her eyes will ever tell
That her heart belongs to Yale.

Now any girl in the romantic golden nineties—or perhaps even in this rhymeless flapper age—would have yielded to normal and understandable emotions had she succumbed as ardently as might have been to a mind and heart capable of meter so passable and sentiment so fervent.

Perhaps for a time she did. But years of youth are years of swift mutation, no less in sentiment than anything whatever.

So it came about that within twelve months she was engaged to be married to John Rutherford. Rutherford had no poetic faculty, but he had inherited from two generations of bankers a habit of getting most things he strongly desired. Moreover, from the standpoint of heroics he fully matched Joyce, being a stalwart guard on the Princeton varsity eleven.

It was a blow to Jeremy, rather a powerful blow, for never in word or thought had he recanted a single jot of the sentiment set forth in his poem and, besides being a bit temperamental, he did not easily react from things. Never again did he write another stanza. Something within him perished when Lucy West went out of his life.

As for Rutherford of the Princeton varsity, it makes for enduring bitterness to have one who has once been a friend crash down upon your extended leg when you are going through the line like a runaway locomotive, ending then and there your football career midway through the last game of senior year.

It might well have been an accident; such things often are. But Joyce thought differently. Down upon the ground, the splintered end of a bone thrust out through his stocking, he looked up at the man bending over him.

"Thank you," he said, his lips white, his eyes dark with pain and enmity. "That was cleverly done, Rutherford."

Rutherford was—well, he was a Rutherford. He was very proud. Flushing, he straightened up, set his lips tightly. Here he wronged himself and wronged Joyce as well. But football players are as stoical as Indians when it comes to such things, and more often than not they cherish through the years vengeful memories that are altogether aboriginal in their depth and bitterness.

It remains in this connection to be said that Rutherford and Lucy West were married soon after commencement.

Jeremy Joyce waited until he had been graduated from law school and then married the daughter of an eminent New York corporation lawyer. From the first she never inspired him to write verse. This was just as well, since she had not the slightest appreciation of poetry.

JEREMY JOYCE had two reasons for going to Princeton to see the annual game between the freshman elevens of Yale and Princeton. First he was chairman of the football committee of his university and wanted to see what sort of material would come up for the varsity next year. Second, his son was left tackle on the team.

Biffy Joyce, as everyone called him, had come to Yale with a resounding Andover reputation—a big-shouldered, sturdy-limbed youth who already was two inches taller than his father.

Joyce's breath caught and something came up into his throat when the team tumbled out of the field house and loped to the gridiron with blankets flying and flapping about legs and shoulders, heads bared to the sun.

It was the first important college game in which his son had played, and the two, always great pals, had looked forward to it from the time when the boy had come to learn just what football meant in all its sporting and traditional ramifications.

"Hello, Dad. Glad you could make it." Young Joyce, who was captain of the team, cast aside his blanket and came up to his father with lightened eyes. Then, as he glanced toward the bench and saw a girl seated there, he frowned heavily and tossed the football he held to the quarterback with an impatient movement.

Now, this girl merited no such signs of disapproval. Slim, auburn-haired, gray-eyed, she had already been silently appraised by every other member of the squad as a corker. The only trouble with her, so far as Biffy Joyce was concerned, was that she happened to be his sister. He responded to her smile with an inimical nod, then turned to his father.

"How did Evelyn come to get on the bench, Dad?"

"Oh, she wanted to come," replied the elder Joyce carelessly, his eyes wandering to the Princeton side of the field, where the Tiger cubs had just appeared. "Look here, son"—he pointed toward the side-line bench across the gridiron—"you needn't be so stuffy about Evelyn. There's a girl with the Princeton team too."

Biffy glanced toward the Tiger bench, his eyes narrowed in scrutiny. At length he shrugged. "That isn't a girl. That's a woman; the mother, I suppose, of one of the players."

Joyce laughed.

"If you can tell mothers from daughters, especially at a distance, these days, your eyesight is better than mine. Anyway, go on and behave yourself." He gave the boy a playful shove. "As for Evelyn, I'll gamble she knows as much about football, theoretically at least, as you do."

Biffy grinned, pondering some rejoinder, when the impatient voice of the coach came from the field where the team was lined up for a preliminary dash through signals.

AS THE Yale freshmen galloped down field through their plays, up swept the rival team, lashed to its work by the crisp, stimulating voice of the quarterback. In the poise of this slim youngster, in the set of his head and the dynamic quality of his every action, he was masterful—just the sort of boy, it would appear, to handle a bunch of young huskies, to devise what they should do and inspire them to do it. He wore no headguard, and the coppery sunlight rested upon his waving blond hair and made him an engaging figure to contemplate.

Evelyn tugged at her father's sleeve as he sat down beside her.

"Who is that Princeton quarterback?"

Joyce shrugged. The spell of battle was upon him, and when a Princeton or Harvard team is on the field a Yale man has no thought but of conquest grimly and inexorably waged.

"If they try that kick formation, Biffy is apt to block some of their punts."

"Do you know who he is?" persisted the girl. "I mean the quarter. He's punting now."

Joyce turned impatiently toward his daughter as she tugged at his sleeve.

"How should I know, Evelyn? What about him?"

"Nothing—except he's the best-looking player on the field."

"Humph!" Joyce watched the maneuvers of the team with appraising scrutiny.

"You see, he's captain too." Evelyn pointed toward the quarterback as his team went to the side-line and he walked out to midfield where Biffy Joyce and the referee were standing. "My land! Biffy makes two of him. Now they're shaking hands. What a big brute Biffy is, isn't he? And he's acting like a surly bear. Not a smile. The other looks almost too fragile for football. What should you say, Father?"

"Eh?" Jeremy Joyce's face indicated that he had not been paying attention, and the girl, shrugging, did not press the question.

But immediately the game began it appeared that the Princeton quarterback's fragility was less a matter of fact than of appearance. For in all phases of play his blond head, hair blazing in the sunlight, bobbed buoyantly, indomitably like a cork in a maelstrom.

When hurled to the ground by Yale's rugged watchdog ends he was up immediately, resilient as rubber, and when on a quarterback run he took the ball into the welter of the line, he emerged from the bottom of the pile that marked cessation of play with high spirit and energy undiminished.

YALE had the better team, and it was only this boy's intuition in diagnosing the point of attack when his eleven was on defense, together with his excellence in punting and running back kicks, that held Yale to a touchdown and goal and one field goal when the second quarter was drawing to an end while he himself had drop-kicked a goal from the thirty-yard line at a difficult angle.

Two minutes of the first half yet remained, when Yale, getting the ball on downs on her thirty-five-yard mark, tried a line play and then essayed a quick kick, hoping to take advantage of the fact that the Princeton quarter had edged up toward the scrimmage until the last line of defense was not twenty-five yards away.

But the player, as it proved, had not been caught napping. The instant the thud of the punt sounded he was sprinting backward. Catching the ball over his shoulder, he dusted toward the side line and then up the boundary under full headway, leaving yard after yard behind him, skillfully dodging two or three players until he reached midfield, where he encountered the main body of Yale men trying to seize him and his teammates trying to interfere.

Wriggling out of one man's arms, evading another, straight-arming a third, he had just reversed his field and was darting out into the clear when Biffy Joyce, who had foreseen the move, came at him from the side with a rush. The runner never saw him; he was wide open for a punishing tackle as Joyce left the ground, his big form straightened stiff and rigid as a battering ram.

Without conscious impulse, Evelyn rose to her feet with a sharp cry of warning, and it was then that the boy with the ball saw his peril. He had time only partly to brace himself for the shock when the impact came.

It was a perfect tackle, timed to the smallest split of a second, fearful in its sheer driving power. The big shoulder crashed in under the runner's left arm, and he went to earth out of bounds almost at Evelyn Joyce's feet, his head snapping upon the turf like the lash of a whip.

The ball jumped out of the relaxed arm and flew over the bench, the players of both teams after it like hounds pursuing a drag, while substitutes and other noncombatants who occupied the seat spilled right and left to make way for them.

It was a Yale player who first reached the crazily bounding ball and as he fell upon it, securing it for his team, Jeremy Joyce turned to the side line and saw a singular thing.

The player whom his son had so fiercely tackled lay where he had fallen, his face devoid of color, his eyes closed. But it was not this which gave Joyce sharp emotion. Such things are part of the game, and when Biffy Joyce had launched himself into his tackle his father had half risen, tense, strained, as though seeking to transmit his own strength to that of the player.

Indeed, Joyce was not thinking of the injured Princeton man at all; it was his daughter that occupied his mind fully. She was kneeling upon the ground at the unconscious player's side, her hand passing to and fro across his forehead.

"Evelyn!" Joyce's voice was sharp.

"Father"—she glanced at him imperiously—"he's badly hurt, unconscious, and I think you ought to do something. Here—" She took the sponge from the hand of the Yale trainer who had come up at the moment and swabbed it across the pallid face.

With an exclamation of annoyance, Joyce started toward the girl, mingling with the players of both teams as they hurried to the little group on the side line.

"He's out, cold." The Yale trainer glanced up at a man of professional appearance, a physician, who had come over from the Princeton side.

"Evelyn, you're interfering. Come away."

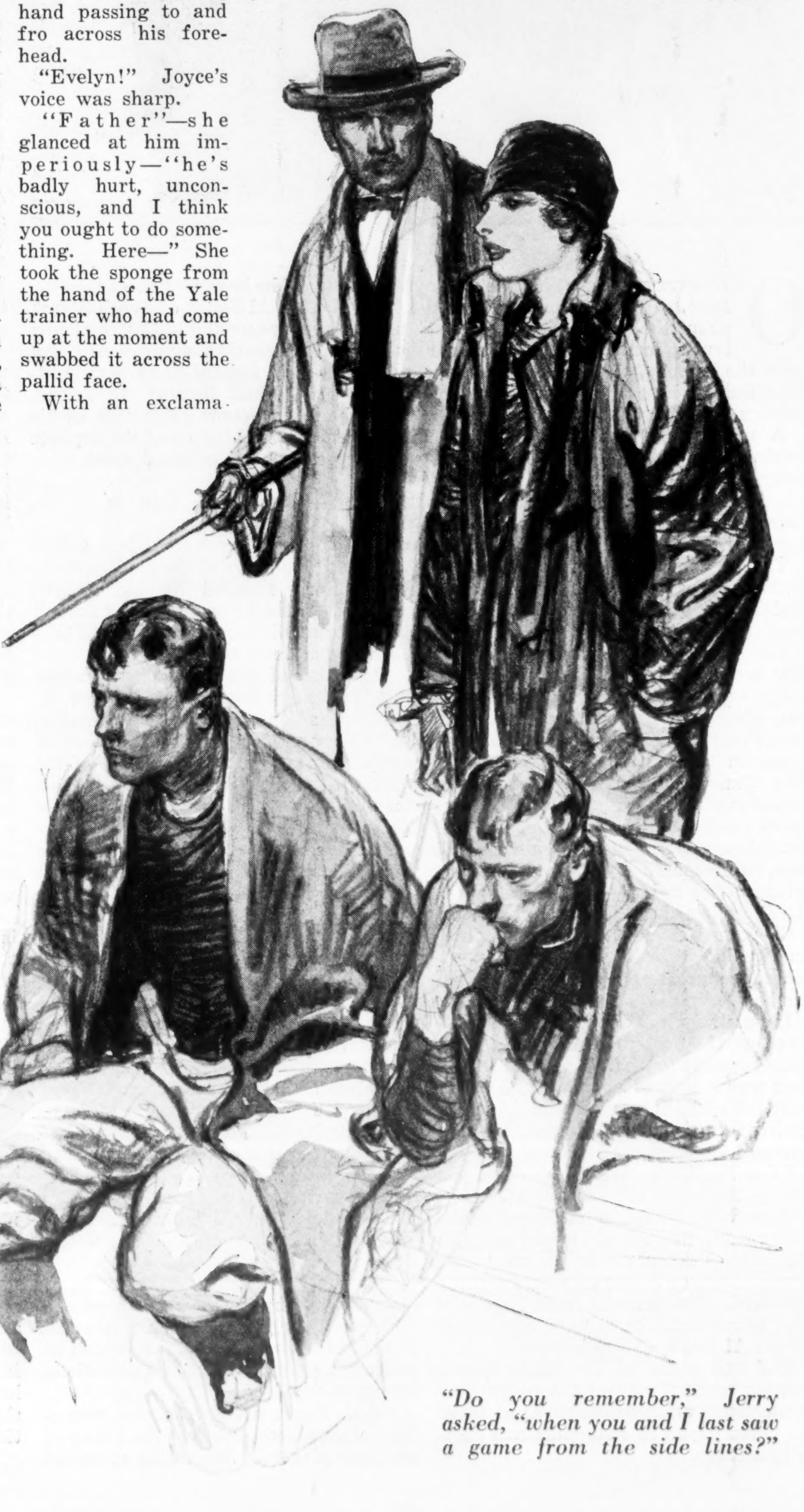
"Yes, Father." The girl gave the sponge to the trainer, but did not move, all her attention being concentrated upon the doctor, whose hands were passing deftly over the boy's body.

"A couple of ribs may be broken; probably a concussion." The man of medicine rose and nodded to several players. "Get him to the field house where I can work on him. He'll come around all right."

Jeremy Joyce, who had begun to feel apprehension concerning the injured boy, was turning away with relief when he felt a hand upon his arm.

"I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I'm unduly anxious. I—I hope I am. You see, that is my son. Is—is he badly hurt?"

(*Continued on page 44*)



"Do you remember," Jerry asked, "when you and I last saw a game from the side lines?"

Al Smith tells

"He's the most hypnotic crowd swayer I have ever seen in action," says Mr. Winkler, veteran reporter. Here's Al Smith's own recipe:

"Be sincere. . . Be simple in manner, words and gestures.

"If you can make a man laugh, you can make him think.

"Prepare yourself. Know your subject, no matter what it is.

"Feel and see your audience.

"Keep your audience in suspense, as a story-writer does.

"Never miss a chance to learn something new about life.

"Get practical stage experience."

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ONE evening, late in the year 1894, a small crowd gathered about the tailboard of a market truck, drawn up on a corner near the Bowery, on New York's lower East Side, to hear a doctrine new to the politics of the district—Insurgency.

A mile or so north, in an old red brick building, a political boss had casually refused one Timothy J. Campbell a renomination for Congress. And now Campbell and his supporters were burning the red fire of rebellion.

The tailboard orators, on this night in 1894, became almost apoplectic in their denunciation of the tyrannical overlord of Tammany Hall.

But the crowd remained cold. In that section, in those days, practically every voter, naturalized and indigenous, placed his cross under the Democratic star as a matter of course.

So, on the evening in question, the Tim Campbell spellbinders were not "warming 'em up" in a manner that bespoke success at the coming polls. The situation, as the old-timers recall it now, was sensed by a youth in the fringe of the crowd—a youth attired in the ill-fitting clothes of a workingman. This young man knew Tim Campbell, and he liked the big, bluff dark-mustached congressman who was defying the boss.

Impulsively he voiced his disappointment at the orators' efforts to a man standing next to him. Now, the second man was a sort of neighborhood pessimist. He had a snuffy face. A sneer curled the corners of his mouth as he advised:

"You like Tim. Well, why don't you get up there and tell 'em why?"

Something stirred in the breast of the young man. He pushed his way through the crowd, utilized the hub of one of the truck wheels as ladder and mounted the tailboard. Five minutes later the chairman introduced him as "a young fellow named Al Smith of South Street."

The red glare of an old-fashioned election torch illumined the eager face of the young amateur orator as he faced the bored group of stragglers and curiosity seekers.

"Friends," he began. "Friends—"

And before Al Smith of South Street, not yet twenty-one and toiling ten hours a day in a Brooklyn pump works, got through, every individual in that indifferent crowd had become his friend. And the introductory salutation of his first crude "speech" formed the keynote of his personal and political creed.

Barnstorming Did It

"IN THAT first speech Al just talked about Tim as we of the neighborhood knew him," recalled an old Fourth Warder. "And Al was good, let me tell you. He convinced us we ought to take off our coats and work for Tim."

The mist of the years has brushed into faintness the text of Alfred E. Smith's maiden effort as a speechmaker. But then and there, on the tailboard of a truck, an orator was born, one of the most persuasive, most magnetic platform performers ever developed in America.

And when he hopped down from his first rude forum, on the corner of East Broadway and Market Street, to return to the tenement home the labor of his hands provided for his widowed mother and his sister Mary, Al Smith had "gotten" his first crowd.

Now that he has become the most hypnotic crowd swayer I have ever seen in action Governor Smith has merely matured and developed the gift he first revealed on that East Side truck. That impromptu "speech" was the tonic he needed to kindle the feeling that he had something within that he could call forth to interest people.

"So I began to study and think things out," he told me. "I joined a political club and a group of amateur actors down in my home district."

Then followed nine years of barnstorming on the East Side in good old-fashioned tear jerkers and melodramas. His mind became a mill into which he poured a great grist of recitations, poems, speeches.

Sol G. Frost, a simple, kindly man of the neighborhood, coached the group of amateur players. Something cemented him to Al Smith at once. Sometimes the two burned the old kerosene lamp in Professor Frost's home until midnight, Al declaiming and reciting, Frost guiding and criticizing. One of the young laborer's favorites was Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, then ringing through crossroad, town and city.

This and hundreds of other bits clipped from newspapers were pasted in an old express company receipt book that remains to this day Governor Smith's most prized possession. Sol G. Frost taught his young proselyte gesture, expression and—most valuable—repression.

While Smith's platform personality was thus being fused into the thing of force it is to-day Thomas F. Foley had wrested the leadership of the district from Paddy Divver. Foley watched Smith, as he kept his keen, talent-seeking eye upon every likely young fellow in the section. One day, in 1902, "Big Tom" summoned Smith to his office, almost opposite the grim old Tombs prison in New York, and told him:

"Al, I am going to help you get to the assembly. When you go to Albany study hard, keep your word and make a howl if the leaders don't let you know everything that's going on."

And here enters, in the remarkable story of Alfred E. Smith's development as a crowd getter, a blockily built man with a torchlike mind. This was Thomas F. Grady, Democratic floor leader of the state senate, a splendidly cultured collegian, willing to stomach the repugnant phases of politics for sheer love of contest, debate and wit matching.

The knowledge-hungry young Assemblyman Smith slipped into the well of the upper house at every opportunity to watch and study Tom Grady. Looking back over twenty-two years' experience at Albany, Smith said not long ago that he learned more about public speaking from Grady than from any other man.

They Can't Resist Al

SMITH is the most subtle salesman of himself I have ever known, and fifteen years of journalism have brought me into more or less association with many men of personality, ambition and entrancing individualism.

Alfred E. Smith has the rare gift of making friends with any group of men and women, whether ten, ten hundred or ten thousand. It was the gracious lady in the White House who is reported to have remarked, after meeting him shortly before the 1924 Democratic national convention:

"Perhaps Governor Smith won't be nominated. But how are you to prevent his nomination if you let him meet the delegates?"

Al Smith was not nominated in 1924. I don't think he will be in 1928. But he has become a great national figure, a figure to conjure with. And all because he has learned how the mass mind operates and how to operate the mass mind.

Discloses His Formula

LAST summer, following a typically successful performance on the national political platform in Maine, I asked him to give me his formula for making friends with crowds. And, perhaps because I had observed some of his big moments, he told me how he "gets the crowd." Here it is in his own words:

"Be sincere.

"Be simple in manner, words and gestures.

"Amuse as well as instruct. If you can make a man laugh, you can make him think.

"Prepare yourself. Know your subject, no matter what it is.

"Feel and see your audience. If you do this, you can even put your speech over on the radio, alone in a broadcasting station.

"Keep your audience in suspense, as a story-writer does. Then you hold its interest.

"Maintain constant contact with men, women, children and animals. Never miss a chance to learn something new about life and people.

"Get practical stage experience if you can. The years I spent in amateur theatricals helped me more than anything else in sizing up audiences and giving them what they like."

Governor Smith was grateful and pleased at the reception given him by the score of governors, mostly political enemies, who heard him address their seventeenth annual conference at Poland Springs, Maine. As spokesman of what may become the dominant wing of the Democratic party by 1928, Governor Smith boldly challenged President Coolidge on the issue of national *vs.* state economy.

Among all the political high lights at Poland Springs, Al Smith was unquestionably the most glittering. I rode the rocky waves from New York to Portland on the good ship Calvin Austin with a dozen of the state executives, and those who didn't know Smith were full of curiosity about him.

Well, the questioners were furnished quick insight into the genius of this strangely partitioned political mind when he came before them with a dry,

how he gets the crowd

By JOHN K WINKLER

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factual subject. His assigned topic was: "What is the Truth About Federal Taxes or Expenditures as Compared with State and Local Expenditures?"

When I dropped into his room just before he went before the conference, he said: "I've got a lot of good hard common sense in this speech, I think. But I'll have to get in a bit of humor to relieve the tedium. Maybe you can get an idea of my methods by listening in this afternoon."

A few minutes later he entered the great ballroom of the hotel. There was a buzz of interest, a round of applause when he rose to speak.

He Explains the Comedy Touch

IN ACTION Alfred E. Smith is a figure of fascination. He is a man of medium size, stout about the middle. His dark hair, with fringes of gray, is parted in the center. He favors bow ties and dark suits. His nose is large; his ears prominent. His eyes are light and easily lighted; his voice deep, rather raucous but not unpleasantly so.

Half a dozen times, in the course of an hour's talk, he paused for a bit of byplay, and it was at these interlude periods that the Thespian in him came to the fore. For instance, a jeweled touch such as this never appears in the formal advance copies of his addresses:

"I am sorry I never could get away before to attend one of these conferences. In New York we really need two governors: a business and a social governor. The state could buy the social governor a couple of dinner suits and some celluloid collars and let him lay all the corner stones and make all the speeches."

The audience was made up of New Englanders for the most part. It was listening to a man who'd never been so far north as Boston until a year ago. Yet, as Smith cocked his head quizzically, everybody roared. It was a touch of wit that was a universal amalgam!

A few moments later he put facts and figures behind for a second or two and, with the art of a trained comedian, demonstrated "how we appropriate $16,000,000 in our state."

"The presiding officer"—here he drooped into an attitude of insouciant boredom—"moves the adoption of item number umpty-ump on the calender. 'Mister Clerk, call the roll.'

"The clerk does as he is told. 'Adams-Anderson-Appleton'—the speaker mumbled the words in the drollest monotone imaginable—'moshun-adopted-one-forty-nine-ayes-no-noes. Moshun carried.'

"And that," remarked Smith when the laughter had subsided, "is the way millions of the people's money is disposed of. Old Man Politics doesn't care much for the people."

A minute later, this master crowd psychologist was driving his serious points home, and the audience was like a butterfly on a pin.

Half an hour later Al Smith was telling one or two New York political correspondents and myself how he acquired the art of turning personality on and off as you and I would manipulate the faucets of our tub.

From the time he could toddle, Al Smith could make people laugh. He can't remember when he was not reciting "The Bells" or "The Face on the Barroom Floor" to his neighbors around the Brooklyn Bridge in New York. Later came training with the St. James Union Players and fine old heart-to-heart comedy dramas. Young Smith played leads in "May Blossom," "The Confederate Spy," "Long Strike," "The Mighty Dollar," etc.

Once he got an offer to join the Frohman stock company, but he had become secretary of the old Seymour Club of the Second Assembly District and decided to stick to politics. But his love for the stage and stage-folk has never left him. On one occasion he described vividly the chief point of difference between stage and platform oratory:

"On the stage all the action goes on one side of the footlights. Actors must concentrate upon the bit of life they are showing on the stage. That is why footlights are useful. An actor has difficulty looking over the lights. A speaker, though, ought to see his audience."

At the close of his last campaign Smith said to some friends:

"In my thirty years in politics I guess I have addressed 8,000 or 10,000 audiences. I don't remember ever being really heckled, though I have been questioned in a friendly way thousands of times.

"It takes me about an hour to develop a subject, really make friends with a crowd, and tell them what I have in my heart."

Smith will no longer speak from the rear platform of a train. He does not believe in ten-minute jumping-jack talks. He does not believe a man can develop a real thought and present it properly in ten minutes. In the last gubernatorial fight in New York newspaper men noticed the difference in the plan of campaign of Smith and young Colonel Roosevelt.

Even Ithaca Melts

SMITH never spoke more than twice a day; Roosevelt sometimes made thirty brief speeches. The result was the latter, with hat always in hand and a schedule maker pulling at his coat tail, could dwell upon nothing save the merest generalities. Consequently the newspapers were filled with jazzy accounts of Roosevelt's *movements* while they printed what Smith *said*.

One who has traveled with Smith through many campaigns told me the governor encountered his most difficult audience in Ithaca, N. Y., in 1918. He said:

"No one in the crowd had ever seen Smith before. Every man had a 'show me' look on his face. Al could read this, and I never saw him work so hard to win an audience. He told them stories, anecdotes, gave them intimate glimpses of himself as well as hard facts about the government of the state. It was one hour and a quarter by my watch before smiles broke through and they felt at home with Al and he with them. Then they melted completely and gave him a wonderful ovation."

Smith never uses obscure words or phrases, especially comptroller's office favorites such as "unappropriated state lands." His phrase is "property the state isn't using."

Memory His Greatest Asset

IT'S a bold man who will challenge him on facts and figures, because he prepares his important speeches with as much thoroughness.

During the last campaign he astonished an audience by giving the name and age of every institution in the state. The day of the fatal fire in the Ward's Island State Hospital for the Insane he recalled the existence of an obsolete water tank on the roof, a concealed tank placed there in 1850. He had read this years before in an old hospital commission report!

Memory, he frankly confesses, has been his greatest asset. His mind is a reliable file index of facts, figures, stories, jokes, names. He remembers the chorus of even the most obscure popular song of his boyhood. Further, he can sing it too!

Like Grady, Al Smith's tongue is often tipped with acid. But he prefers nectar to carbolic acid and, like the oft-remarried widow of color, he "never holds spite long." The result is his personal enemies may be counted upon half one's fingers.

At election after election half a million enrolled Republicans regularly vote for Smith. To find a reason one need not go beyond his last inaugural address when he was sworn into office as governor for the third time.

In a room packed with friends of both parties he delivered an extemporaneous inaugural address of 300 words. I have it from the notebook of W. Axel Warn of the New York Times, dean of the Albany legislative correspondents, who terms it the most effective speech he has ever heard Smith deliver.

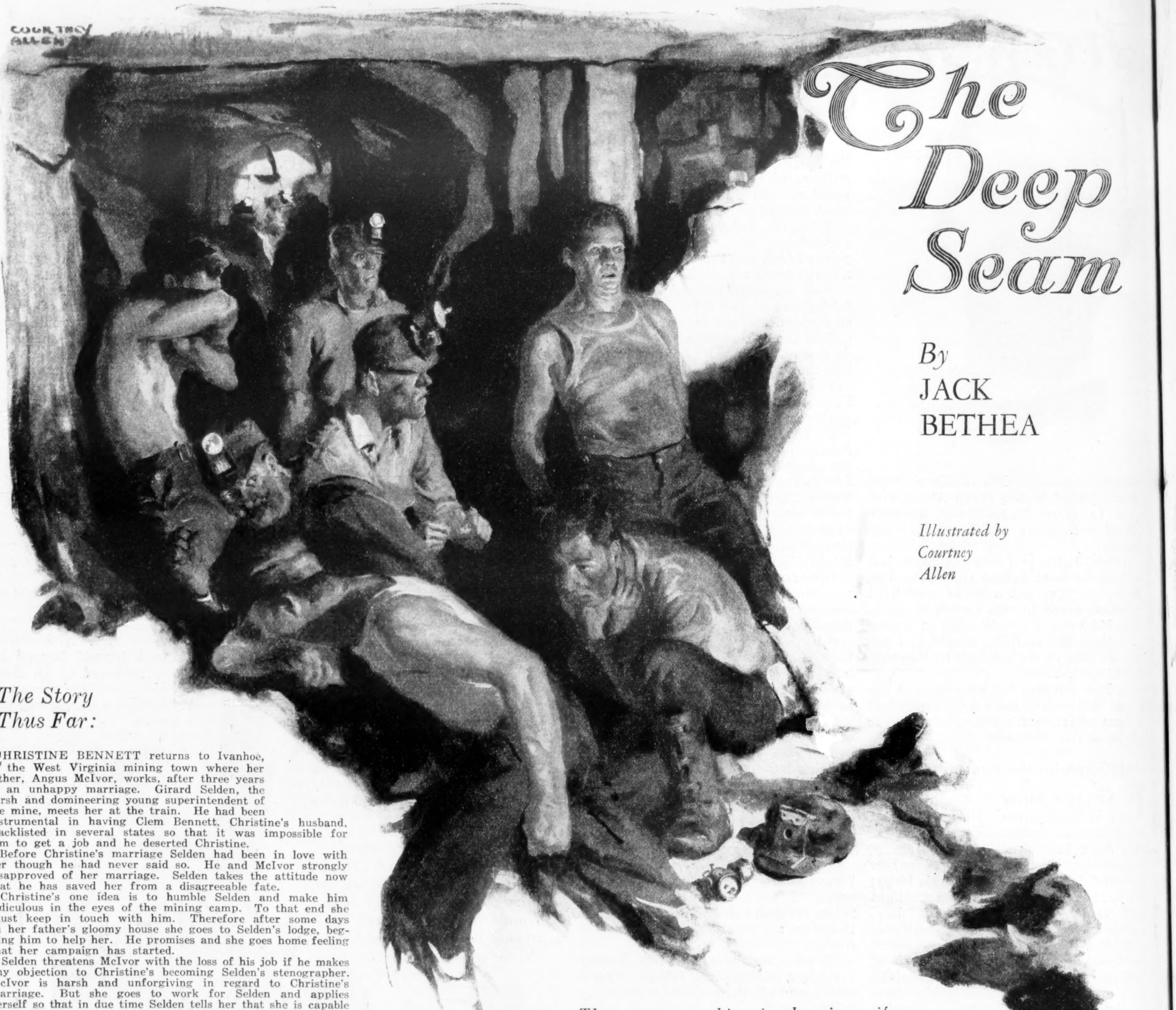
"I come to my great office with no partisan mission," he said in a voice that was deep with feeling. "My party was beaten, and I seem to be standing here alone amid the wreckage of the disaster that overtook it. . . . This is the sixteenth time I have taken the oath of allegiance in this room. I have a real affection for the assembly chamber. It has been my high school, my college; practically everything I have got I got here."

Eyes were dim throughout the room.

Thirty-one years had passed since "Al Smith of South Street" hopped on the tailboard of an East Side truck and began a life course in "getting the crowd."

Is Al a good scout? He is. He takes the oath during the annual inspection trip of the Kanohwahke Lakes Boy Scout Camp, near Bear Mountain, New York

P. & A.



The Deep Seam

By
JACK
BETHEA

Illustrated by
Courtney
Allen

There was a sucking in the air as if a giant bottle had suddenly been uncorked

The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTINE BENNETT returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father, Angus McIvor, works, after three years of an unhappy marriage. Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, meets her at the train. He had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, Christine's husband, blacklisted in several states so that it was impossible for him to get a job and he deserted Christine.

Before Christine's marriage Selden had been in love with her though he had never said so. He and McIvor strongly disapproved of her marriage. Selden takes the attitude now that he has saved her from a disagreeable fate.

Christine's one idea is to humble Selden and make him ridiculous in the eyes of the mining camp. To that end she must keep in touch with him. Therefore after some days in her father's gloomy house she goes to Selden's lodge, begging him to help her. He promises and she goes home feeling that her campaign has started.

Selden threatens McIvor with the loss of his job if he makes any objection to Christine's becoming Selden's stenographer. McIvor is harsh and unforgiving in regard to Christine's marriage. But she goes to work for Selden and applies herself so that in due time Selden tells her that she is capable of standing on her own feet. He then asks her to come to his lodge, as he has something to talk over with her. Christine feels that her campaign is progressing.

DISASTER struck at Ivanhoe without warning. One moment the camp was buzzing contentedly to itself under the clear April sky; the next, its heart contracted with fear, it was concentrating its hopes and thoughts and efforts on the tipple, where already the cries for help were going up.

Ivanhoe held Selden responsible, and the hatred for the superintendent, smothered for the years of his power, burst all restraint when men who had been in the engine house told their story. They did not pause to think that in the excitement of the after events they might have been mistaken; they told what they believed to be true, and Ivanhoe blamed Selden for the long rows of sheeted forms that lay quietly in the temporary morgue after the ghastly business of rescue was over.

That was why, after the first mad excitement had passed, Selden found always at his side three men—armed with rifles; hard-faced men brought from Alabama by Mallory Kent, chief of the safety department of the Continental. He had hurried from his office at the field headquarters in Birmingham as soon as news of the disaster reached him by telephone.

At night a sentry paced in front of the lodge, where Selden sat sleepless, his mind going in an endless round; his philosophy of a sudden forgotten; his detachment and his poise stripped from him. Staring before him with vacant eyes, his spirit was filled with remorseful memories. But this was for the seclusion of the lodge. In Ivanhoe, in his office, he moved much as he had always done.

Selden came up to the inquest on the porch of the executive building with his guards still around him. He nodded to Nicholson, the general superintendent from Birmingham; identified Coroner Stirling; gazed for a moment at Mallory Kent's sympathetic eyes and then sat down. As he did so, his eyes flickered in surprise at the figure of the stenographer—here to make a record for the state and for the company.

It was Christine Bennett, dressed quietly in black in sympathy with the universal mourning in the camp. Her face was pale, and subconsciously Selden wondered if she blamed him too. He had seen little of her since the explosion. She had not been at the office, and he had heard vaguely of her as leading the relief work.

Selden looked expectantly at the coroner, who whispered a moment with two men who sat behind him. One of them, his seamed face surmounted by a thatch of grizzled hair, Selden knew for Champion, the chief state mine inspector. The other, a short, squat figure, was Henry Cherry from the Federal Bureau of Mines.

MENTALLY the superintendent squared himself; this was to be an ordeal, but it was one of the gates through which he must pass. The weight of the hostile gaze of the miners surrounding the porch beat on him, and he was not impervious.

The preliminaries were soon over under Stirling's blunt questions. Selden told who he was, his technical experience, his length of service with the Continental, his qualifications and degrees.

"You were on the tipple the day of this explosion?" Stirling asked at last.

The watching men stirred. This was what they had come to hear.

"Yes," answered Selden.

"Was that usual?"

"No. Ordinarily I leave the tipple to my assistant."

"What were you doing at the tipple?"

"The top-house crew had trouble with the rotary dump, and I went to see what was delaying them."

"By rotary dump you mean the mechanism that empties the cars when they come from the mine?"

"Yes, sir. This dump is rather a new type. The trip is run out on it, dogs grip the wheels of the cars, and the track is then reversed and the cars turned up so that the coal goes into the conveyor below. The advantage of this is that the trip does not have to be manhandled."

"You say the crew was having trouble. What was the nature of it? Don't be technical, as I'm not a mining expert."

"They had been unable to release the dogs on the last car of the trip and could not

(*Continued on page 36*)

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

F.D. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

Release

By
SOPHIE KERR

If you have ever scraped pennies for something you've wanted all your life, you'll understand this Short Short Story. Next week: Octavus Roy Cohen

EVERY Saturday at half past four a square, short man came into Vincent's Bookshop and turned eagerly to the shelves where the poets stood waiting for appreciative purchasers. Once there he went through an unvarying ritual. From his left-hand trousers pocket he brought out all of his money and counted it. There would be a wad of bills and some silver. Carefully he separated six dollars in single bills from the rest and laid them on the shelf beside the books. All that was left he put into his inner vest pocket, a deep home-sewed affair, designed for security. Of the six dollars three were restored to his trousers pocket, and three he held in his hand. Then he began the glorious business of choosing.

Volume after volume he would take down and dip into, absorbed, happy. It always took him right up until closing time to make his choice. Having made it, he could hardly wait until old Vincent wrapped it up and took his money. He tried always to choose one or two books to cost exactly three dollars, but sometimes he would owe only two dollars and a half, or two seventy-five. Then he would ask old Vincent, "Say, will you keep this for me toward The Set"? He said "The Set" as a reverent soul might speak of the Deity.

For it was his great ambition to own a special set of Elizabethan Poets, finely printed and bound, very costly. He looked at them every time he came in and gloated over them. Very gently he would rub his hands over them as if he wanted to see them with his finger tips as well as his eyes.

Old Vincent noticed those hands first of all—they were square and thick, but always fastidiously clean and with a sensitiveness that was out of keeping with their strength. Vincent always looked at people's hands and the way they touched books. So, after this odd customer had been in several times, Vincent sidled over to him.

"You take hold of books as if you liked them," he began.

"Poetry's what I like," said the man shyly.

"We got plenty here. What's your line of business?"

"I'm a surgical masseur. I don't work for but a few doctors, but they keep me busy. I got a regular round." This explained the hands.

Vincent liked him. "If you want that set, take it and pay for it as you can," he suggested.

But the man hung back. "N-no—thank you just the same. Y'see, I got just three dollars to spend every week. Now, if I take the set I'd feel 's if I ought to pay that whole three dollars each Sat'day, and that way I couldn't buy me no new books for too long."

"Shucks, you take the set and pay a dollar each week, and buy yourself a new book with the other two dollars."

The little man was too timid. At last they made the agreement that when there was "any difference in the change" Vincent should keep it and apply it to "The Set."

In later visits he grew confidential. Slowly the picture of his life revealed itself. He was married, but—"M'wife thinks it's an awful waste of time to read. She likes to go to the movies.

"M'wife, she thinks it's awful to waste good money buying books.

"M'wife, she's a very determined woman, a real good housekeeper, y'understand, and smart and quick—but very determined. She's got lot of set ideas.

"M'wife, she's a good business woman. We decided, s'long as it was so, and me so busy, and all, she'd better handle the money.

"M'wife and me, we come to a real good arrangement about the money. I turn over everything I make to her and she pays all the bills and puts what's over in the savings. I take six dollars a week for my car fares and lunches.

"M'wife, she keeps track of everything. Sne writes down my appointments every day and gives it to me.

"M'wife, nobody gets ahead of her. She's the one thought it up that my patients should pay cash. She don't believe in running bills, m'wife don't. If you got it in your hand, she says, you got it."

Bit by bit it came out. He might have been the woman's helot, wearing a slave's collar and chain. He made an excellent and steady income, and out of it he received six dollars a week! She bought his food, his clothes; she ordered his goings out and comings in; she knew where he was every moment of the day, and to the last nickel the amount he earned. Only in one thing did he escape her. She could not curb his passion for poetry. He loved it; he had to have it. He denied himself all save the simplest food; he had long since given up smoking; he walked long distances, so that he might have that three dollars each Saturday for poetry. It kept his soul alive.

His taste was catholic. It was the music, not the senses, he loved. He had a flair for onomatopes.

The moaning of immemorial elms,
The murmuring of innumerable bees.

Lines like these intoxicated him, filled him with dumb ecstasy.

"I wish m'wife liked to hear poetry read out," he told Vincent wistfully. "But she can't bear it. She don't like the books cluttering up the house either." This was after he discovered Lanier and his "velvet flute note fell down pleasantly."

"Well, it's your money, and it's your books and it's your home, isn't it?" suggested Vincent. "Why don't you tell her where she gets off?"

He was scared. "You don't know m'wife," he said, and for two visits thereafter he was shy of Vincent as a cowed spirit would be shy of a bold inciter to rebellion. But later they resumed their friendship.

One Saturday he came in slowly, not with his usual eager rush to the poetry shelves. He walked slowly, stiffly, and stared ahead of him. Vincent had been waiting for him and came forward. "Look here," he said, "you've got pretty near the price of the set. Don't you want to take it home to-night?"

He did not seem to hear. He took out all of his money, counted out the usual six dollars and started to put the remainder away in his inside pocket. Then he stopped still, with all of it in his hands, holding it awkwardly. He looked up at Vincent and down at the money stupidly; his lips twitched.

"Say," he blurted out, "whaddye think? *M'wife's dead!*"

And the whole shop rang with his burst of passionate laughter.

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COLLIER'S
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OCTOBER 31, 1925

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George J. Kennedy, *Vice President*
William P. Larkin, *Vice President*
Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*
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Bigotry is Treason

OUR forefathers sought to build a government on the rock of freedom. We show signs of wishing to substitute our prejudices for their liberty.

To-day unreasoning prejudice is the most serious menace to the welfare of the American people. In every department of public life it is a blinding factor.

They say Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York can never be President of the United States because he is a Catholic.

They said eighteen years ago that William Howard Taft could never be President because he was a Unitarian.

Yet the first amendment to the Constitution, proposed in the very year it went into effect, on the demand of the men who won the war for American independence, asserts that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

We have forgotten that spirit of freedom and tolerance without which the Republic could not have been organized. Politics is warped and twisted by hates and fears which have no bearing on the actual problems of government.

Presidents have no ecclesiastical responsibilities. Taft had to deal with conservation and the tariff. The Unitarian Church was in no way involved in these things. Nobody knows what the national issues of 1928 will be, but if history is any guide they will certainly not be affected by the tenets of any religious denomination.

The same misleading influences are at work in the states. Mrs. M. A. Ferguson is governor of Texas solely because she was heralded as the opponent of the Ku Klux Klan.

Religious prejudice is reinforced by racial distrust. The permanent settlement of the French war debts was rendered impossible because Secretary Mellon and M. Caillaux both had to take more account of the popular prejudices of their respective countrymen than of the actual facts of the debt.

Under the domination of these asinine prejudices we shut our eyes, stop up our ears and refuse to let our minds operate. We talk about self-government, which we are incapable of exercising because we permit misunderstanding to enchain our faculties.

Many times previously in our history these tides of religious and racial prejudices have arisen to curse the American people. Nothing good has ever come from them.

We have hated members of other churches and races in the name of a religion whose first article of faith is the universal brotherhood of man.

America cannot be injured from without. Only Americans could destroy this nation. In many places men and women who should be capable of better things are actually through fanaticism striking at the government and at the religion they pretend to serve.

It is time to put these things away. Religious liberty and political independence are the foundation stones of the American Government. This land was settled because our forefathers were determined to escape the intolerance and prejudice of Europe. For their children at this date to make race or religion a test of politics is treason to the most sacred principles of the Republic.

Here's a Scenario

WHAT is America? What makes it different from the old-world countries? Well, consider two or three scenes from the life of Frederick Brown. As a bewildered alien, from what is now Czechoslovakia, he lands at Ellis Island. He knows no English. He is practically penniless. What chance has he for wealth or fame?

Twenty years pass. Frederick Brown buys the most famous private house in America—the Astor mansion on upper Fifth Avenue. It turns out that he is one of New York's foremost real estate operators. But that isn't all. Recently his name came up again. This time he has bought a painting by Rembrandt, paying, it is said, more than $100,000.

There's a scenario for you—a typically American scenario. If you are on chatty terms with a motion picture producer ask him why he thinks it necessary to go on *inventing* plots.

No Sanctuary

MIDDLE-AGED, broken in health and spirit, a man was arrested a few days ago in an Indiana village from which he had fled seventeen years ago to escape trial on a murder charge. He had wandered to the farthest corners of this country working under an assumed name. Drawn by loneliness that time could not dispel he returned for a sight of his loved ones.

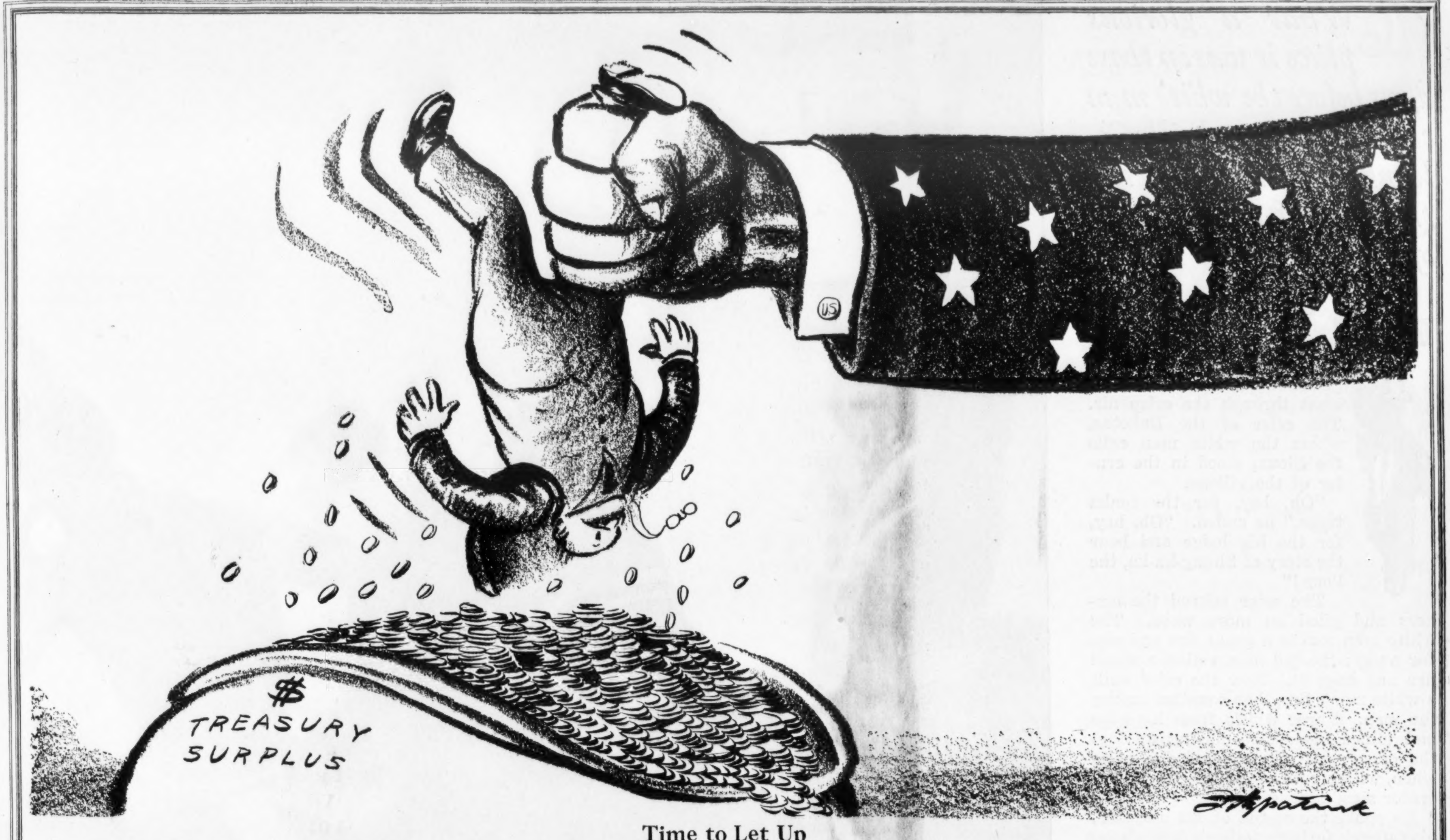
His is the old, old story every fugitive can tell—and who has not been a fugitive, real or potential, at some time? Those who run from the consequences of guilt are few compared with the many who have tried to escape the bitterness of disappointment or humiliation, the poignancy of grief, only to find that no one ever has been able to get away from himself.

Table Talk

"DIPLOMACY is founded on procrastination." This profound epigram was spoken not apropos of war debt negotiations, but at the close of the recent Assembly of the League of Nations. It came from a leading statesman of Europe, who pointed out that the value of the League meetings is found not so much in the actual sessions as in the informal meetings of diplomats which take place in hotel rooms. "I have liquidated more business in three weeks," he said, "than I could have done in a full year through diplomatic channels. I have arrived at a better understanding with my colleagues of other countries than would have been possible in years."

Everyone who has ever attended an annual sales conference or watched a national convention at work knows the truth of this.

Brilliant work is being done by the secretariat of the League, by its commissions and its experts. It is making real progress toward formal world agreements for security, arbitration and disarmament. Not to disparage these, it still remains true that the greatest achievement of the League thus far is simply that of getting men to find a convenient table, put their legs under it and lay some, at least, of their cards on it.

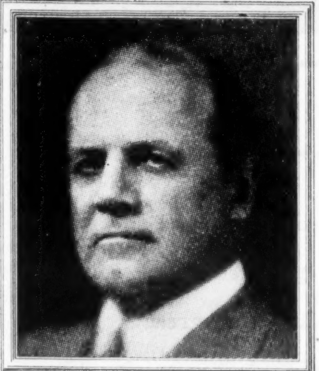


Time to Let Up

Charge It

By SAMUEL W. REYBURN

President, Associated Dry Goods Corporation, and Lord & Taylor



WHOEVER can make and keep credit can be successful in earning a livelihood and in enjoying the livelihood earned.

It is easier to establish credit than to maintain it. All you need to start credit is a job and a promise; but to maintain credit you have to keep and gain a reputation for keeping your promises.

When I was in the railroad business in my youth I saw there were many things I wanted to get—a house to live in, books to read and other necessities and luxuries that make up a life worth living. I couldn't buy them, so I got them on credit. I worked hard to keep the promises for payment that I made. And I kept them.

It required a good deal of self-denial. I was as human as any of the other young men I worked with.

But I had obligations, the responsibilities I assumed when I accepted credit. These I couldn't escape, didn't want to escape. I enjoyed the fruits of that credit and paid for that enjoyment by keeping my promises.

Those who adhere to a false idea of thrift, and frown upon the sound economic principle of paying for things as they use them, inflict unnecessary denial upon themselves. The truly thrifty man is the man who organizes his buying in line with his resources, present and future, not the man who hoards for the sake of hoarding.

Decent, satisfactory, comfortable living, always within one's means of present and future fulfillment of obligations, is necessary to success in any business or calling and credit is necessary to such a standard of living.

Credit is a spiritual and mental rather than a material force. Our banks, railroads and great industries, and small, are material evidences of the trust that is their basis. Through industry and self-denial or enterprise people accumulate a surplus beyond their needs. This they invest in the stocks and bonds that are simply credit slips, evidences of ownership and control of commerce that has its very foundation in credit.

No thoughtful man should go hopelessly into debt for luxuries. But the use of credit in living and in business is the use of the chief instrument for success, because establishment of credit means establishment of the capacity to keep promises, and of the right to the standard of living that capacity entitles one to.

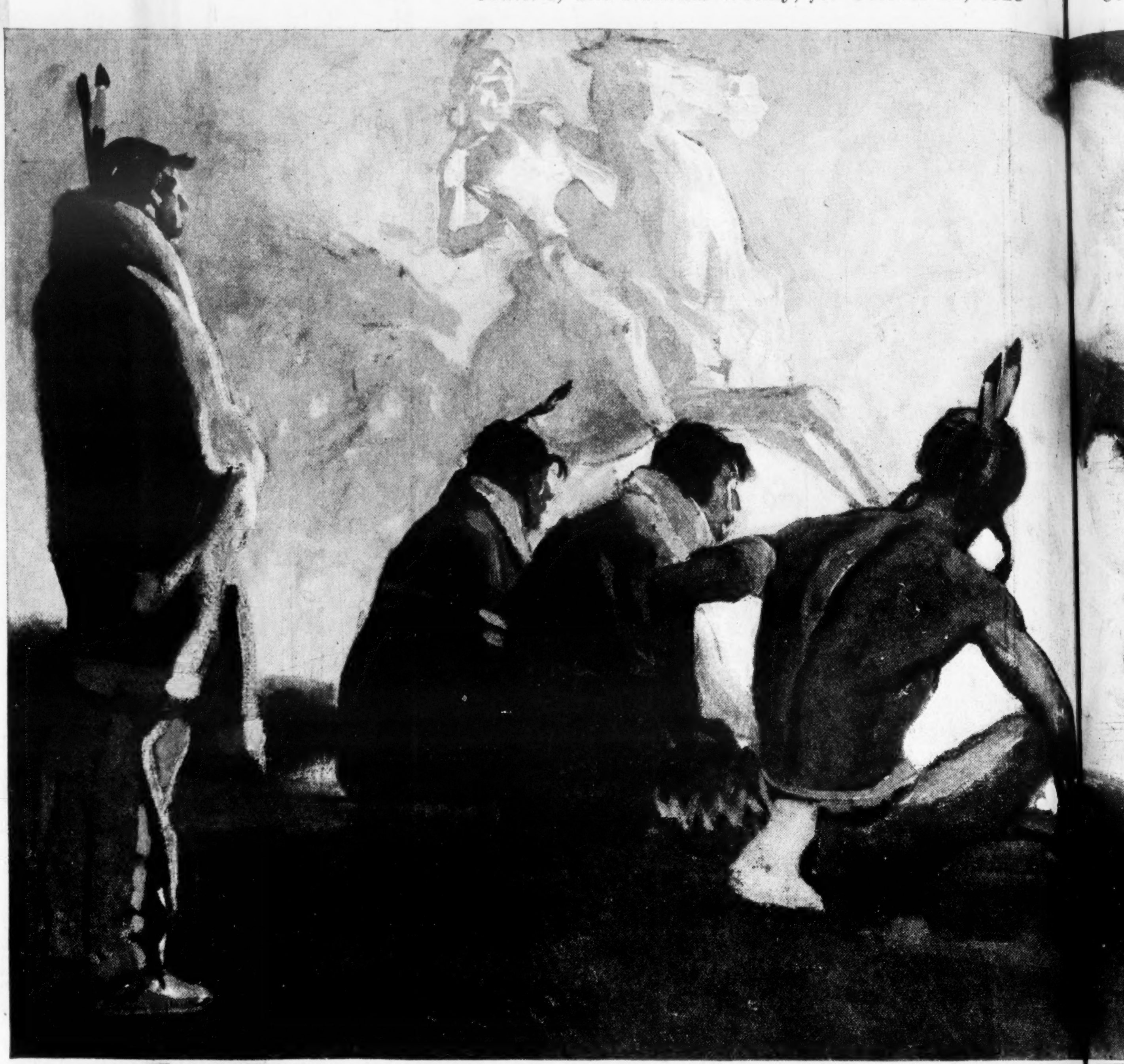
An efficiently operated store which extends credit to its customers protects both itself and its patrons. Carefully and systematically it watches the purchase accounts of charge customers and promptly discourages their buying beyond the danger point, which point has been established for the customer from the information which he or she has furnished at the time of receiving credit.

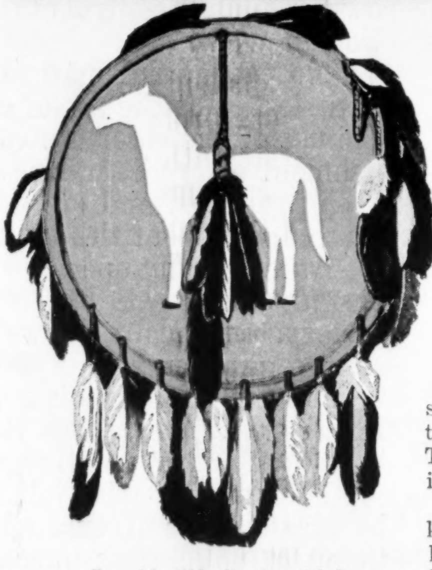
The retailer who joins hands with reckless customers by abusing credit through extravagance, through urging them to thoughtless purchases, quickly finds himself in a position where he cannot realize on the amounts owed him, and he fails, and he deserves to fail. His customer's credit is destroyed, as it ought to be destroyed.

Wise extension and use of credit leaves out the rash lender and the irresponsible borrower. It promotes sound business because it creates a demand and furnishes a supply that otherwise would not exist—and this whether credit is given to an industry in the form of financing its operations or to an individual in the shape of useful comforts in life.

The man who gets credit and keeps it through life, who uses it and uses it well, is the man of courage. Show me a man who is considered successful and I will show you that this man knows how to get and use credit. Where money is simply a measure of value credit is a certificate of virtue.

What a glorious place it was in those days before the white man came! Here are thrills Columbus never knew: here's the story of the discovery of America by an Indian





RIDE

By General
ALLEN SMITH

Illustrated by
Herbert Morton Stoops

THE new moon, afloat in fleecy clouds, hung high in a wintry sky. The *honk-honk* of wild geese winging southward came through the crisp air. The crier of the Dakotas, whom the white man calls the Sioux, stood in the center of the village.

"Oh, hey, for the tonka tepee," he called. "Oh, hey, for the big lodge and hear the story of Shung-ka-ka, the Pony!"

The crier stirred the embers and piled on more wood. The white man makes a great fire and sits far away; the red man makes a small fire and hugs it. Now the crier built a white man's fire, then squatted among the men. Three whiffs from his pipe had joined the smoke curling up into the open space above the lodge poles when, with a rush of chill night air, the orator stood among them.

He spoke the words of his ancestor, his father's father's father's father's father, who had had the great adventure. He told the story passed from father to son as if he were one and the same.

I am Spirit Pony [he spake]. When I was a growing boy, when I was a young buck, all called me Zuza-cha-ta, the Swift Gliding Snake. What changed my name? Hear my words, they tell!

We Dakotas dwelt in the Big Water, that which the white man calls the Mississippi. We hunted toward the setting sun as far as the Muddy Water, the white man's Missouri.

We fought and beat back war parties of Mandans, Rees and Poncas. They came from the far side. But we never crossed the Muddy Water.

Deer, elk and buffaloes roamed our prairies. Yampa, the Bear, lived in our mountains. We killed for our hunger. Shung-ka, the Dog, hunted with us; when we walked and ran he also walked and ran with us.

I WAS young, cunning, swift. With my dog Ska I hunted far from my lodge. The Great Spirit held us in his hand. Once I came to the Muddy Water. I stood and looked, and the rough, rushing water made me strange. I saw devils leaping from the waves; they called to me, "Come on! Come on and see the world beyond these waters!" My heart grew brave and strong. I slew a buffalo and made a boat from his skin; with Ska, my white dog, I moved on the swift and rolling Muddy Water.

Three suns I floated down the mighty river, then saw a Ponca village pitched high on a bluff in a bend. I knew the Poncas. I had fought them twice. I landed on their land. It made my heart big and brave to lie in the willows and watch the Poncas.

In a little more time a young squaw came along the trail. I was strong, I was cunning; I flung my robe around her and held her close. I said, "Very pretty. She laughed. I kissed her. We sat in the willows and we talked in signs. She said, "Run to your lodge. Poncas have bad hearts, kill Dakotas!" But my boat was gone, and I was strange. I said, "No." I said I went beyond. She said: "Go to the Omahas, fifteen sleeps to the south; they kill not Dakotas."

At night she came again, hanging a medicine charm around my neck and pointing the way by the stars. She said, "Keep to the upland; Poncas live and hunt in the river bottom." Then I gave her Ska, the white dog, and went alone.

Half a moon I ran to the south, crossing many little waters, swimming them like an elk, with head thrown back. I found the Omahas!

I slept in the lodge of the head warrior. He knew the earth. One moon I tarried with the Omahas, dancing the corn dance for rain, but no rain fell. The corn lay lost in the ground, the air stood still with heat. The squaws beat their breasts. The medicine man prayed. The medicine man said: "A devil lies in the camp; find and kill him!"

Zuza-cha-ta, the cunning Dakota, knew where they would find the devil; he fled for the big mountains of the Utes. Tu-ta, the Ponca girl, had said, "A brave man, with an open eye, can find the Omahas." Zuza-cha-ta said, "A brave man, with an open eye, can find the Utes."

The way was long; many sleeps followed many sleeps. The great mountains rose from the earth and touched the sky. I thought I could run to them in a day, but each sun showed them where they had been the sun before.

I SLEPT three long sleeps when I came to the Backbone of the Earth, the Rocky Mountains of the white man. I laugh! The mountains of Dakota are only anthills beside the Backbone of the Earth. I roamed among the great mountains many suns, crossing tumbling waters.

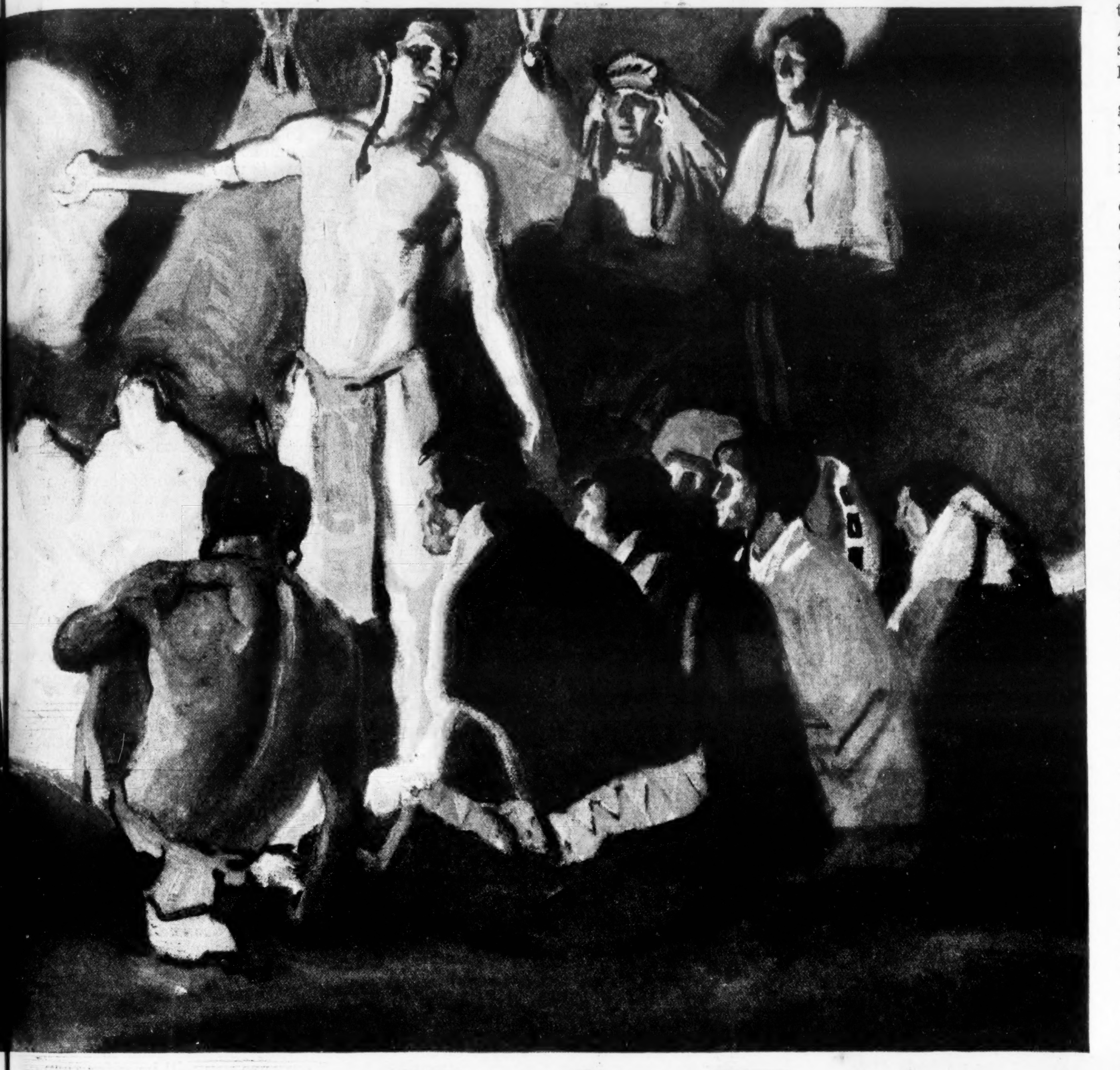
In a deep cañon I found the Utes. They plait their hair with beaver tails, paint the part red, and talk the signs of Dakota.

They made me a great feast. But I could not live among them. The big mountains made me weak. Thunder birds sang in the clouds.

A runner was going to the south to tell a people called Navahos to come and trade the blankets they made from the wool of their sheep. I went with the runner. Through the mountains I lagged behind, breathing thick and hard; but when we touched low valleys I took the lead. Each held his own, the Ute in the mountains, the Dakota on the plains.

In twenty runs we came to the Navahos. They dwelt in caves in the hillsides while their sheep, countless in numbers, fed in the valleys. Summer in the valleys lasted from grass to grass, but the nights were chill. The Navahos wove blankets for the night.

The Ute returned to his people. I stayed with the Navahos. I ran a race with their swiftest runner and won a sacred blanket of the tribe. I slept as warm as Yampa, the Bear, in his winter hiding. Sweet corn grew along the streams, the young squaws, with silver bangles on their arms, danced to the music of tom-toms well thumped. Time flew as fast as a duck in a howling wind till a red moon went down and a



DAKOTA!

white sun came up. Then the lookout ran down the valley crying:

"The Apaches! The Apaches come!"

Boys drove the sheep to the hills, squaws and papooses fled to the caves; the bucks stripped for the fight, staying in the valley. The Apaches came on, singing a war song, circling, leaping in the air with lances in their hands.

They were few but brave. I sang the song of Dakota, shooting the first arrow; it struck the eye of a big warrior painted yellow; he sang no more.

Rushing like bull buffaloes in a stampede, the Apaches made for the caves to steal the blankets. The Navahos, in great numbers, beat them back with clubs, driving them from the valley.

The Apache lay dead in the valley, big and yellow, holding my arrow feathered with the eagle of the north. I scalped him, took the scalp to the big cave and threw it on my blanket, the blanket I had won.

"Blood is on the blanket. Dakota flings blood on the sacred blanket!" cried the squaws. Then the old men took bows and beat me, the proud, brave Dakota.

With sick, bad heart I fled after the Apaches, running like a wounded deer.

I caught them as the sun went down. "Come back!" I cried, from behind a rock. "Come back to the sleeping Navahos; for sleeping warriors die like sleeping children." I spoke in Navaho. Their medicine man knew the words. He said: "The spirit of war talks good war talk from the rocks. The Apaches never fight at night, when black devils fill the air; but we left our dead; let us follow that cunning spirit of war."

Still as shadows on still water we crept across the valley. I laugh! Foolish Navahos slept like turtles in the mud. Before the sun was up the sacred blanket was soaked in blood. Sleeping Navahos woke in another country.

WE TOOK the many-colored blankets piled in the cave. Each Apache brave packed two. But the wolf that bit in the night, the cunning Dakota, took three. Yet he ran light, for the medicine man knew much and young bucks packed his three.

We went south ten suns. The earth grew tall again. The willow house of the Apaches is built close to the clouds. A rabbit cannot live in the top of a tree; the Dakota cannot live on the top of a mountain. A bundle of red sticks of a war party hung from the war pole in the Apache village. Zuza-cha-ta, the Dakota, tied his stick to the bundle and went with the war party to take from the Yaquis, who dwelt to the south, in a big valley in the land the white man calls Mexico.

An old buck who led the trail told of wonderful beasts that cleared the ground in great leaps and bounds, while the Yaquis, men like ourselves, sat the backs of these snorting, pawing beasts flying over the earth—creatures making in one sun what we bucks, moving like Shung-ka, the Dog, maybe so could run in two.

I watched the old buck talk, lying on my blanket, numbering the stars; each star I numbered was a flying beast to be taken from the Yaquis.

We crossed a wide, shallow water. Then my eyes grew big as the owl's at night: I saw tall grass growing in a wide valley lying between tall mountains. Eating the grass, like tired buffaloes at night, were great herds of beautiful beasts, fat and sleek, colored black, brown, red, white and spotted like the fawn.

But, sniffing the air in alarm, the quiet beasts smelt the strange red men by the river. They snorted with fright, flung high their heads and tails; they beat the ground with hoofs, rushing like the wind. My heart beat faster than their feet, my heart rushed faster than the wind; I ran after them. Foolish Dakota ran after lightning sliding on ice.

The Yaquis heard and saw the stampede. They came out and caught Zuza-cha-ta, alone like a badger in a hole and far from the Apaches.

I spoke in signs and said that thieving Apaches hid in the tall grass by the river to steal the beasts. I showed them the place; they drove off the Apaches. I stayed with the Yaquis, sleeping in the house made of cactus poles of the head man, Miguel.

Six moons I dwelt with the Yaquis, giving them big talk of the Dakotas who hunted the mighty buffaloes of the north, while I learned to fling the looped rope and ride the flying beasts.

The Yaquis dance to the full moon, drinking a fiery water they make from corn. Miguel made a big feast and danced, drinking much of the fiery water. The fiery water, the breath of many devils, made him strange; he knew not what he did; he struck Zuza-cha-ta, the proud, brave Dakota.

With sick, bad heart I seized a club. I killed the head man, Miguel. I sprang upon the back of Black Thunder, the big stallion of the herd. I flew from the village, the mares that loved Black Thunder close behind.

WE DASHED through the shallow water; we touched land. The Yaquis, filled with the many devils of their fiery water, could not cross.

The north star hangs over the land of Dakota; I rode for the north star. Running by night and feeding by day, the beasts kept fat and strong; no man saw Zuza-cha-ta speeding to his people.

Four times the moon grew big and little and big again until Zuza-cha-ta, sitting on the strong back of Black Thunder, swam the Muddy Water and touched the land of Dakota.

Oh, hey! My heart was big and brave!

Singing the song of the happy hunter, I rode to my tepee on the Big Water. Winona, the squaw that loved me much, came out and fell to the ground with the cry:

"The spirit of Zuza-cha-ta comes to me on a strange wild beast!"

I raised her from the ground and put her on a spotted mare. We dashed through the village, crying:

"Zuza-cha-ta, seated on a strange wild beast, is with his people!"

Swift runners painted yellow passed the word from village to village. All the people of Dakota formed the deep circle that stretched ten hundred jumps around the big war drum. Klipta, the medicine man, stood by the drum; Zuza-cha-ta, seated on Black Thunder, was close by.

Klipta struck the drum three times. Zuza-cha-ta, seated on Black Thunder, told his story. Told all but the gift of Ska, the white dog, to Tu-ta, the Ponca girl, for Winona sat in the circle with the other squaws.

Klipta struck the drum three times. The great chief, the wise man of Dakota, rose from the circle and spoke:

"We hear the words of Zuza-cha-ta; they are good!

"We see the strong leaping beast of the south; it is good!

"But what is the leaping beast of the south?

"Hear my words; they tell!

"Shung-ka, the Dog, that hunted with Zuza-cha-ta, is gone.

"Where is the spirit of Shung-ka? It rests in the leaping beast of the south.

"Shung-ka, the Dog, is become Shung-ka-ka, the Great Dog, the Pony.

"Hear my words; they tell!

"Zuza-cha-ta is Swift Gliding Snake no longer.

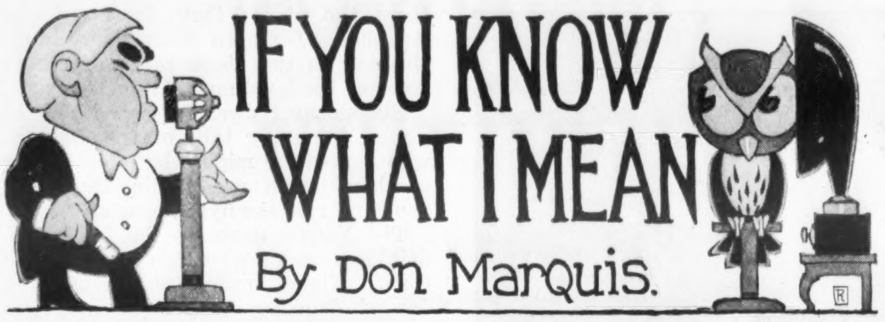
"Zuza-cha-ta governs the spirit of Shung-ka-ka, the Pony.

"Zuza-cha-ta becomes Wakon Shung-ka-ka, Spirit Pony!

"Hear my words; they tell! I have spoken!"

Klipta, the medicine man, struck the big war drum three times. He cried in a great voice:

"Swift Gliding Snake is gone! Spirit Pony, riding Shung-ka-ka, comes to the land of Dakota!"

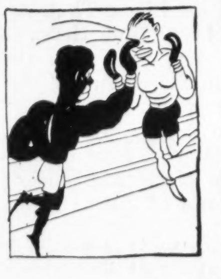


IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

By Don Marquis.

ARCHY THE COCKROACH (Archy, you may remember, used to be a vers libre poet before he died and his soul transmigrated to the body of a cockroach) clambered upon my typewriter some time during the small hours last night and butted out the following contribution with his intelligent head:

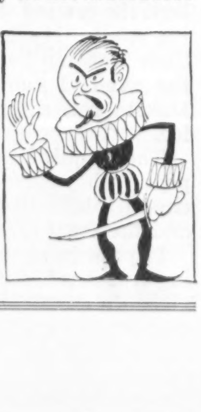
i am worried
about jack dempsey s nose
i see by the papers
he has just signed
a contract to fight wills
well since jack got his nose
made beautiful
will he not be nervous
about getting all
that pulchritude
smeared into a pasty
reminiscence
if he is thinking about
being apollo for ten rounds
how is he going
to come through with
the hercules stuff
freddy the spider
tells me there is
a graver danger
freddy is a fight fan
he has put in his life
haunting training quarters
and ring corners he says
that the paraffin that
was injected into jack s
nose has formed a solid
lump up there and
the lightest
little tap on the snoot
will jam that solid
lump plumb into the center
of a nervous ganglion
and one touch
on that particular spot
will induce a complete
paralysis of the
entire nervous system
all the big smoke has
to do says freddy
is just merely to flick
that proboscis of jack s
with the slack of his glove
and it is good night to marmion



freddy the spider claims
that he won the great fight
with firpo for dempsey
he was in dempsey s corner
and the great jack
was getting socked
considerable on one
occasion says freddy
this firpo would
have knocked him
for a goal if ther had
been a goal post there
instead of only ropes
no man says freddy ever hit another
man so hard outside of
one of h c witwer s stories
the belief was getting
into jack s mind
that they were playing
basket ball and he was the ball
i saw something had
to be done at once
said freddy the spider
in order to bring
jack out of his daze
i am descended from
a wild tarantula
who got into our family
off a fruit ship by mistake
he was a black sheep
and we do not speak of him often
but from him i
learned how to swing a
wicked sting
just at the crucial moment
i slipped up and bit
jack dempsey on the heel
i don t want to brag
about what i inherited
but if you were to sit down on
me and i took
it ill naturedly
you would think
you had sat down in that
electric chair up at
sing sing
i can pass through a pasture
and sing a song of hate
and everywhere i sing
a weed grows
and a flower dies
well in that bite
i gave jack everything i had in
the way of provocation and
influence
and it waked him
he came out of his daze
like the ice
goes out of the yukon river
and what he did to firpo
after that is a matter
of history
you might say that i
won that fight
well well freddy i said
to him and since you
were such a good friend
of jack s on that
occasion why are you
now giving away the secret
that will allow
harry wills to lick him and freddy
answered one of the
most terrible things in
the world is ingratitude
it saddens me when i think
of how ungrateful human
beings are
you may not believe it
but neither jack dempsey nor
kearns nor anybody else
ever was willing
to give me the slightest
credit for the victory
and now all
my admiration is turned
to the reverse i will
be in harry wills s corner
when the big fight
comes off i will be
there with bells on
freddy claims that
in a former incarnation
he was one of the light weight
champions of the world
well boss the more
i see of insects the
more i think they
are almost as bad as humans
there are elements
of his story that make
it seem a trifle improbable
i would hate to have
the job of taking it
to a bank and trying
to raise money on it

archy

The paraffin story sounds a little far-fetched to me also. But there is a thought in Archy's theory of the nose, the new and beautiful nose, being a psychological hazard for Dempsey. In saving his beauty, may he not indeed lose his athletic crown?



Portraits of the old Elizabethan adventurers—Drake, Hawkins, et al.—reveal them as ruff-necks.

Morals, only too frequently, are something men want their wives to wear.

She Knew Martha Washington

Continued from page 14

husband were taken prisoners by American troops and he, at least, was sent to England. Some say she was allowed to occupy her home near Wilmington. Everybody here speaks of her as a ridiculous sort of person.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Our forefathers didn't spoil their children. The youngsters of Washington's day were taught "good manners," especially respect for their elders.

9 June, 1790

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

I WAS so glad you liked the cranberries and the homemade preserves which, you tell me, turned out a great success with your neighbors and friends. I also liked them, though the first time they were offered me I could not imagine a berry of that kind being eatable.

Yes, indeed, children here are taught good manners. On a plantation which I visited there hung, framed, on the wall a series of precepts for the daughter (it was her bedroom) which I copied to send you:

Never sit down before your elders unless told to do so.

Bite not your bread, but break it.

Don't speak in the presence of your elders unless to reply to a question.

Take salt with a clean knife.

Hold not your knife upright, but sloping; and lay it down at the right hand of your plate.

Make no noise with your tongue, mouth or lips while eating or drinking.

Marie and Pierre have not yet given me reason to fear that they will ever treat their elders with anything but respect. Pierre takes after his father in regard to an absence of perseverance in all he does, but he tries hard to please me. Adélaïde-Rosalie is a lovely little girl with fair hair and blue eyes; I think she will be like you. I am always telling my little ones that when they are grown they will have to consider not only their father and myself but also you, who have always been so kind to them and to their parents.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

More bitter attacks on Washington. "God alone," says Madame, "knows what they don't reproach him with." His enemies even accused him of "having a secret intrigue with a girl in New York, he being all the time a married man!"

15 August, 1790

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

YOU will have been distressed by Gaston's last letter asking you again for money. Yet this time it is not because he has made debts which he could have avoided or indulged in his old passion for cards. If this had been the case, believe me I would not plead his cause before you.

But he is careless, and when he took upon himself the management of this plantation he had not calculated at all the initial expenses he would have to meet.

I can assure you that if I had not been here at his side, able to judge for myself, I should have been extremely pained by this apparent waste of money. In reality it is not—or rather, will not be—wasted, because it is sure to give good returns in two or three years.

Yet if you find that you cannot afford to help us, please do not do so; we will try to get along in some manner or other. We would not wish for you to stint yourself in anything, especially now that times are so hard in France and you have not the revenues you had formerly.

People arriving here say that you in France are also on the brink of a revolution, and that so many French youths have returned from America wishing to establish in France the kind of government we have here. But Gaston says it would be madness to try, because to succeed one must have men like General Washington. Gaston does not believe Monsieur de La Fayette could establish a French republic; there is too great a restlessness, he says, for the thing to have a fair trial.

The two cases are different, and even here public opinion is far from being absolutely favorable to the President.

In this country, where so many people are strict on the subject of morals to a degree which would surprise everybody in France, there have been attempts to stir up public opinion against him by representing him as too much inclined to yield to the influence of women.

Just after independence there was printed and circulated an ignominious pamphlet in which General Washington's reputation was dragged in the mire. He was represented as having a secret intrigue with a girl in New York, or near New York, he being all the time a married man.

Of course this made all our puritans rise up in arms against the General. But Gaston says it is all nothing but a fearful calumny, and that in his private life General Washington is above reproach.

We are anxious about you and wish you could make up your mind to join us here where you would be safe.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Was La Fayette jealous of Washington? Read Madame's verdict and judge for yourself. Prepare for another surprise when you read what she has to say about the funerals of Washington's day, which were "considered more in the light of a pleasure and recreation than a time for grief."

10 January, 1791

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

WE WERE happy indeed when we heard that you had gone to Paris, where I am sure you will be safer than in the country where the population is so incensed against the nobles. I would not have expected Monsieur de La Fayette to go over to the side of those who are plotting against the king and queen.

Gaston is unhappy, but, then, he never quite believed in Monsieur de La Fayette; he always says that he tried to glorify himself at the expense of General Washington. He often compares the straightforwardness of the General with what he calls the underhand manner of Monsieur de La Fayette. I cannot, of course, judge, but I think Gaston may be right; he had plenty of chances to observe the two men in the Revolution.

I must relate to you an incident in Philadelphia during a short visit by Monsieur de La Fayette in 1780, when he returned from France for the first time. He was invited to tea at a Mrs. Shippen's, or Shippan's. People made a great fuss about him. He seemed happy and related episodes of the war, but never once did he mention General Washington.

A lady noted for her sharp tongue was annoyed by this and asked him suddenly what General Washington was doing "all that time." Then our marquis remembered where he was. With great presence of mind he replied:

"General Washington, madam, was issuing the orders which we were all obeying."

A clever answer.

A neighbor, Mr. Woodman, has died and we attended the funeral. Shocking as this will appear to you, funerals here are an occasion for people to meet and are considered more in the light of a pleasure and recreation than a time of grief. It must be said for them that

(*Continued on page 31*)

HUDSON
COACH
$1195

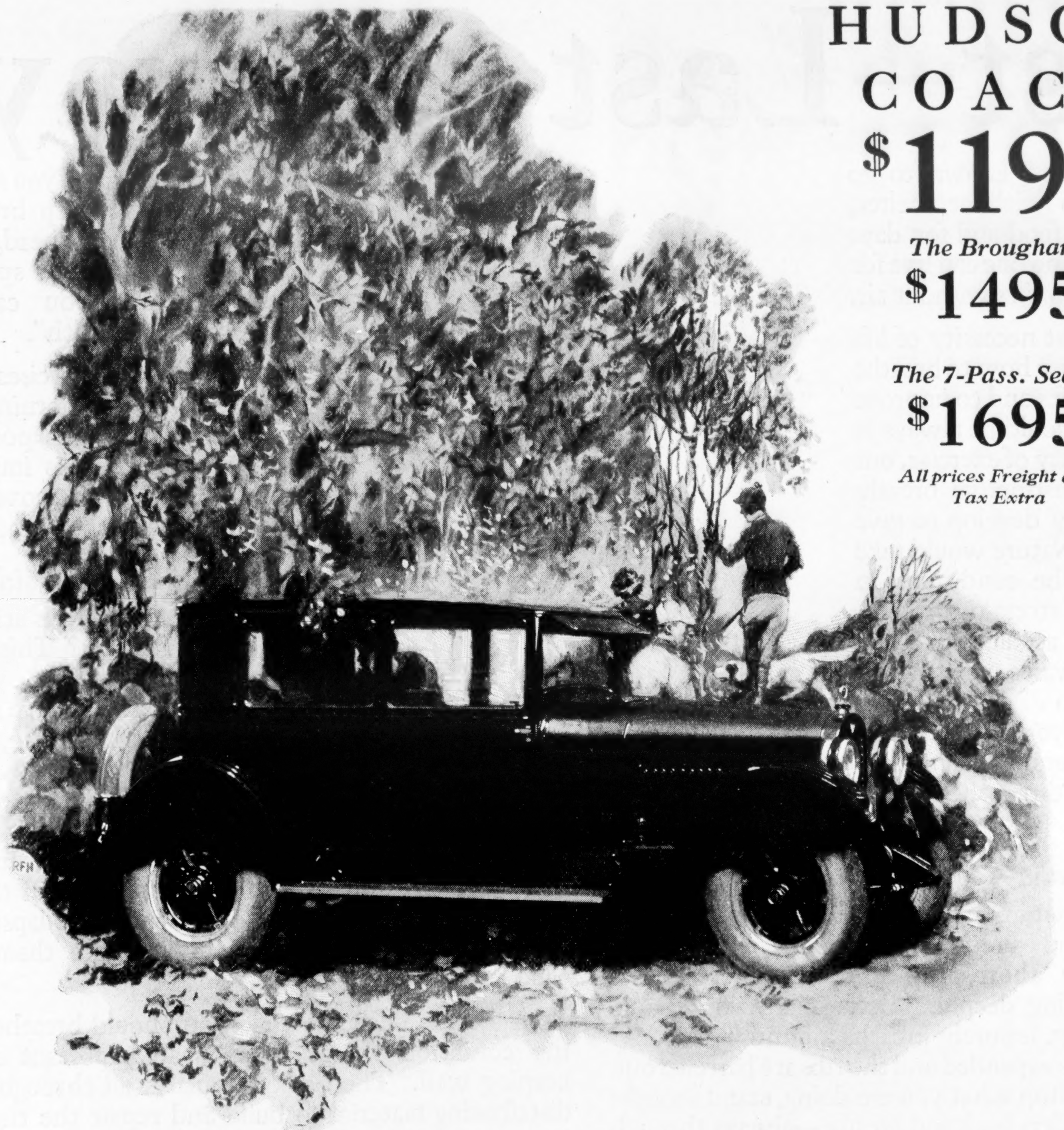
The Brougham

$1495

The 7-Pass. Sedan

$1695

All prices Freight and Tax Extra



Everywhere Hudson is known as the
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Quality Made its Large Volume Sales—Volume Makes it Lowest in Price

Hudson prices are lowest because tremendous volume has made possible economical methods of manufacture. The world's largest production of Sixes—Hudson and Essex—opens economies not possible in a smaller production.

Through increase of quality, greater sales and volume economies have resulted. That volume permits lower prices. There you have the reason for Hudson's leadership in value, in price, in sales.

It explains why Hudson with the patented Super Six principle has distinctive smoothness, long life, wide performance range, and why every Hudson owner is so enthusiastic.

There can be no better proof that Hudson is the World's Greatest Value than what owners say for it and that its sales leadership continues as it has now for years, the outstanding success of motordom.

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

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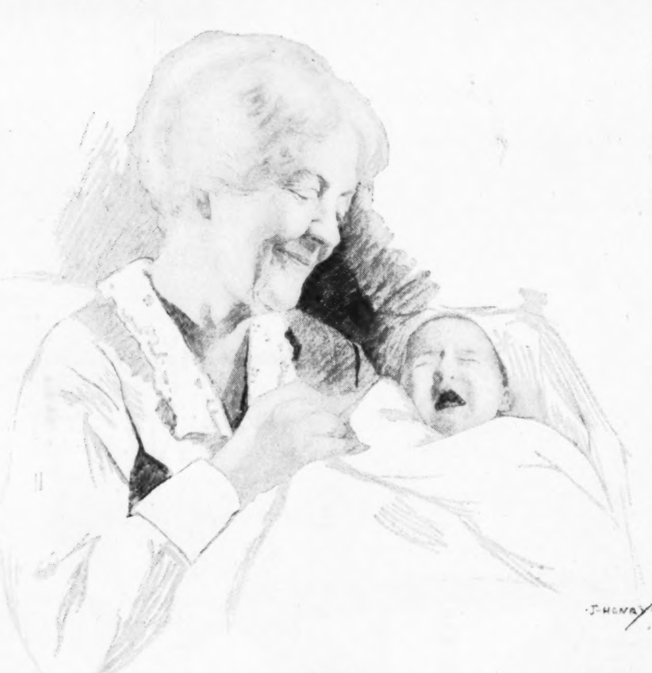
First—Last—Always!

MEN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few *minutes* without air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present-day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.



AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a call for her. But what he really is crying for is *air*. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and *breathe*—always through the nose, of course.

Try it this way—inhale, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

Good Posture First—

You cannot breathe properly unless your lungs have room to expand. When you stand or sit with shoulders rounded and chest contracted you squeeze your lungs and make deep breathing impossible. Lift your head, raise your chest, straighten your spine, elevate your ribs and you cannot help "breathing for health".

Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs as fully as possible with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

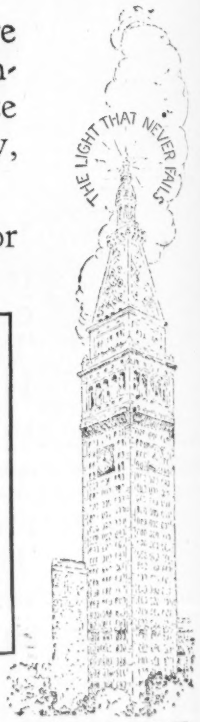
That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, as many persons suppose, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. Most of us rarely breathe to the bottom of our lungs. One-third of the lung cells of the average person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly; the condition of the blood is an important element in keeping well. The blood circulates all through the body distributing material to build and repair the tissues, picking up waste products and fighting disease germs. The turning-point of its journey is in the lungs where it deposits the waste and takes a fresh supply of oxygen from the air.

Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles. Today it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

Defects in the air passages should be corrected if one is to breathe most effectively. Wise parents should keep careful watch over their children's noses and throats to see that they are not afflicted with adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Deep breathing must be studied. There is more to it than the taking of a full breath. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles must be strengthened by exercise and the body must be trained to maintain correct posture.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

She Knew Martha Washington

Continued from page 28

plantations are far apart and they have few opportunities to gather in numbers except at funerals and weddings.

Pierre and Marie are also writing to you, and you will see that they make good progress in their studies, because I am not correcting their spelling. So you may see exactly what they can do.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Even in those early days there were Abolitionists. La Fayette, Madame tells us, was one. This letter tells how Washington—"who was strong enough to try to remain neutral"—really felt about slavery.

23 April, 1791

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

YOU warn me that it will probably be the last time you will be able to send us anything because of the lack of money and the ever-increasing difficulties of communication, but, believe me, all that we want from you is your love, and this we know we possess, and more we do not desire.

You are kind enough to say that all I write interests you, especially all that concerns General Washington. I wish we had in France men like him, then our country would not be in such a plight.

Some of your friends may say that Gaston and I are too enthusiastic about Monsieur de Washington. I have not often seen the President, but the few times I have seen him have been sufficient to impress me so that I mean to bring up my children to reverence the very sound of his name.

I think an instance may prove to you the strong sense of General Washington on every possible question.

Since the end of the Revolution there has started here a powerful movement in favor of freeing the Negro slaves, of whom there are many. Well, the General was strong enough to try and remain neutral on this grave subject. While he sympathized with the abolition of slavery, he did not think it proper to bring it about otherwise than with the help of a legislative measure and with the coöperation of the assembly of deputies [doubtless Mme. de Maussion means the House of Representatives—Ed.] and among *them* there was a violent feeling against any such reform.

The General once told a friend that personally he did not approve of slavery, although he owned slaves himself, and he said that if the assembly took into consideration the many petitions it was constantly receiving on the subject he would approve of it. But, he said, as head of the country he could not take the first step in ruining many people whose interests it was his duty to defend: it would be oppression to cause a man to lose his property simply because he lacked the means to defend it.

No man more respectful of the rights of others has ever lived. You will not wonder that we simply worship him.

While the Constitution was being framed, he found himself hampered at every step by opposition. But he said he knew that the work being done would be appreciated in the future, because it had laid down the first principles of freedom as a reasonable man ought to understand freedom.

But it is a miracle that he succeeded in bringing it to a happy end. There were people who said they feared that if elected President he would enjoy too much power under this Constitution. They even wrote to Monsieur de La Fayette to ask him to tell the General so, and Monsieur de La Fayette actually complied with the request, which probably hurt the General terribly, because he had the right to expect that Monsieur de La Fayette, at least, who knew him so well and had fought at his side, would not echo a ridiculous calumny.

Adélaïde-Rosalie has actually learned by heart the fable of Monsieur de La Fontaine about the ant that had worked the whole day and that of the fox with his cheese flattering the crow. She is now studying very hard how to write.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

More light on La Fayette's character—as his countrywoman saw it—and some comments on the fashions of the day. Madame says that the women of Washington's time wore "stockings of bright color" and very high heels, but that rouge and powder were not used very much. She reports that at forty the ladies "assume quite middle-aged garments."

27 August, 1791

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

YOUR letter came like a thunderbolt, with its description of our unfortunate king's flight and arrest at Varennes. Gaston says he and the queen ought to have made friends with Monsieur de La Fayette. But I am inclined to believe with you that events have become too important for our marquis to be able to keep them in check.

Monsieur de La Fayette is doing in France just what he did more than once in this country, although, thanks to the generosity of General Washington, the public was not allowed to see it. He is too sanguine as to his own strength and too much persuaded that he can do anything he wishes, never reckoning with possible failure.

I can well realize how discouraged you feel, and I wish you were here with us, where at least you could go to bed without the sound of the tocsin to disturb your rest, as in Paris. Please think of it and see if you cannot somehow arrange to come.

Now for your inquiry as to the manner in which elderly ladies dress here. Women here seem to give up their youth far more willingly and far earlier than in France. At forty they assume quite middle-aged garments and wear caps with lace borders and streamers falling over their shoulders, in some cases.

Mrs. Washington always wears very high caps, which sometimes suit her and sometimes do not, according to where she buys them. The caps she gets from New York suit her better than the ones she orders in Philadelphia, which are generally too high and clumsy, like a tower worn on the head; but it seems that it is these towering ones she prefers.

Women here like stockings of a bright color, but they don't know how to wash them, and the stockings lose their freshness after one or two washings.

Slippers have always very high heels, so high that it is a wonder women can walk in them. Handkerchiefs are generally bordered with fine lace of a width that varies with the place and the occasion.

From the Quakers must have come the fashion of wearing white *fichus* over dress bodices; this looks pretty, especially on a black silk dress or black damask such as Mrs. Washington is fond of wearing.

Patches on the face are not as frequently seen as in France and rouge seems to have gone out of fashion, as well as powder, which the young women appear to have abandoned although elderly ones cling to it. General Washington likes powder, and his hair is always well and neatly powdered.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

The last of these interesting letters will be printed next week

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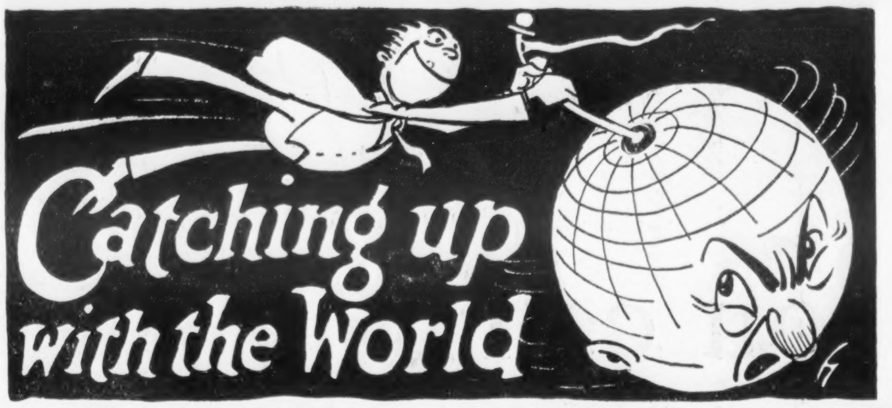

Catching up with the World

Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

THE summer girl has long been laughed at by the world at large because she followed all too literally the advice expressed in the old song:

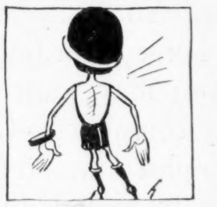
"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

But now the modern girl has got her way in spite of the combined efforts of the police and Mrs. Grundy. Sober-minded science comes to her support by proving that the portion of the sunshine that has a beneficial effect consists of short rays and that these short rays are stopped by water or cloth.

The benefit of sunlight depends upon the amount of the skin uncovered and upon the duration of the exposure.

Sunshine is Brain Food

IT IS known that the short ultra-violet rays, hitting directly upon the skin, multiply the white blood corpuscles, which defend the body against microbe invaders. They promote growth and prevent rickets and tuberculosis in the bones. And, as has recently been found, they stimulate the brain as well as the body. The newfangled schools, where the kids study, work and play all day in the sunshine with minimum apparel, have made better records both in scholastic examinations and intelligence tests than the classes of a similar kind sheltered and shaded as usual.



But while our women are gaining the advantages of the stimulating and healing effects of the sun's rays through the airiness of their everyday costume and the artificiality of its fabrics, the men have failed to follow suit.

The Tyranny of Pants

MEN were put into long trousers partly by the political pressure of the mob. During the French Revolution a man who cut off his breeches at the knee was likely to have his head cut off at the neck. Such tyranny has since spread over the so-called civilized world, and even Asiatics, Africans and South Sea Islanders are being forced to conform.

But of late even the conservative sex is showing signs of adopting a more sensible and sanitary costume. The soft collar has extended its season from the summer to the year, and even that may be discarded in hot weather.

What is needed in costume, as in controversy, is "less heat and more light." We should return to the aristocratic costume of our revered forefathers who founded the republic, and wore silk stockings, preferably synthetic. The chief obstacle is that mosquitoes excel the ultra-violet rays in penetrating power.

Sulphur and Molasses

SQUEERS of Dotheboys Hall, insufficiently appreciated by Dickens, is now recognizable as the pioneer of modern practical education. "Spell winder and then go and wash it"—doesn't that sound like what we hear to-day in our up-to-date "learn by doing" schools?

But while Mr. Squeers' pedagogical system has thus been vindicated, Mrs. Squeers' home-made medicine is still under the ban of modern science. Her turn may come.

The possibility is suggested by the discovery that insulin, the new diabetes remedy, is an unstable compound of sulphur. It is secreted by the pancreatic gland, and an extremely minute but very definite amount of it is necessary in the blood. If there is too little of it, the sugar of the food remains unassimilated and no longer serves as a source of energy.

On the other hand, if there is too much insulin in the blood, as may happen when an overdose of the preparation is injected, the sugar is cleaned out of the blood so completely that the patient is left exhausted and may faint from weakness. In such cases the antidote is sugar. A spoonful of syrup will instantly restore vigor.

Now, is it not apparent that when Mrs. Squeers administered "flower of brimstone and molasses" with the school spoon before breakfast she was supplying the sulphur necessary for the formation of their insulin?

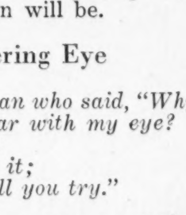
If that is not right, let someone else invent a better explanation for the custom, which was not confined to Squeers' Academy, for our grandfathers used to dose the children with sulphur and molasses to purify the blood and get rid of that tired feeling which comes in the spring. And isn't there a law against saying that our grandfathers were wrong about politics or anything? If there isn't, there soon will be.

The Wandering Eye

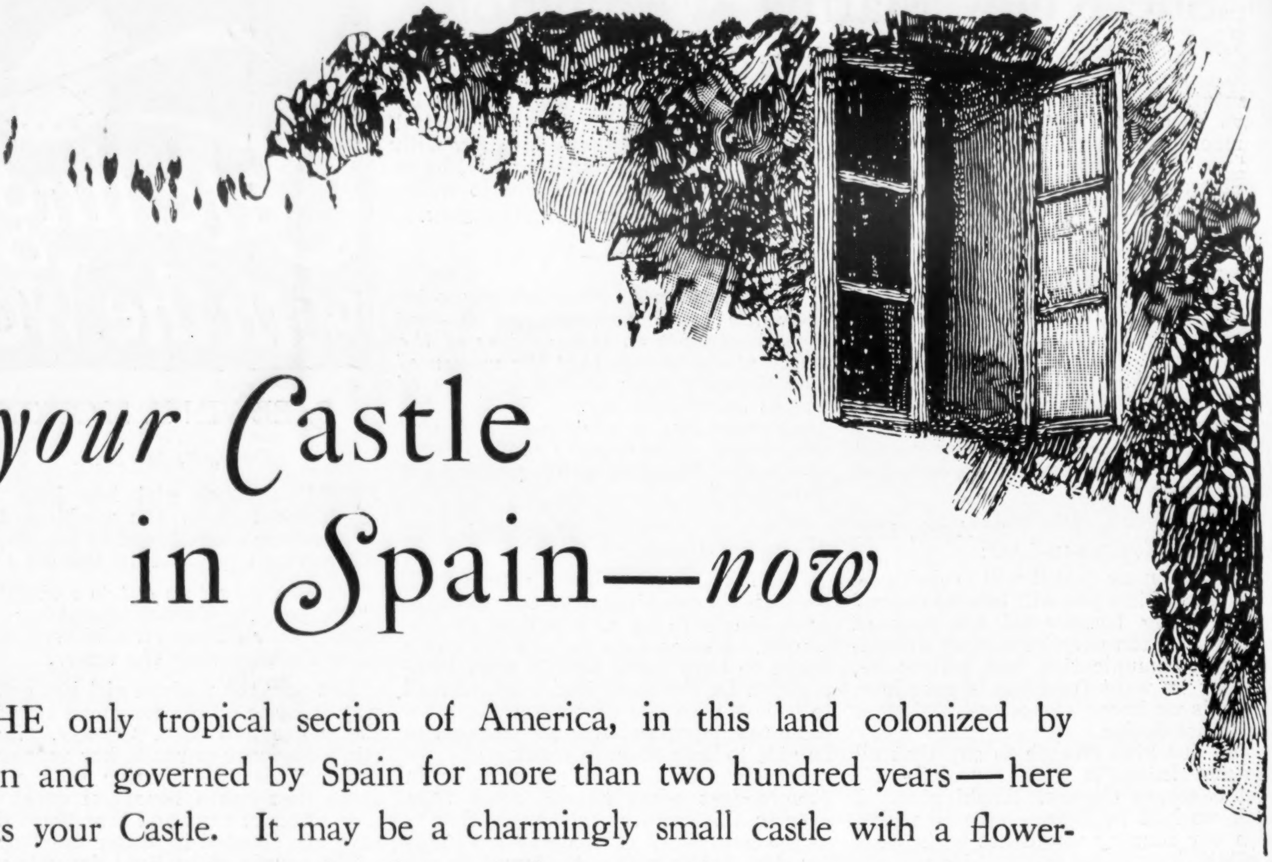
There was a young man who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
I think I could do it
If I set my mind to it;
You never can tell till you try."

WHETHER the young man succeeded in effecting this triumph of mind over matter the poet does not tell us. But the flounder accomplishes a feat of rearrangement almost as ambitious.

Everybody who has caught a flounder—or even eaten one fried—knows that the fish has both eyes on one side. This is obviously convenient, for the flounder lies on one side all his life (unlike a lawyer), and there would be no sense in having one eye buried in the sand.



The flounder is born with eyes on opposite sides, like other members of the perch family, but when the young fish deserts his early, upright, swimming habit and lies down on one side to rest for the remainder of his life the cartilage of his skull, still soft, disappears completely from between his eyes. The underneath eye then migrates through this gap, and after it has migrated the gap closes in behind with solid bone.



You can have *your* Castle in Spain—*now*

IN THE only tropical section of America, in this land colonized by Spain and governed by Spain for more than two hundred years—here waits your Castle. It may be a charmingly small castle with a flower-filled patio glowing under the superb curve of a coconut palm. Or it may be a stately home with a great arching entrance that takes you to its heart. . . . But it's here, your Castle, the place you never really thought to see—at Coral Gables, Miami's most beautiful and impressive suburb.

THE architecture of every home, school, hotel or public building in Coral Gables must harmonize with the general plan, and must have the approval of a board of architects. There are no exceptions. The Spanish type and its Mediterranean variations, so perfectly suited to a tropical climate and landscape, are used throughout. The landscaping, the planting, the great vistas thrown open by the magnificently wide avenues and spacious plazas—all these serve to emphasize the beauty of the homes that are set like jewels in this great, brilliant garden-city.

Values are Steadily Increasing

If you do become an owner of Coral Gables property, one thing is certain—the permanent features, the restrictions and the fixed plan of the city itself will not only secure, but will enhance, its value. You may want to build your own home according to your own ideas. Or you may want to buy a home already completed. Or you may want to buy a plot now and hold it until you are ready to build. But no matter what form your investment in Coral Gables may take, you may be assured that it will increase in beauty and that it will benefit by the improvements now being added . . . that it will share in the general prosperity that has come to Miami.

The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

Rex Beach has written a fascinating book upon the miracle of Coral Gables. The coupon brings it without cost to you. We will also tell you about the special trains and steamships that are run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these special trips, and buy property in Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. *Fill out and mail the coupon*—today!

Your Opportunity

All properties feel the stimulus of the tremendous growth of Miami. Many plots in Coral Gables have shown an increase *every year.* And authorities agree that the greatest advance is yet to come. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may still be secured by a small investment. These plots are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. Two country clubs are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have already been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be ready about January 1, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain the following buildings and improvements:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Military Academy and Stadium, a Theatre, the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, a magnificent Conservatory of Music, and other remarkable projects.

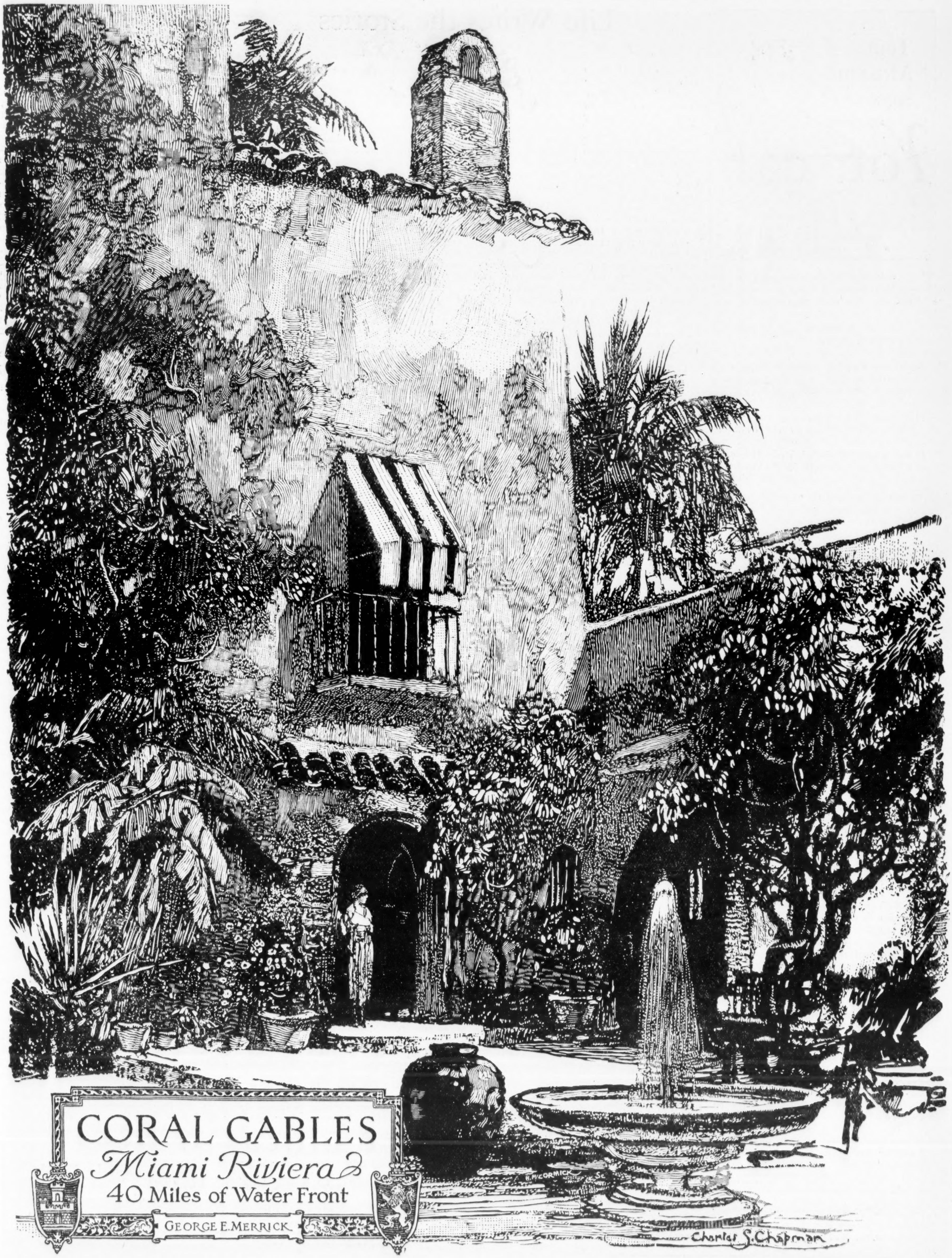
CORAL GABLES CORPORATION CL-22
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

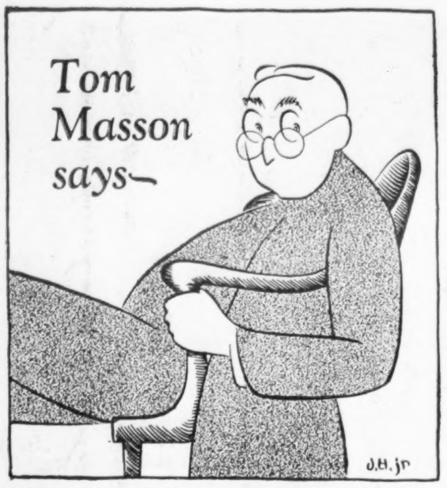
Please send me Rex Beach's story upon the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________


CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK
Charles S. Chapman



THE *question is, are the sons of our wealthiest men getting the most out of life? Ask the man who disowns one.*

* * *

Our greatest indoor sport: reading about outdoor sports.

* * *

If Henry Ford is going to supply us with synthetic milk, will he guarantee ten miles to the gallon?

* * *

If Tennyson were writing these days, he would call it "Idles of the Prince."

* * *

It looks as if Rudolph Valentino was now almost free enough to get divorced again.

* * *

"What would we do in this country without public opinion?" asks an ardent patriot. Just what we are doing.

* * *

Definition of an island: A small body of land entirely surrounded by bootleggers.

* * *

Some people think that provision for the future should consist entirely of unpaid bills.

* * *

The next step in Income Tax publicity is to make 'em all tell where they got it.

* * *

"Never have the gentler sex been so healthy or so attractive as they are today," declares Dr. Percy Hall. Have a heart, doctor! We feel bad enough about it already.

* * *

There is all the difference in the world between a go-getter and a goat-getter.

* * *

If you are so close to this you can read it you may have a collision with an idea.

* * *

Lubricating oil for flying machines is now made from grasshoppers, as it does not congeal. All grasshoppers interested will please report to the nearest aviation field.

* * *

The difference between a prophet and a historian is that a prophet sometimes gets it right.

* * *

Strange, but the women who always keep their engagements are the ones you never want to meet.

* * *

People who don't believe in birth control should remember that every increase in population creates more congressmen.

* * *

Leisure: the mother of mad rushes.

* * *

There was a time when the more ridiculous a man in love with a girl made himself, the better she liked it. Now to be in love at all is to be ridiculous.

* * *

If you want to get next to pure reading matter nowadays the safest place is in among the ads.

* * *

A scientist has recently discovered that we use only one fifth of our brain capacity on the average. This leaves four fifths with which to see if we can discover what our modern literature and art mean.

Life Writes the Stories

Continued from page 6

period of half a decade. On one occasion J. D. F. said: "Emeline has had a small legacy from her grandfather's trust estate. So now our investments and my earnings yield nearly sixteen thousand a year. That, however, astonishing as it may seem, is a much smaller income than five thousand. The sixteen is just large enough to put one into a class which has incomes of twenty-five to forty a year. Then the troubles begin!"

"The more one makes," said she, "the more are the reasons for spending—particularly in this city."

The city she referred to will have to go unnamed. Where life writes a story, those who transcribe it are under certain duties to conceal identities and even twist the circumstances just enough to save the sensibilities of persons still living.

For instance, it is necessary to speak of the man who unwittingly turned the tide of J. D. F.'s life as the Honorable B. Y. Gorton.

Gorton had been on an extended tour of Japan and China two years before. He had been for some time a victim of a chronic malady. He traveled with a caravan of secretaries and a moving-picture camera man, a trained nurse and a dietitian.

The first concern of Gorton was himself, though he was known as a philanthropist. In China he had everything that he ate or wore sterilized. For just such men the wind raises the dust, the dust leaps between parted lips and, while Fate laughs, carries to the man who wants it least the rarest and most peculiar germ of all those that afflict the human colon.

Gorton was treated for the new malady by all the medical talent that panic combined with affluence could hire. He even imported from Italy a certain great diagnostician. He was in misery and he and certain consultant physicians believed that destiny had dealt him a fatal blow. It was during one of his most serious and painful attacks that J. D. F., who had never set eyes on him and knew him only by a set of porcelain receptacles and test tubes and microscopic slides marked B. Y. Gorton, produced in a distant hospital laboratory a vaccine, more or less by experimental accident, which, as sometimes happens, performed a miracle. In five days Gorton was sitting out on his lawn in the spring sunlight, smoking black cigars, dictating to a male secretary, celebrating a victory in which several billions of his enemies had been left dead on the field of the pathological battle.

He said to Dr. X., the well-known head of a famous institution, "I shake your distinguished hand. You are not a scientist; you are a magician!"

The other, reluctant to accept the compliment, spoke of J. D. F. in a human, generous manner.

"Take that name down," Gorton commanded his secretary. "Remind me of it when I get back from Florida."

Receives a Tip

AFTER his return the secretary called J. D. F. for a conference at the Grolier.

J. D. F. told Emeline and, with that peculiar sensitiveness of women to impending smashes of fate, she was all a-flutter as she followed him to the door and said, "I wish he had asked me too. Isn't his family with him?"

His family was there in the sense that Mrs. Gorton and one daughter were present But Gorton drew J. D. F. into a red-upholstered corner, offered an open box of tremendous cigars with Gorton's initials on the band and said: "I want to talk—shall I say intimately?—about your work, Doctor. I am the man who owes his life to the labors of you research fellows."

J. D. F. says that he felt a certain impertinence in the cross-examination made by Gorton into his personal affairs. But it was carried on with such directness and good will, and with such a manner of benevolent omnipotence, that it was impossible to show any resentment.

As J. D. F. was leaving, Gorton said: "Will you resent it, Doctor, if I say that a man who is engaged in the great service promised by your future should never be under financial worry? Will you regard it as the act of a grateful friend if I tell you a piece of useful information? As you know, I am a director of the —— Corporation. There will be an annual meeting day after to-morrow. If I were a young man I would collect, beg and borrow every last cent I could and I would buy every common share I could afford on a slim margin. All I ask is that you keep this confidential. And keep the stock till it reaches eighty."

"Well, thank you very much," said J. D. F. with a gasp. "In any case I will treat this confidentially."

As he went home, says J. D. F., he was like a man who is told that he is at the edge of a stream of gold but hesitates to plunge into an unaccustomed element, as one fears black waters. No doubt his wife read upon his round face something unusual.

"Well?" she said, meeting him with a slender finger in a book. "Go on! Tell me! I can never get a thing out of you."

So he told her while her eyes grew wider and wider. They are greenish-gray eyes and retain that childlike response of widening and brightening to all excitement.

"Oh, I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I knew that our day would come. I knew you'd get what you deserved, J.!" She threw her arms about his neck and danced about on the hardwood floor at the edge of the worn, familiar Oriental rug—the one they had bought in an auction-room long ago.

She stopped suddenly, stared anxiously into his face and said, "Well, what on earth is the matter with *you?*"

He told her that already he had done his thinking about it. He said he had decided not to touch the conservative bonds which he had tucked away like a squirrel tucking away nuts for a barren season. He said he was "going to pass it up."

"You must be crazy!" she exclaimed.

She snatched up the crumpled evening newspaper and flopped over the pages. With a pencil from her own heirloom mahogany desk she ran down the columns of stock-market quotations. She began to figure.

"You old fool!" she shot at J. D. F., who sat rather wearily on the sofa. "He said not to sell except at eighty! Why, if we buy a five-point margin—is that what you call it?—and use all our money, I figure we will be worth—" She gasped. "Yes—nearly half a million dollars! Talk about fairy tales! Why, it isn't like real life at all."

"I don't want to do it; it's altogether too commonplace."

"Why not do it? Give a reason!"

"My whole nature is against it."

She was enraged. "You'd throw away everything that would make us all rich and comfortable and able to have the country place we planned and do things for the children and not always be *humiliated!*" She spoke of humiliation for the first time in a way to make him believe that she had suffered for years in silent bitterness. That bitterness now rushed into his own heart.

But he was obdurate. "A little while ago you asked me a good question, Emmie. You asked why everybody did not buy common shares of the —— Corporation. I'll tell you. It is because there is some secret news known only to the directors and perhaps to only one or two of them. I suppose that Gorton's first duty was not to give me the tip."

"So that's it!" she exploded. "It is just like you to take a position unlike anyone else. Everybody does get tips. I hear that it's the way all large fortunes are made. But don't be a hypocrite; give your real reason. I'll bet it's just that you're afraid you'll lose."

"I'm afraid I will win. I'm dreadfully afraid it would make us rich."

He says she stared at him. It was four years before he ever thought of this conversation again, but now he remembers that he went on almost passionately. He said: "You can make all the faces you like, but life will be sweeter if we don't do it. Whenever you've mentioned our friends who have ten or a hundred times our money I've always thought, 'Oh, yes, but whatever we have we've earned—more than earned;' I've laid the foundation for some real pioneering in my field of work; I've done some years of routine service.

"I've loved it, but I've been underpaid rather than overpaid. I've made all that has been given us. I've taken nothing from anyone. And, in spite of all I could do to avoid that idea, the money I've earned has come to mean—*me.* I started out to neglect money altogether. But now, if I make tons of it to-morrow without earning it, then all I have ever earned in the past and all I'll ever earn in the future will lose its dignity. And so will my work! Everything we built up may seem trivial and empty compared with half a million dollars."

Emeline leaped up as if she were about to wreck the furniture. He remembers it. "Why, you simpleton," she exclaimed, "you'd be independent! You'd be able to have your own laboratory. You could do the big work you've always wanted to do. It would mean emancipation!"

He says that he was tired. He replied, "We'll decide in the morning."

Real Life Was Over

WHEN some conservative, cautious souls jump the fence they go to extremes. Perhaps it was going to extremes which brought the phenomenal success to J. D. F. No one knows except the income-tax office, but his friends estimate that in his first stock operation, and those others which during the rise succeeded it, he made enough to give him an income of fifty thousand a year for life.

He started to build a place in a suburb which is known by a nickname like "Millionaires' Hut." It was not finished before the long years of labor he had given had begun to tell on him! Emeline and certain well-meaning doctor friends of his were responsible for turning his own suggestion of a long vacation in Europe into a resignation from his hospital laboratory service.

He wanted to go to Germany, but in the end Emeline and he went to the Riviera, Venice and Egypt.

J. D. F., on his return, "looked around" for nearly two years. He was not very well, not very calm. At their country place he walked about the grounds and pored over old bacteriological data and looked forward to the dinner parties. He planned to go back, as he called it, "into the old game." But somehow he knew he never would.

"Why don't you have your own laboratory?" Emeline asked.

"I'll build it down by the brook," he said without much enthusiasm.

"On this place!" she exclaimed. "Heavens! Aren't you ever going to pick up a steady man's job—go to town every day? I hate men who just hang around!"

"Of course I can get a salary of a few thousand a year doing routine work at some institute," he said wearily. "But we really do not need the money, Emeline. So what's the use?"

He knew in a vague way that he had sunk into the commonplace of bored affluence; real life was over.

Someone mentioned Gorton and his riches.

"Blast Gorton and his riches!" snarled J. D. F., the prosperous—and beaten—man. J. D. F., who once walked toward the stars, knew that he was done for.

"The Case of the Enlightened Janes," the second true story in this series, will appear in an early issue

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Would You

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Certainly not! You tell them constantly to wash their faces and hands. Insist upon equally thorough and frequent cleansing of teeth. Clean *teeth* are *both* a matter of health as well as good looks.

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SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE has a flavor that children welcome as joyously as candy. It is preeminently a safe dentifrice and thoroughly effective. One trial will convince you of its superiority.

Special Offer

To readers of COLLIER'S, we offer a full-size 25c tube, postpaid, on receipt of 15c in coin or stamps. One-quarter inch of this paste is enough for a thorough cleansing. Try it and see. The coupon in the corner makes it easy for you to accept this Special Offer. Will you do it today?

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ATLANTIC CITY NEW JERSEY

To the Trade:

Spearmint Tooth Paste has been successfully made and sold for more than twelve years. Now we have capacity to supply a national demand. Sample tubes, as offered in this advertisement, are being sent by the thousands. They are going to your customers. Put in Spearmint with our sales helps to get the repeat business.

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GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed please find 15c in stamps.................... coin.................... (please check which you enclose), for which mail me, postpaid, one full-size 25c tube of SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE, in accordance with your Special Offer to readers of COLLIER'S.

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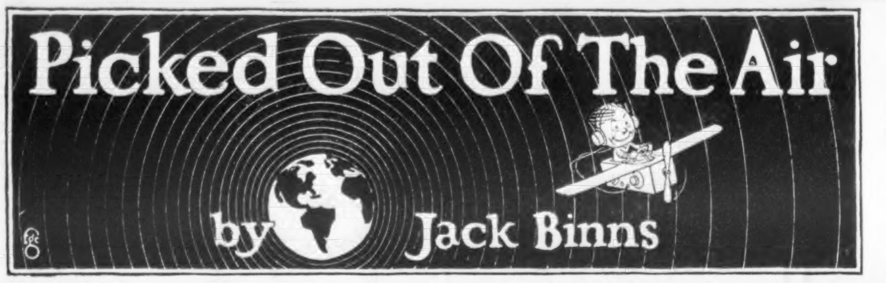


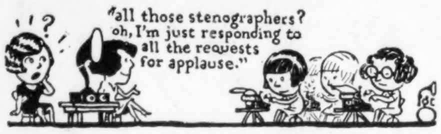
Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Hearing in Erin

A FRIEND of mine, just back from Ireland, tells me an interesting story of radio conditions in Dublin. There are no broadcasters in the Free State, and only one radio store in the capital.

This is a photographer's shop. The proprietor has a set rigged up and reproduces programs from Belfast and the British stations for passers-by. In the back of the store he had a telephone transmitter, which he can switch on to the loud speaker, and between selections he announces: "This is the Dublin radio station, the last selection was:—"


"all those stenographers?
oh, I'm just responding to
all the requests
for applause."

Let's Call It a Spade

ONE of these days some millionaire will gain undying fame by offering a prize to the announcer originating a begging formula which is not wheedling in tone nor grating on one's sensibilities.

Here's some common-sense logic for studio managers: The only applause worth having is that which comes unsolicited. Wheedling will not coerce commendation, so why try to kid yourself as well as the public.

Risking Polygamy

A LOVESICK swain wrote to WEAF asking that station to aid and abet him in marrying a young lady in Paris. Let's hope they have sharply selective receivers in France, otherwise complications might ensue.

June is Some Bug

EVIDENTLY it is impossible to keep Henry Ford's name out of transportation whether it be terrestrial, aërial or ethereal. For instance, here's June Ellis of Macon, Ga., who writes me as follows:

"How's this for Fordizing radio? Came home one night to find my storage battery dead. I backed the old Ford up to my window, ran two wires to its battery, and hitched them to my Sputterdyne. The set did fine, and the programs didn't even have a rattle."

Their Mouths Watered

OUR weekly award of a gold-plated grid leak for the best radio publicity article goes to the knight of the typewriter (or was it a knightess) who sent newspapers this gem:

Hospitals in New York City have ordered radio receivers shut off during the women's hour in the morning whenever Mrs. Julian Heath gives her food talks. Her description of delectable dishes was so realistic that it aroused the appetites of patients on strict diet and retarded their recuperation.

Alexander's S O S

"ONE day last week," writes E. A. Phillips of Pittsburgh, "while listening to the ball game on the radio I suddenly heard a series of wild shrieks and other queer noises. I thought it was some extra trimmings at the game until I heard a noise at my window. I hurried to see what was there.

"It was Alexander, the children's pet monkey. He was hanging to the aërial by his tail, having reached it via the poplar tree in the yard. He was frightened and screeching wildly because he didn't know how to get down. So the ball game adjourned while I went to the third floor and took the poor little scared Simian off the line."

The Good Samaritan

"HERE is a bit of radio kindness which may be an inspiration for more," writes D. C. Lyons of Jackson, Mich. "In our neighborhood there is an elderly man who is nearly completely paralyzed. Life looked pretty dismal to him until a young man living in the apartment above him hit upon a stunt to brighten things for the man.

"Knowing that it would be impossible for him to manipulate a radio this boy installed a loud speaker in the man's room and connected it with his own. Now every time he works his set the elderly man can get the same without any effort on his part. Often in the evening when he is going out, or particularly on Sunday mornings, the boy will tune in a good program and leave it.

"His kindness has made things worth living for the old man."

A Cool Reception

STANLEY McCLATCHIE, an American engineer, reports there is no static to interrupt the radio programs on the plateau just below the Jungfrau in Switzerland, where the elevation is ten thousand feet. That's fine! but I'm afraid the Jungfrau is so icy a dame that even the most rabid bug would hesitate to dwell at her feet.

Some Shoot Him

"HOW to get a husband," was the title of a radio lecture delivered by Ida Bailey Allen from a New York station recently.

I suppose the next problem of the fair Dianas is what to do with one when they get him.

Well Done! Judge

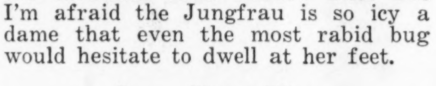
JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, the colorful Czar of Baseball, deserves the thanks of all radio fans.

In permitting the broadcasting of the world's series games, he demonstrated he was gifted with foresight, and exerts a greater pull with fandom than the baseball magnates.

Turning in Their Graves

A CALIFORNIA rancher believes that the soul lingers near the body after death, and has ordered a radio set installed in his coffin so that his intangible ego may listen to earthly programs after his demise.

If his belief is true some of the old music masters must be turning over in their graves when they hear their abused masterpieces.



Out of Babes' Mouths

"I AM an invalid in bed," writes Arthur J. Missette of Schenectady. "Among my callers is a little girl about six years old. She was talking about her radio and I asked her what she liked best on it. She told me jazz. I then asked whether she liked sermons. 'No,' she replied, ' 'cause there ain't no tune to them.' "

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 22

lower the empties into the mine again."

"This is a slope mine?"

"Yes, sir, with the tipple tracks at a pitch of twelve degrees."

"Go on and tell what happened."

"I told them to cut the cars loose from the hoisting cable so that they could work at them better. Then I worked at the lever controlling the dogs, but it stuck. I told Grady Hazlitt to put a piece of iron rail on the track in front of the trip and to disconnect the lever."

The grizzled chief inspector interposed with a question: "One moment. That is a very material point. You ordered the cars cut loose from the cable, and you say you told Hazlitt to put a piece of rail in front of the trip. Can you prove that?"

"No," answered Selden colorlessly. "Hazlitt was killed in the rush of flame that followed the explosion."

"So that you have only your own word to show that you took such an elementary precaution to prevent the trip from running back into the mine as it actually did?"

"Yes."

"And are you sure that Hazlitt placed this iron so it would block the cars?"

Selden hesitated before he answered. He had asked himself the same question many times.

"I couldn't swear that he did," he said at last. His voice shook faintly, but it was the only sign of strain.

The chief inspector was insistent. "Think hard. I'd like a definite answer to that question. You told the man to put the iron so that it would block the cars, but can you swear that he put it there?"

Selden shook his head reluctantly. "I—I can't. I was irritated because the dog wouldn't let go of the wheels. I—I never looked."

"In your opinion, what caused the explosion?"

Selden answered promptly: "The runaway trip kicked up a lot of dust in the main heading. When the trip left the track twenty-four hundred feet down it knocked over a high-tension feed wire, and the sparks set off the dust. That formed the damp, and that is what killed the men."

"So that if the trip had not run wild the explosion would not have occurred?"

Selden did not hesitate, although he was indicting himself. "Certainly not," he said steadily.

Selden gazed steadily before him. The officials conferred for a moment, and the superintendent was excused. There were other witnesses; men from the interior of the mine who had by one shift or another survived the damp. They could tell little. There had been a sucking in the air as if a giant bottle had suddenly been uncorked, then the jar of the explosion. They knew nothing of the cause of the blast.

OF THE crew that had been working at the tipple with Selden, none had survived. It was his word alone, and even he was not certain that the disaster was not caused by negligence.

Coroner Stirling made a show of delay the next morning when the group again assembled in Selden's office. He riffled through the transcript of testimony and then spoke to Inspector Champion.

"Guess we'd better make it unavoidable accident, hadn't we?" he suggested.

"Without criminality," added Champion, closing his mouth firmly. "The superintendent testifies that he took all reasonable precautions, and it was unavoidable. There is no evidence to the contrary."

The coroner wrote busily while Kent and Nicholson read critically over his shoulder. Selden was gazing uninterestedly out the window. He did not appear to hear the words that exonerated him officially from all blame for the disaster.

He followed the others without noticing that Mallory Kent remained behind with Christine's transcript of the testimony in his hand. She sat at her desk, and the safety chief walked over.

"This is pretty work," he said, indicating the papers in his hand.

"Thank you," said Christine composedly.

"Mighty pretty work," Kent commented again as he looked over the sheets. "You're a surprising stenographer to find in a place like this."

"I've made a specialty of it," she smiled.

"Mine stenography?"

She nodded.

Kent was thoughtful. "You're too good to stay here. They'd fall on your neck in the field headquarters. That's where this sort of knowledge is most valuable." Christine did not answer, and Kent spoke again: "How would you like to work in Birmingham? We have a big office there. Your opportunity would be limited only by your ability."

Christine shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't leave Ivanhoe just at present. My people are here and I—they—" She stumbled because she was not giving him the real reason for her refusal. It was Selden.

"I understand," said Kent, who didn't, "but if you should ever want to come, I'm sure there will be a place for you."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes. A definite one and redeemable at any time."

"Thank you. I shall remind you of it if I come," said Christine evenly.

HER face lightened and hardened. Kent's words showed her a way of escape from Ivanhoe after she had finished with Selden.

Selden did not return to his office after the inquest, but remained alone at the lodge. At first Christine wondered. Then she grew impatient, and at the end of a week determined to discover for herself why he did not come.

She must go to the lodge and see for herself what kept Selden away. She remembered another night when she had gone there in rebellion against Selden and against life. It was different now. Before she had appealed to him. Now, if she played her cards carefully it was not impossible that he might appeal to her.

That night Christine left home with a word to her mother of work to do at the office. Once outside her gate, she went directly to the lodge.

When she entered the library she found Selden behind a desk littered with papers, which he stirred fretfully as she appeared. She paused at the sight of his face. It was lined and drawn. Selden looked up at her with tired eyes as he rose.

"Come in, Christine," he said. "It was kind of you to come over to help."

Christine concealed her astonishment. She had not come to help; she had not known that he needed help.

"Why—why, I don't know what you mean," she said. "We miss you at the office, and I came to find when you plan to return."

"I'm—I don't," Selden said. He paused and then spoke with such feeling that Christine sat forward in surprise. "I'm glad you came."

She had never heard that tone from him before. Her heart quickened and her response was calculating.

"Then I'm glad I'm here. What is it, Jerry?"

For an instant Selden turned away his head. She saw that his hands were shaking when they moved among the papers. When he looked at her again his eyes seemed pleading.

"I'm—I'm pretty near the ragged edge," he said slowly. He paused, and she was conscious of his effort as he drew himself together. "I've certain things to do, and I wanted to see you before I left."

Christine's eyes widened. If he left, then her months in Ivanhoe had been wasted. "Leaving! Are you going away?"

Selden spoke in a controlled voice. "Yes. I have resigned. I am through."

"But—but—" Christine threw out her hands in her surprise. "But why?" She was dazed.

(*Continued on page 38*)

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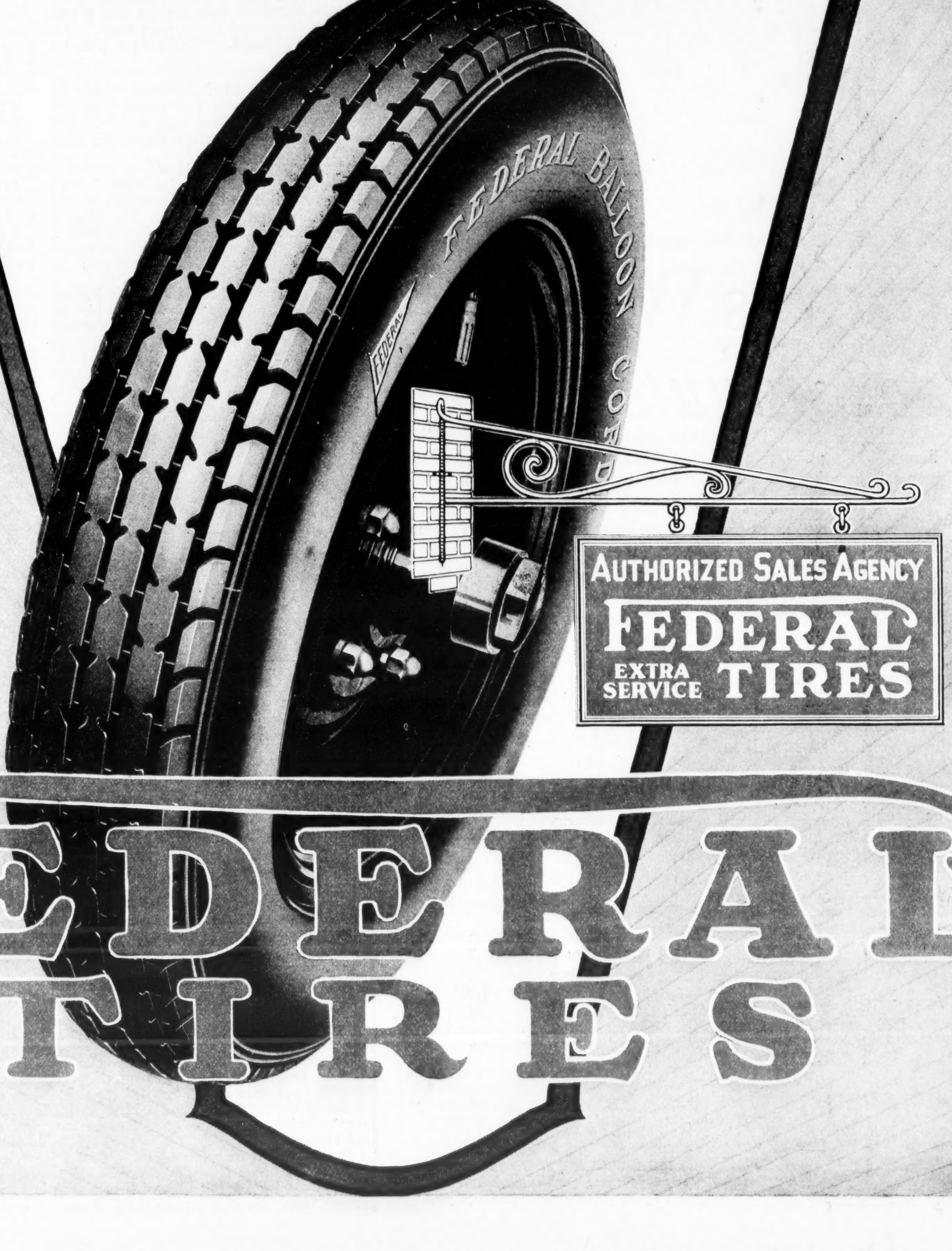
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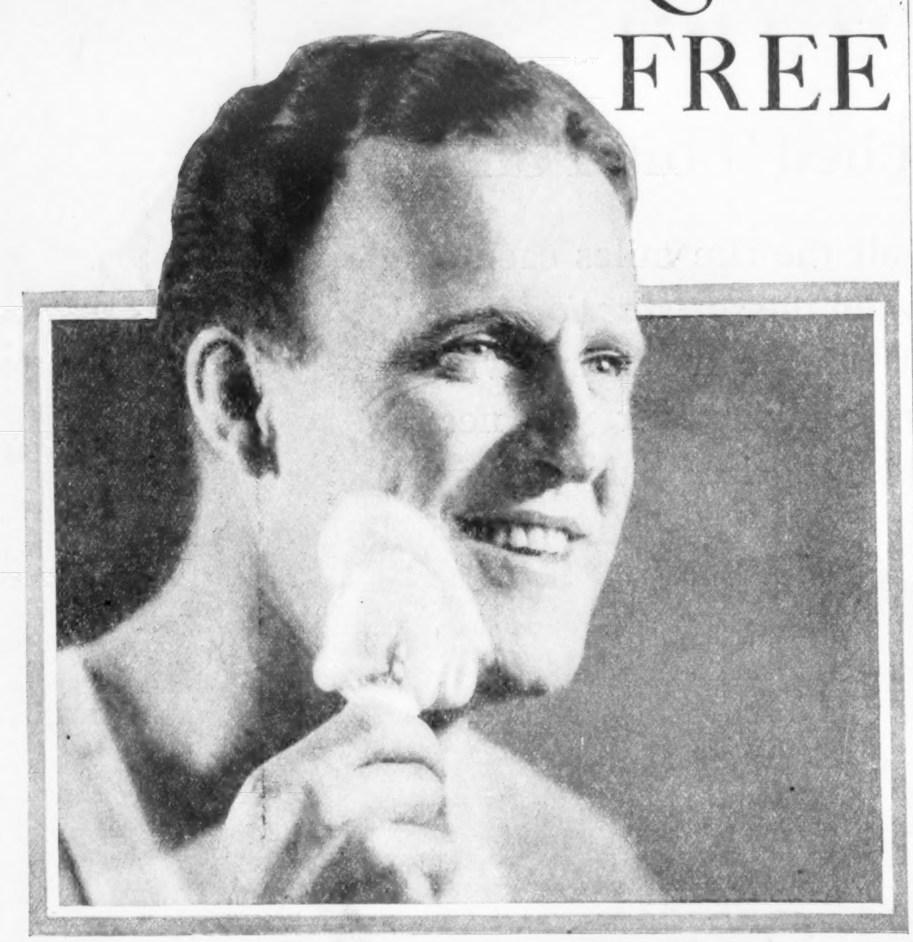

It stays WET *2 to 3 minutes longer!*

Williams Shaving Cream actually gives a lather that stays wet and full 2 to 3 minutes longer than any other lather we know of.

Test it yourself—free. Tell us to send you a trial tube. It costs you nothing. You get enough Williams for a full week of better shaves. Try it.

By the end of 3 shaves you'll know you've found the shaving cream that you'll stick to:

—Williams piles up lather that is lather. Quickly—a bulk of lather that keeps its bulk.

—This lather drives the oil-film from each hair. What happens? As the oil-film is loosened, the busy moisture in the lather soaks into each hair, softening it thoroughly for easy cutting.

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The Deep Seam

Continued from page 36

"You—you know me better than anyone else in Ivanhoe. Of course, it's too late to speak of anything like that now, but I—I have been different with you. That was why I wanted to see you before I left."

His voice throbbed with pain, and he spoke with a detached air as if of things in which he had no further concern. For a moment Christine forgot herself and the months of bitterness against him.

"I still don't understand," she said. "What has happened, Jerry?"

Selden looked at her incredulously. "Don't you know?"

Christine shook her head wonderingly, and Selden, after a moment, passed a hand across his face.

"Tell me what it is," she said.

Selden spoke thickly. "The—the explosion."

"But that is over. What more have you to do with it?"

"Everything. It broke me. I—I was responsible for it. You heard what was said at the inquest. But for me it would not have happened. If I had not gone to the tipple— But I went and I was angry and—and those men died." He raised his hand. "There is a penalty for that."

ABRUPTLY Christine understood. So that was why he had hidden himself! She had hardly been just to him. She had thought him more unfeeling than he was.

"But the coroner said—"

Selden gestured fiercely. "He doesn't know anything, and the company decided his verdict for him. It's what I know that counts, and I know that I was responsible." He was almost gasping. "I—I have thought it all out. It broke me."

Christine weighed her words before she spoke. She wanted to help him if only to keep him in Ivanhoe. Selden had fallen into a study, his eyes, unseeing, on the papers in his hand. Christine spoke sharply, her words purposely cruel. The wound required an astringent.

"You are not going to run away!"

Selden stiffened, and for a moment she thought he would protest, but almost as it came the fire died out of his manner and his voice was again flat, toneless.

"You might call it that. I won't argue it with you. All I know is that I am going away to wait."

"To wait! For what?"

"The end. The other men were killed. I escaped. I should have gone with them. It was a mistake that I did not. The underground meant to get me. I know that." He spoke of the mine as if it were an intelligent entity. "It didn't get me then, but it is only a matter of time. I shall be killed in a mine and I—I think I will be glad.

"I'm afraid, but not of what will be said. I am afraid to have men's lives in my hands again. That is why I am leaving Ivanhoe. I could not remain here and continue as superintendent. I would go mad with the memory of that day on the tipple."

Christine attempted to soothe him. "You will get your balance back. I know it. All you need do is to wait a little. You have thought too much."

Selden resumed his pacing, his face shadowed and his figure seeming very tall against the light. Christine watched him, and her heart was moved at the tragedy before her. Selden, confident, dynamic, ruthless; wielding his power without regard for others, was one man—and this broken figure, with eyes that already were haunted, was another. Against him she held no bitterness.

"I'm glad you came," he said, "because there is something I want to say to you before I go—something that I should have said long ago. This—this changed so many things." His smile was a little ghastly. "I have come to see clearer."

Regret tugged at Christine. "Can I do anything to help?" she asked.

He looked down on her with somber eyes. "No. No one can do that. I am not thinking of the future. There is none for me. My thoughts have all been of the past. I have been presumptuous—any man who attempts to play Providence must be. But I did what I thought best for my people. Believe that. I know that I was wrong in so many things. I see clearer now."

Selden spoke with the quietness of a man who has abandoned hope. "I owe you a debt. I realize it now. I had no right to interfere in your life as I did. I want you to know that I did not act lightly. I have thought sometimes that you were still bitter about—about what I did. I've tried to repay you. I have given you all I could, and if this—this thing had not happened I might have given you more. What I am trying to do is to ask if you still—still hold malice."

Christine did not stop to ask herself if what she said was true. "No," she answered instantly. "I am not bitter any more. I would have told you if you had waited."

Selden's eyes were vacant. "There is much more I would like to say to you, but it is needless now. Go and enjoy your independence. It is yours by right, and you are wise enough now to use it." He extended his hand diffidently. "I—I guess that's all."

Christine rose helplessly. Her mind was in a turmoil. He was going out of her life just when she had begun to lose— She laid her hand in his. "Won't I see you again?" she asked.

"No-o." She felt his hand grip hers tightly. "I don't think I could bear that."

Still holding her hand, Selden looked down on her. His face was white, but he was master of himself.

That was how she left him, standing under the light, his tall figure erect, his eyes looking after her as she followed Uncle Judge to the door.

CHRISTINE BENNETT'S self-possession was perfect when she followed her card into Mallory Kent's office in the Miners & Mechanics' Building in Birmingham. It was one of the things she had learned in the two years since leaving Ivanhoe—poise. She had measured herself against men and was quietly confident of her ability to hold her own.

Kent was sitting behind a glass-covered mahogany desk that blended perfectly with the simple furnishings of the spacious office.

The Continental safety chief held her neatly engraved card in his fingers. "Christine Bennett, Accounting." It told him nothing.

He looked at her in polite inquiry.

"You do not recognize me, I see," Christine smiled.

"Should I?" Kent countered quickly.

"Don't you remember Ivanhoe, Mr. Kent? And the stenographer whose work you were good enough to like?"

Recollection stirred, and Kent's face brightened. "Oh, yes. And you are—"

"I am the stenographer—Christine Bennett."

"But I should have known you. That was only two years ago."

"The surroundings have changed," said Christine tactfully.

"Not only surroundings," Kent said with an appraising glance at her trim costume.

Christine agreed with the look, understanding all that he wanted to say. "Yes, I suppose I have changed. Independence. Responsibility. Experience. They do make a difference."

"Of course," agreed Kent politely and waited.

Christine wasted no words in stating her errand. "Mr. Kent, I have come to see you about Girard Selden."

Watching the big man across the desk, she saw his tawny eyes light up. He leaned forward in quick interest.

"This is not what I expected. What do you know about Selden?"

"Not much yet—but I intend to find out. Have you heard from him since he left Ivanhoe?"

Kent shook his head. "No, we haven't.

I knew Selden as well as he let anyone know him, and I liked him. But I don't think I ever saw anyone go to pieces as completely as he did after losing those men. I tried to argue him out of his insane idea of resigning. The old man offered to transfer him to some other camp, but he wouldn't hear of it. We've never had a word from him since he left Ivanhoe."

"Neither have I, but I know where he is."

"You do! Where?"

"At Marengo."

"Here in Alabama! Under his own name?"

"Yes. Mr. Selden would never try to hide." Christine spoke defensively.

"That's true," Kent admitted. "And Marengo is one of our operations. What is he doing?"

"In the mine."

"But I thought—"

"That he was through with mining? Oh, no, merely with responsibility for the lives of others. He is a contractor at Marengo."

Kent was thoughtful. "Selden puzzled us all. We regretted losing him, but we could do nothing. He had lost his grip, and when a man does that—" Kent broke off with a little shrug. "You can't help a man who won't help himself."

"That's what I came to ask you, Mr. Kent. Would the Continental help him now?"

"Of course. Selden was one of our best superintendents, and if he is at Marengo he is still in our employ. Personally I would do anything I could for him. I know that the company feels very kindly toward him. It did not blame him for Ivanhoe."

"Would you like to have him back?"

Kent answered cautiously: "That calls for thought, Mrs. Bennett. My experience has been that when a man loses his grip on himself as badly as Selden, he seldom regains sufficient confidence again to become an executive. You know what they say of a prize fighter, 'They never come back.' It is equally true of a mine man."

"If I thought that," Christine said quickly, "I would not be here."

KENT looked at her inquiringly. "You are interested in him? You have a plan?"

Christine smiled. "I am under obligation to him—a very deep and definite obligation. He did something for me so—so—well, that meant so much to me that I must in a measure repay it by helping him. You were implying a sentimental interest, I think. There is none of that.

"I shall make no plans until I go to Marengo and see how things stand. Perhaps I shall talk to Mr. Selden. You know the status of a woman in a mining camp unless she is vouched for—she has none. Would you vouch for me to the superintendent? Could you give me a letter to him suggesting that he coöperate with me?"

Kent's face clouded. "Your very first request. I don't think you quite realize what you propose. You've forgotten about mining camps. Marengo is not a particularly pleasant place. It is isolated, and so long as he gets out the coal, Old Man Yearwood is allowed to run things as he likes."

Christine's eyes were amused. "I was raised in a mining camp. I've just told you that I have spent the last two years in such places."

Kent gestured toward her dress. "But this is different. You were on a legitimate mission, and the camp knew you and accepted you. But at Marengo everyone would be suspicious because of your appearance and—"

"You do not credit me with intelligence," Christine reproved quietly. "I would not go like this."

"You would merely place yourself liable to an unpleasant experience, Mrs. Bennett. Now that you have told me that Selden is at Marengo, I will see him. Let me handle this."

CHRISTINE was obstinate. "I will be as frank as you are, Mr. Kent. I do not think you can help in that way. I know Mr. Selden much better than you do. As for unpleasantness, I have been through it before. I know what I am doing, I assure you."

"But I would feel responsible for you."

"You need not. I can take care of myself. I have faced much more difficult situations than this. Everyone will benefit, Mr. Kent. Mr. Selden, the Continental and myself. Won't you help me?"

Kent could not resist the appeal. "I don't think it is wise," he said reluctantly, and Christine took him up quickly.

"Then you will help me?"

"Yes," promised Kent. He was silent in thought, looking at her appraisingly. "Half measures won't do. I'll tell you what I'll do. Yearwood is rather queer, and I don't know that a letter would serve. If you like, I'll go over to Marengo in the morning with you and vouch for you personally. I think that would remove all question."

Christine was rather dazed. "You—you—are very kind. I hardly know what to say. You—it is so much more than I expected that I am overwhelmed. Then we will go together in the morning."

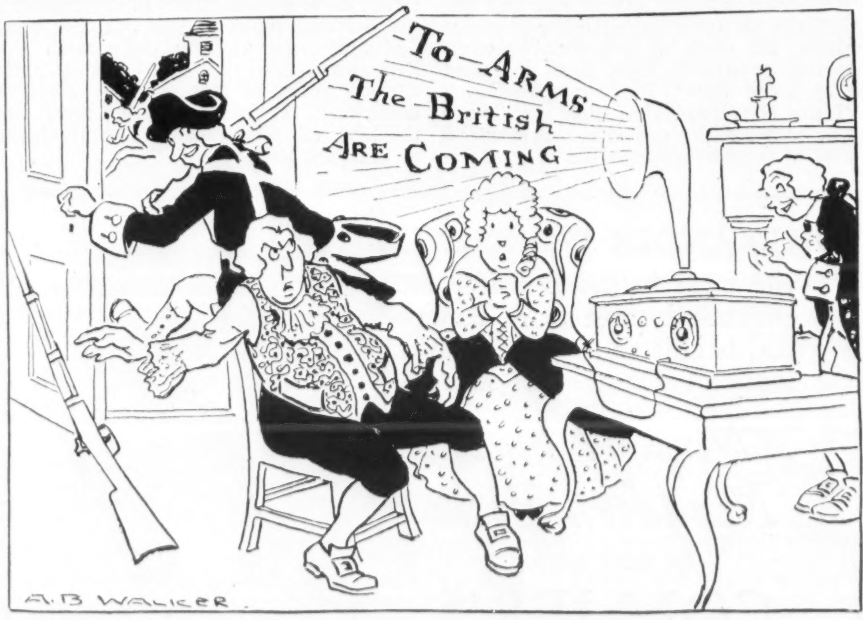
Kent rose too. "Shall I call for you at your hotel? The train leaves at four."

"This is too much, Mr. Kent." Christine was laughing. "I'll not drag you uptown at that hour. I will meet you at the station."

"Very well," Kent assented. "I think this is a mighty fine thing you are doing."

"Don't forget your part." Over her shoulder Christine's eyes thanked him. A warm glow suffused him as he turned his back to his desk.

(*To be continued next week*)



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That Paul Revere didn't broadcast his warning to the Minute Men

She hated to tell him

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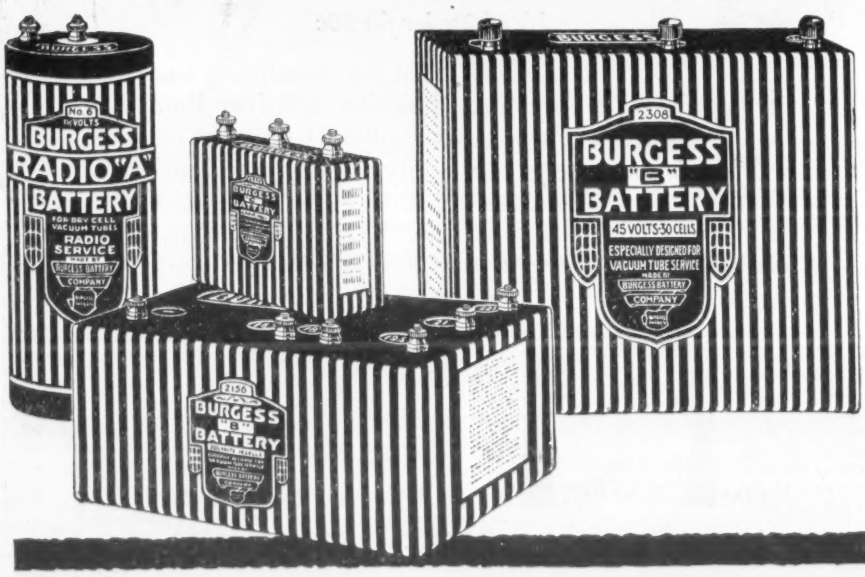

You Are as Safe in the Air as at Sea

Continued from page 10

the most highly skilled airmen to handle them, just as you cannot promote the captain of a tugboat to the command of the Leviathan. Such airmen must be trained somewhere else, so as not to expose these expensive ships and the lives aboard to the hazard of one slight error. If the United States Navy Department wishes to build ships of 6,000,000 cubic feet capacity, I would also advise a training airship of, say, 1,000,000 cubic feet, which is half the capacity of the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles. Our experience in Germany has shown the necessity of a small ship for such training and for experiment.

I must not fail to touch on one of the most delicate and also the most important subjects in connection with airship development. It is the kind of gas used to inflate the ship—the controversy over the relative merits of helium and of hydrogen.

I have been quoted in the press in favor of hydrogen gas, and I want to make it clear I'm not a fool. I know that helium does not burn, whereas hydrogen does. For that reason helium is evidently a safer gas. But it has other disadvantages which make it dangerous compared with hydrogen.

To begin with, helium gas has less lifting power than hydrogen. When the Los Angeles crossed the ocean as the German Zeppelin ZR-3, filled with hydrogen, she had a cruising radius of 8,500 miles. Now, the same ship filled with helium cannot make the round trip from Lakehurst, N. J., to Havana, Cuba, with certainty.

Also helium costs one hundred times as much as hydrogen. A single inflation of the Shenandoah required $250,000 worth of helium. That would not be so bad if there were enough of this rare gas in existence. But it is found in commercial quantities only in Texas, where it makes up 2 per cent of a mixture of natural gases found in a few wells. It is separated from the mixture by freezing out all the other gases at great expense. In two years it has been possible to get enough helium to fill only one of the two navy airships. If the Shenandoah went flying, the Los Angeles had to stay in the hangar. When the Shenandoah was wrecked she lost most of the stock of the precious gas now in existence. The Los Angeles must wait for months until more can be obtained. In all other countries the airships are filled with hydrogen gas. Even in this country there are airships, kites and free balloons flown with hydrogen, but the general attention is not centered upon them as it is on the big ships.

During an extended flight the airship uses up part of its load of gasoline fuel, and it lightens. It is then necessary to let gas out of the bags which float the ship, in order to keep it down to a cruising level.

In order to avoid letting out any gas when the ship is filled with the precious helium, all sorts of complicated engineering apparatus have been installed to keep the ship from losing weight.

I am convinced that this reluctance to release helium gas was the starting point of the Shenandoah disaster. It is admitted by the navy constructors that the number of safety valves in the gas bags which floated the Shenandoah was reduced from eighteen to eight before she went out on her fatal flight. For this reason, when the ship was carried on an upcurrent of air in an Ohio thunderstorn, from a level of 2,500 feet up to 6,000 feet, the helium was unable to escape rapidly enough from the swollen gas bags. The bags strained the metal skeleton of the ship so badly that it broke in two when the ship crossed from one air current into a more rapid one.

Take hydrogen ships, on the other hand. The hydrogen gas costs practically nothing and can be thrown away with a light heart. There is no risk of strain from swollen gas bags.

However, you will hear it said that a ship filled with hydrogen always burns or explodes when it is wrecked. This is not true. Many ships that were wrecked did not burn. I myself was in one such wreck. On the occasions when fire has occurred it is usually traceable to some error that had nothing to do with the use of hydrogen.

There is really nothing to justify the popular belief that hydrogen invariably leads to fire. When fire does occur in the gasoline tanks, for instance, it is true the hydrogen adds its heat to the flame. But that does not make the fire more fatal than it would be if the gasoline tanks alone were burning.

In the German airship Bodensee, filled with passengers and cargo after the armistice, I was struck by lightning several times without fire, and I would even go so far as to say I feel safest against lightning or electricity when in a rigid airship.

The point which must not be lost is that the United States cannot make practical progress in airships if it is to restrict itself to helium inflation because there is not enough helium at present.

At times people ask me if there is not a risk in going up in an airship. Of course there is a risk. Just as there is a risk every time you ride on a railroad or leave the shore in a steamboat.

One reason why I feel safer in an airship than in a water ship is that there are no winds in the air. There are only air currents. People do not realize this. Once a ship is off the ground, there is no wind straining at it. It is simply carried along lightly in the air current. The ship commander can choose the strain which he feels it is safe to impose on his ship when he decides how much to oppose the air current with his engines and changes of direction. That is where experience comes in.

It will take only a short time, I believe, for people in general to realize that airship transportation is a world necessity, and I expect America to lead in this. Here the conditions are right. You have money, brains and the instinct to progress. This is the reason I predict that America will surpass what Germany has already done with the Zeppelins. And that is why, now when the air policy of this country is under discussion, I point out the need for thinking of more airships, particularly of training ships.

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Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske

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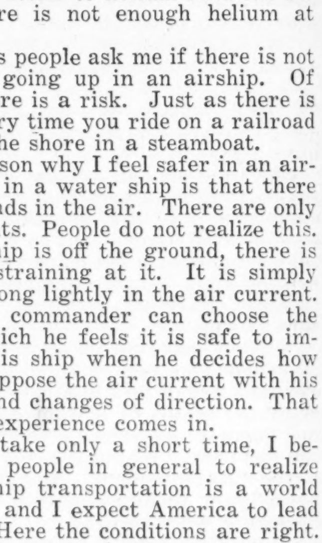

Where There's a Bill

Continued from page 8

only a scratch, but she made a big to-do over it, peroxide and iodine flowing like water.

"Were you very angry with me yesterday for scolding you, Bill?" she asks me.

"I wasn't particularly mad, Barbara; I was kind of hurt," I answers. "I thought you were off me!"

"Well, I'm sorry I was so—so brutally frank," she says. "I thought a lot about it after you left. But I *did* want to shake you up—to open your eyes to your opportunities, for you have *great* opportunities, Bill. You're so young and clean, and you can be so earnest when you want to be—why, there's nothing you couldn't do—*nothing!*"

"Go on, Barbara," I grins. "You're selling me to myself!"

"That's it, Bill!' she cries, dropping the dish towel and facing me with shining eyes. "That's it. That's just what I want to do—sell you your own possibilities!"

"Have you ever thought of getting married, Barbara?" I says, in a offhand way.

"Er—how is Pansy? Have you seen her lately?" she asks me quickly, crimson from neck to forehead.

I DIDN'T want to talk about Pansy Pilkington; I wanted to talk about William Reginald Grimm; but, as the French says, what would you? We discussed her and Jack Fairfax too, Barbara being interested and sympathetic with regards to Pansy, but bitter against my lifelong enemy. However, she didn't see anything wrong in Pansy working for Fairfax, and her advice to me was not to interfere—unless my interest in that young lady was somewhat deeper than I claimed. I was glad at that point to hurriedly change the subject by telling Barbara I'd made up my mind to return to the ring.

Once I'd let the feline out of the sack, I plunged ahead and explained how and why I'd reached that decision after my battle with myself the night before. She listened in bright-eyed silence, and when I wound up by saying I'd selected Kayo Keeley as my first victim because he'd knocked me cold she gripped both my hands in her soft little white ones and I read my applause in her smiling face.

"Bill, if you fight Keeley the way you've just talked to me you cannot lose!" she cries.

And my spirits, easily raised or lowered, instantly topped all altitude records. Barbara was for me, and I was positive I'd lay Knockout Keeley like a carpet!

Well, Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien was overjoyed at my return to the gentle art of punching heads, but my ambitious plans to begin with Monsieur Keeley was a pony from another race track!

"You got to figure, Bill, that bein' bounced by Keeley has set you back about a year, both as a drawin' card and with regards to what is called your more—ally!" declares Butch. "It takes a long time to get the memory of bein' knocked kickin' out of your mind. You've forgot it right now, but once you get in there with Keeley again you're liable to get thinkin' about what he done to you before and—blooey! Plenty grief! I'll take you around the hick slabs and we'll work up to a fight with Keeley by pushin' over some handpicked palookas. That'll give you a flock of experience and build up your confidence, get me?"

"You're all damp, Butch!" I says unsmilingly. "My confidence has already been built up, and I'll take no tour of the sticks smacking down dry-tank divers! Till I wipe Keeley off my slate I'll never be a success in this or any other game. I tell you I can't advance a inch with that defeat gnawing at my brain day and night, and that's what it'll do till a referee holds up my glove over him! I never got started in that other bout—you know it. Get him for me, and I'll knock him dead!"

"D'ye know what Keeley's been doin' since you fought him?" asks Butch. "Three knockouts in four starts and he copped the decision in the other one, which was one of them things. I saw it, and he held his man up so's the sure-thing gamblers could cash. The champ won't enter the same state with Keeley, let alone hop in a ring with him, since Keeley croaked Young Thomas in Pittsburgh!"

"The papers says Young Thomas broke his neck when his head hit a ring post," I reminded him.

"What drove his bean against that post with force enough to crack his spine—Kayo Keeley's *fist,* wasn't it?" snarls Butch.

But all this rolled off me like water off a mallard's back! I wanted Keeley like a bank clerk wants a raise and within a week's time Butch give in and signed me to fight Knockout Keeley in Brooklyn, fifteen rounds to a decision. I had to take eight hundred bucks for my end, of which Butch's cut was two hundred and eighty. But I was glad to get it, though it was four yards less than I got for meeting Keeley before. I wouldn't fool you, I'd have fought him this time for nothing—the jack meant little to me right then. I had a far bigger thing to fight for—my future!

This time I cut out the nonsense, training hard and faithfully. I even won the rare praise of Butch, Left Hook O'Brien and Shifty Jones, my colored chief sparring partner, by my strict obedience to the grueling conditioning schedule. I wanted no excuse—I wanted to be *right* when I climbed through the ropes to again face the first and only boy which had ever made me take the count!

My training camp was open to the public at fifteen cents a head, but we didn't have to build no annex to handle the crowds. One afternoon Pansy sprung a little surprise on me by showing up dressed to thrill with no less than Jack Fairfax as a escort. Pansy made quite a fuss over me, wishing me luck and telling me I looked like a million, but Fairfax just stood there and sneered sarcastical cracks about what Knockout Keeley would do to me. Pretty soon this first-class tomato had me unfit to be at large, and I lost my head—the league leader of my thousand and one faults!

I was sparring with Shifty Jones, a master boxer, and my eagerness to show Pansy and Fairfax that I was nobody's fool caused me to miss leads repeatedly. Fairfax suddenly laughed loudly and remarked that he didn't think I could punch my way out of a paper bag. At that minute Shifty stung me with a straight left, and before I thought I lashed out wickedly with my right and caught Shifty square on the button. He went down like a victim of heart disease and was out for five minutes. I was never much sorrier for anything in my life, but the giant Shifty cut off my apologies with a wide grin.

"Creepin' mackeral, Big Boy, 'at right of yores is what Ah calls plain ether!" he hollers. "Hot dam, does Misto Keeley git you mad they gwine dig 'at boy outa the clubhouse cellar!"

SEEMINGLY bankrupt of witty remarks, Fairfax walked away with Pansy, looking very thoughtful.

Yet he paid me one more visit before the fight to offer me a chance to win back the money I lost to him on my first fracas with Keeley. I put the wasp on Left Hook O'Brien for twenty-five hundred and bet Fairfax even money I'd get the nod from the referee. Later I found out he should of laid me four to one, as that was the odds I was held at in the books. At that tasty price, my entire camp went down on me, hook, line and sinker!

Well, I entered the ring trained to the minute, and I never felt better in my life. I hadn't the slightest doubt that I'd take Knockout Keeley in jig time! My first thrill come when I gazed out at the noisy crowd, which,

(*Continued on page 42*)

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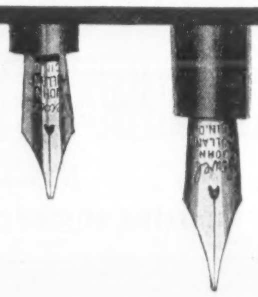

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Where There's a Bill

Continued from page 41

drawn by the magnet of seeing the sensational Keeley perform, was hanging to the rafters. Barbara, Pansy and Fairfax were close to the ringside, Barbara sitting with a newspaper woman friend of hers.

To that blood-hungry mob, tightly packed around the ring, I was just another chunk of raw meat flung to the killer Keeley. But to *me* this was my big test—the result of which would send me back to my taxi or up many steps to the heavyweight throne. It was likewise my chance to show Barbara Baxter for all time that I was no quitter, to be beaten by bullying Fate!

A half hour passed and no sign of Knockout Keeley. Twenty minutes more, and still he hadn't entered the ring. What the devil was keeping him? I'd been all charged up rarin' to go when I stepped through the ropes, but now the shrieking, sarcastical comments of the gallery and this unexpected wait begin to seep slowly through my confidence. Serious doubts, questions from nowheres begin to attack me!

HERE I was back in the same ring where not so long ago this fighter I was soon to face had crashed me to the canvas unconscious. With stunning suddenness the memory of that terrible punch come back to me, just like Butch had warned me it would! I rubbed my chin thoughtfully, without hardly being aware of what I was doing. That immediately brought harsh laughter from the ringsiders, watching my every move and seeming to read my thoughts. I recognized Fairfax's scornful voice above the others, howling something I didn't catch, as Shifty Jones and Left Hook O'Brien stood in front of me to shield me from sight. With every dragging second I was getting more panicky—finding it harder to sit there on that stool and wait!

I cast my eyes to the floor of the ring and turned 'em away quickly from a splatter of gore, a grim reminder of the semifinal bout, stopped in the second round to save Left Hook O'Brien's helpless victim from being beaten to death.

Butch Ford sensed my fleeing nerve and tried desperately to kid me back to the cool-headed control I'd had when I climbed through the ropes—years and years ago, it now seemed to me! His well-meant efforts was wasted. I didn't hear a word Butch was saying. All I could hear was the dull drumming in my brain . . . "And Keeley *killed* his last opponent—*killed* him!"

While the big crowd rocked the house with cheers, Knockout Keeley finally stalked down the aisle with his handlers and entered the ring, cruelly calm and collected. He was all business—a butcher reporting for work at the abattoir! Unsmilingly he bobbed his head to the applause which greeted him, sized me up with one short, sneering glance and turned his back on me. I bet I felt then like Abel did as he sat in his corner and gloomily watched Cain hop through the ropes! Drenched with a cold sweat and painfully afraid my knees was shaking, I hugged my faded bathrobe closer around me and prayed for the bell to start the assassination and get it over with.

We stepped to the middle of the ring for the referee's instructions, and I nearly slugged a newspaper photographer for exploding a flashlight right in my face. Keeley grinned at my nervousness, and, schooled in every trick of the ring, he cut in on the referee with a cool, "Do I walk to the ropes each time I knock this fellow down?"

I winced, and, a minute later, Keeley calmly put his left glove under my chin and shoved my head back viciously. "Is *that* punch allowed?" he asks the frowning referee, with pretended seriousness.

These raw plays on my quivering nerves got Butch red-headed and he missed a wild swing at Keeley to the roaring glee of the crowd. Don't ask *me* what the referee instructed us—I heard nothing but the buzzing in my head, and, at length, the bell!

With the dousing of all lights but the blinding battery above the ring and the sudden, deathly silence of the mob, my confidence had completely deserted me. Butch's orders to me was forgotten—I could only remember that in the other fight Keeley had knocked me cold! Hypnotized, I walked to meet him in mid-ring. The next thing I knew I was dumbly listening to the referee counting over me, "—six—seven—eight—"

I was up at nine. Down again! Up again. Down again! You'll have to excavate the old files if you wish a punch-by-punch account of that fearful first round. I'm a bit clouded on it myself. All I remember is that the thing was as one-sided as a painting! I was sprawled on the boards either five or twenty-eight times, without the slightest idea of how I got there. I do recall the customers razzing me unmercifully as I fell on my stool at the gong, half conscious, and that I could only see out of one eye!

Butch, O'Brien and Shifty Jones worked frantically over me during the minute's rest, and I managed somehow to stagger out for the second frame of this massacre. The coldly smiling Keeley begin where he left off in the first round and pounded me from pillar to post. I didn't have brains enough to dive into a clinch and hang on, though Butch howled himself hoarse begging me to do so.

Already there was yells of "Stop it!" and many was milling towards the exits, convinced I was through. The referee kept looking to my corner for the sponge to come splashing into the ring, but had Butch Ford ever tossed it in I'd of murdered him. I didn't want to lose standing up—Knockout Keeley might kill me like he did poor Young Thomas, but he wasn't going to make me *quit!*

And now a funny thing begin to happen to me. Keeley was tiring and panting from his own efforts to put me away. His blows was less accurate and less crushing too. The punishment I'd taken seemed to have the amazing effect of steadying my nerves, and my head was clearing. Slowly it begin to dawn on me that I was winning a much more important fight—my battle with the memory of that knockout at Keeley's hands! Like a flash, on top of *that* thought, came a realization which braced me like a electric shock . . . *I'd taken everything Knockout Keeley had, and I was still on my feet!* Something kept shrieking in my ears, "He's shot his bolt; go after him *now;* beat him down—he's all yours!"

A COLD, deadly rage took the place of my nervousness, and I glared at the still smiling Keeley out of my good eye. If this was the sport of beasts, like Barbara said, I might as well go the whole hog! For the first time in the fight I took the offensive, wowing the crowd and stopping the parade to the exits by sending Keeley back on his heels with a stiff right to the head. I followed that up by whipping a left and right to the body, and Keeley danced around, changing feet and looking serious.

"Where's 'at smile *now*, Keeley, you big bum?" screamed Left Hook O'Brien, and the crowd joined in the jeers, quick to switch to the man in front. Keeley feinted with his left to make a opening for his deadly right, but I just grinned a bloody grin at him and hooked another one-two to the body. He clinched and looked wildly to his corner for advice, but I shook him off and drove him around the ring with a storm of punches that had him hanging on for his life at the bell. The crowd was just ten thousand raving lunatics!

There seemed to be a private panic in Keeley's corner, and nobody in the house was sitting down. The bedlam was horrible . . . deafening! "Keep on top of him—don't give him no rest!" Butch roared in my rear and Left Hook O'Brien, shoving a half orange between my battered lips, grunted, "You'll knock him dead in the fourth round, sure!" I stared at him dazedly. The *fourth* round? I thought we'd already gone ten!

Hurt, weary and apparently dumfounded at my ability to take it, Keeley tried desperately to end the mill in the third, but, throwing caution to the winds and science with it, I traded punch for punch with him, and it was Keeley who first dived into a clinch for protection. We battled along the ropes at close quarters, and Keeley looked worried when I took two hard rights to the jaw without batting a eyelash, putting both gloves to his head in return.

The crowd was now begging me to knock him out, and I was certainly trying to oblige! Keeley went into a clinch, holding my arms pinned at my sides and trying to bring his head up under my chin. These unfair tactics soon got me boiling, and I sent the neighbors' children into a fresh uproar by dropping my hands and walking to the center of the ring.

"Quit wrestling and *fight*, you big false alarm!" I half sobbed at Keeley and turned him completely around with a sizzling right to the face when he charged in. He was on the ropes at the gong, trying to lose on a foul. Twice he threw stiff rights inches below the top of my trunks and the referee obeyed the angry crowd and warned him.

WILD with joy, Left Hook O'Brien and Shifty Jones pointed to Keeley's seconds laboring over him with ammonia bottle and caustic. The whispering Butch, his voice gone, was sending me out to wind the thing up in this round. To me it wasn't the result of a single bout which was at stake—my whole future career depended on my efforts right then! I just *had* to win quickly, for I was as tired and winded as Keeley. The pace of those first three frames had been simply terrific, and it was now only a question of which of us would land the first clean punch. As Shifty Jones skillfully massaged my midsection and whispered encouragement in my ear, I had the positive conviction that I was going to win in the coming round. I just *knew* it, and I begin to feel sorry for Knockout Keeley, picked by Chance to be the emblem of my victory over my jinx!

The bell found Keeley slow to get to mid-ring. We both led lefts, and Keeley immediately tried to clinch, as ordered from his corner, but I beat him off with a suddenly discovered straight left. Keeley missed with a torrid uppercut and then staggered me with one that connected.

Victory in his eyes, he rushed eagerly to follow up his advantage, and I slipped to my knees in trying to duck his winging gloves. Hopping quickly up, I ran into a wild right which put me on Queer Street. My knees sagged. I was badly shaken up and I heard yells of "Go on, Keeley, he's out on his feet! Do like you done to him before!"

That yell rallied me. Keeley was *not* going to do to me like he done before. *No*, by Heaven! Butch told me afterward I charged Keeley like a maniac, howling, "*No—no—no!*" Keeley stopped my rush with two wicked lefts to the mouth which brought blood, but he was short with another jab, and, steadying myself, I crashed a right to his jaw, toppling him to the floor. He wouldn't take a count, but sprang up full of fight, and, both punch-drunk, we stood toe to toe tossing 'em in till it sounded like a race riot outside the ropes. Hats, canes, programs and what not were being thrown into the air by the fight-mad mob, which kept up a continual din.

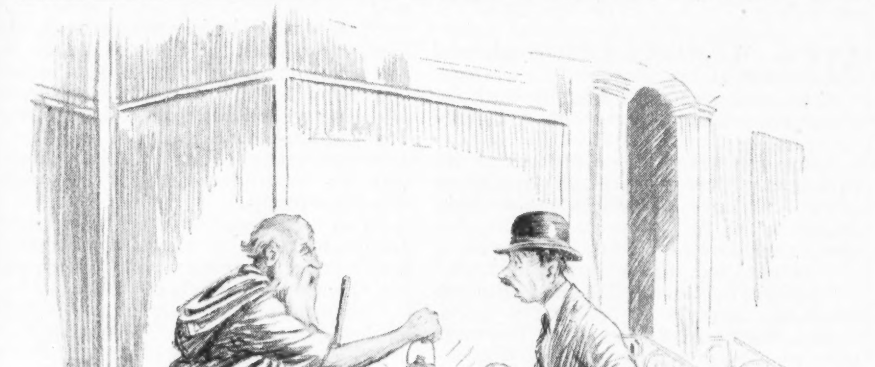
UNMINDFUL of Keeley's desperate blows, I finally backed him into a neutral corner. Groggy myself, I feinted for his wind with my left and he fell for it, dropping his guard for a half second. A half second was enough, for in a flash I whipped over my right to his jaw with every quivering ounce of my hundred and ninety pounds behind it. It wasn't a punch from my battered body; that blow come from my soul—a protest against Fate delivered with a five-ounce glove, the last punch I had left in me, and I let Keeley have it! I wasn't going to be a loser *again!*

Keeley tottered for a instant, then crashed face down to the canvas as stiff as a board, and if they hadn't swept him up he'd be there yet. But what *I* saw stretched there motionless at my feet was my own weaknesses, fears and former lack of the courage to stick to my job to the end!

I had to be carried to my corner by the joy-crazy Butch and Shifty, and I wasn't sure I'd really won till Pansy Pilkington hysterically climbed over the reporters to throw her arms around my neck.

Thus endeth to-day's lesson!

Another Bill Grimm story from the flying pen of H. C. Witwer will appear in an early issue



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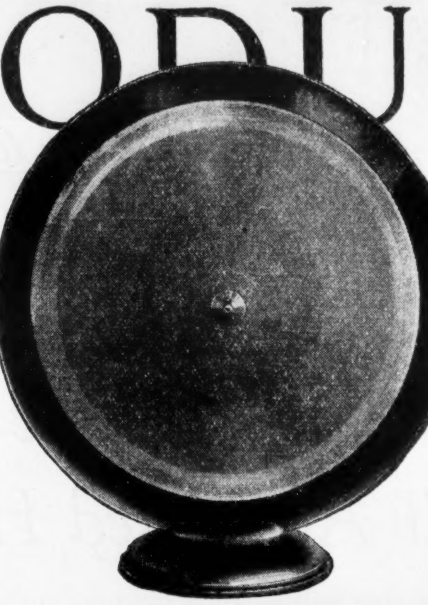

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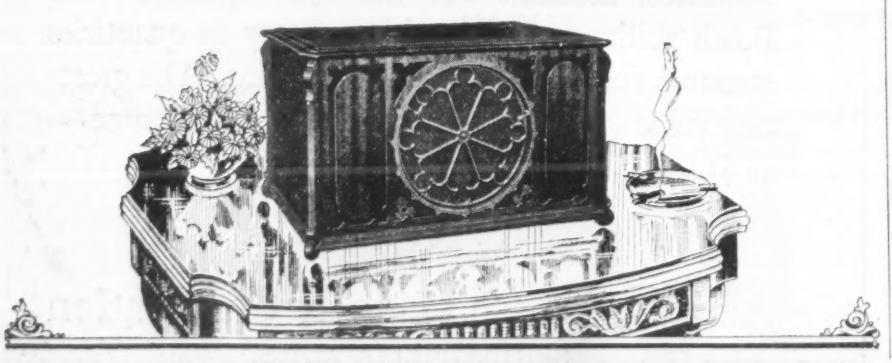


Bull Pup and Tiger Cub

Continued from page 19

"Oh, no, indeed." Joyce's voice was hearty. Then, as he faced the woman, his smile of reassurance died suddenly, his eyes seemed veiled in submerged feeling while across the screen of his mind, lightened into incandescence, came long forgotten words:

But the blue in her eyes will ever tell
That her heart belongs to Yale.

Blue indeed were the eyes, blue as ever they were. But the red in the lips had not lessened, and the rose in her cheeks had not grown pale and the color of Princeton still glinted in the living brown hair.

"Lucy West!"

"Lucy Rutherford." She raised her hand with a characteristic little gesture that he remembered, and seemed about to say something when the physician came up. "Doctor?" She faced him with an abrupt movement.

"Oh, Jack's all right." The man smiled. "Stunned, that's all, and a couple of ribs damaged."

"Oh!"

Several of Rutherford's teammates had lifted him to his feet as his mother turned to him. He stood swaying for a moment, then motioned weakly at his comrades.

"I'm all right. Hello, Mother." Shaking his head as though to clear his faculties, he looked curiously at Evelyn Joyce, who had not moved from his side. His eyes wandered to his mother and back to the girl again. Suddenly he started, for, somehow, deep in his subconscious mind was the knowledge of her ministering touch, the feel of her soft, cool fingers across his forehead, across his hair.

His eyes, blue and blazing now, held her. So they stood, the boy beautiful in his supple, slender youth; the girl flushing, lovely to look upon.

"Jack"—his mother came to him, placing a hand upon his shoulder—"hadn't you better go? Reycroft wants to look at you."

"Nonsense, Mother." The boy lifted his head with sort of a prideful sidewise jerk. "I'm going to play. I'm—" He turned toward the field and then suddenly bent over, his hands pressed against his side. He looked up, this time at Evelyn. "I guess I'm not going to play after all."

He smiled. "I'm Jack Rutherford," he said, raising his brows questioningly.

She smiled too. "I'm Evelyn Joyce. I'm so glad you are not badly hurt."

"Evelyn"—her father, coming up, took her by the arm—"you must come away. This is a football game, you know."

MRS. RUTHERFORD glanced swiftly at her son.

"Jack," she said, "I want you to let these boys take you to the dressing-room at once."

"Sure. Only I'll go myself." He turned to Evelyn with an infectious smile. "I have a feeling you've been decent to me, Miss Joyce. Anyway, I'm crazy that I've met you."

"I'm glad too, Mr.—Mr. Rutherford."

"Evelyn!" Jeremy Joyce's voice was insistent.

Mrs. Rutherford glanced at the man, then at the girl who was moving toward her father, demurely obedient.

The woman stood as though lost in thought watching the two until at length, as Joyce made a move in her direction, she stepped out upon the gridiron, following her son, who was making his way slowly to the field house, his arm upon a substitute's shoulder.

There was less than a minute of play left for the second quarter, and when half time arrived Jeremy Joyce joined the stream of players making for the dressing-room, falling into step at his son's side.

"Biffy." His voice had a peculiar, throaty sound. "Biffy, did you know that fellow you tackled was the son of John Rutherford, who put me out of the Princeton game in my senior year at Manhattan Field?"

The big tackle regarded his father with a grim expression.

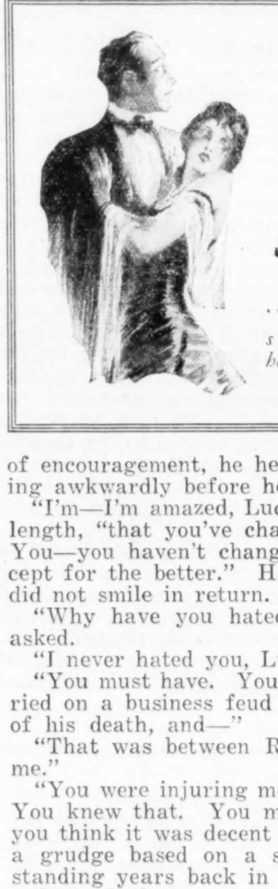
"You bet, I knew it. And there wasn't a minute through that half that I forgot it either." He paused. "But that doesn't mean I did anything but play clean football."

"I see." Joyce's lips moved preliminary to further words. But none came. Touching his son lightly upon the shoulder, he turned from him, glancing uncertainly toward the Princeton side of the field.

THE huge bleachers were but sparsely occupied. The Princeton freshman class, now upon its feet cheering bravely in the face of a discouraging outlook, constituted the bulk of the spectators. He could see Rutherford's mother moving toward the dressing-room.

Under some impulse which he did not care to analyze Joyce nodded at his son and then hurried across the gridiron to intercept the woman.

There was every aspect of decisiveness in his gait, but when he came up to her and she paused with an inquiring expression that contained nothing of encouragement, he hesitated, standing awkwardly before her.


The Opal String

"Oh, la! A strange man; how sho-o-ocking!"

"I'm—I'm amazed, Lucy," he said at length, "that you've changed so little. You—you haven't changed at all—except for the better." He smiled. She did not smile in return.

"Why have you hated us so?" she asked.

"I never hated you, Lucy."

"You must have. You and John carried on a business feud up to the day of his death, and—"

"That was between Rutherford and me."

"You were injuring me through him. You knew that. You must have. Do you think it was decent of you to bear a grudge based on a silly misunderstanding years back in college days?"

Joyce flushed.

"I don't think it was silly. And it was no misunderstanding. I understood perfectly."

"You wronged John throughout, Jerry Joyce. He never intended to break your leg or hurt you in any way. He thought too much of you."

"Thought too much of me?" He smiled mirthlessly. "Why didn't he say it was accidental? He never did say it."

"He couldn't after the way you acted. He wasn't that sort, and you know he wasn't."

"I know what sort he was—so far as I was concerned, Lucy. I know it in more ways than one."

"Oh, Jerry!" She looked at him, shaking her head slowly. "Have you been any happier for living in bitterness?"

"Happy!" He came close to her. "Happiness is for those who start early on the road that leads to it."

"There is always a road that leads there."

"Where?"

"I don't think you'd know if I told you, Jerry. I'm afraid you wouldn't, for it was your son who hurt Jack this afternoon, and everyone says it was an unnecessarily rough and vicious tackle."

"Good heavens, Lucy, football is football!"

She studied him keenly until his eyes, which had been meeting hers in sheer bravado, fell.

"We grow philosophical with the years, don't we, Jerry?"

"Are you inferring that I set my boy on your son? Why, I didn't even know he was playing football or that he was in college."

"Your son knew it evidently. Didn't he?"

"He—he—" Irritated by her smile, Joyce brought his hands together with a clash. "Yes, he appears to have known it."

"I thought so. I'm afraid—I am very deeply afraid that you took care the grudge should be carried on. Do you realize your responsibility in planting the mistakes and misunderstandings of a dead past in the hearts of the new generation?"

Joyce's breath caught sharply. He touched her upon the arm after a moment's silence.

"I don't want you to misunderstand," he said stiffly. "Biffy's mother died when he was very young. We have been more like brothers than father and son. Naturally I've talked to him, told him everything, the good and the bad. But if you think that he or I deliberately—"

By CHARLES SAXBY

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COLLIER'S

She raised her hand, interrupting.

"Whatever it was, Jerry, the unfortunate result is before us."

He straightened, bowing formally.

"I see. I thought when I came over, feeling no bitterness at all, that we might have a community of interest in our two boys. Evidently not. I shall make it a point to speak to Biffy and see that in the future he gives your son every consideration."

SHE raised her head proudly.

"You need not go to that trouble. I think you will find Jack can take care of himself."

"Yes, of course." Joyce raised his hat mechanically and was turning away when Lucy Rutherford spoke as though with sudden thought:

"By the way, you seemed very much interested in that lovely girl who spoke to Jack. Was she by any chance your daughter?"

"Yes—she was."

The woman frowned.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Why," she explained, "surely you must have seen the attraction. We—we cannot have that, can we? It's too ridiculous. What can we do about it?"

"You leave that to me." He bowed again, even more formally than before, and strode away with hurried step.

His forehead was creased into deep furrows as he walked to his daughter. She received him with eager interest.

"You were talking to Mrs. Rutherford, weren't you? I had no idea you knew her." The girl laughed. "Or was it just a pick-up?"

"Evelyn, what are you talking about?"

"Why, Mrs. Rutherford. I think she's the loveliest woman I ever saw. She looks more like Jack's sister."

"Jack?" Joyce regarded his daughter with a disapproving stare. "Why 'Jack'? You don't even know him."

"Oh, yes, I do. I mean, I'm going to."

"Would it interest you any, little girl, to know that his father was the man who broke my leg in my last football game?"

"Oh!" Her eyes widened. "So that was the reason Biffy tackled him as he did. I think he was beastly. It wasn't Jack who broke your leg."

"You're a fine daughter of a Yale man, aren't you?"

"Now, Father!" She placed a hand upon either shoulder, smiling up at him. "Do you think that was a nice thing to say?"

He shook his head irritably.

"I'm perfectly serious. Jack Rutherford's the sweetest thing! I'm knocked all in a heap. I think—" She paused as a shout from the opposite side of the field acclaimed the appearance of the Princeton team. "Father, look!" The girl was staring across the field, flushed, her eyes glowing. "Jack Rutherford is going to play."

Evidently he was. He stood near the side line, arguing, evidently, with his mother, his feet moving in a sort of dancing step as though to convince her of his fitness to play.

EXCLAIMING sharply, Joyce turned from his daughter and hurried out upon the gridiron, making his way toward the two. But he had not completed half the distance when the Yale eleven appeared and the Princetonians ran out upon the field to take positions for receiving the kick-off.

"Lucy—" Joyce's manner was peremptory as he came up to the woman. She was walking hesitantly toward the stand, as though in doubt whether to sit among the spectators or resume her place on the end of the bench, but, hearing her name, she paused.

"Evidently," said Joyce, "you've no one fit to advise you, so I'm going to. Your boy ought not to go into this game. Do you know what may happen with broken ribs?"

Lucy Rutherford smiled, shaking her head.

"His ribs are not broken. The doctor says the cartilage is torn; that's all. He has him strapped up and says he will be quite all right."

"Quite all right! The fool doctor says broken ribs, then he says torn cartilage. Which? I'll take the X-ray for my final authority. Football isn't all of life. Some coaches and team doctors seem to overlook that important fact."

"Jerry." She laid her hand upon his arm. "You must understand why Jack wants to play."

"Do you mean—" Joyce hesitated.

"Yes," she said gently—"that is precisely what I mean."

He started.

"And not fifteen minutes ago you were talking about bitterness!"

"I'm not bitter, Jerry. No, it isn't a question of bitterness. It's—it's—well, you of all men must see just what it is; how delicate it is, how impossible to put into words. Don't you see?"

"All that I see is that I'm going to withdraw Biffy from this game. I refuse to accept responsibility for what might well happen in the ordinary course of play." He turned with decision. But she caught him by the arm, slipping her hand through, holding him. And he made no attempt to break away. He was overpowered, as it seemed, by a complete muscular inhibition.

"I am sure, Jerry," she said softly, "that your son is a gentleman and that anything further that happens, if it does happen, will be in the ordinary course of the play. He's your son, after all."

He stared at her. He wanted to speak, but he seemed unable to formulate his thoughts into words. Her arm was still linked with his, her fingers grasping his sleeve. She smiled at him.

"Don't think I'm a Spartan mother; I'm not. The coach assures me that Jack will be well protected. Now come, please. Don't be so gloomy. They're getting ready for the kick-off."

She released her arm, but Joyce didn't move.

"Do you remember," he asked in a low, abstracted voice, "when you and I

(*Continued on page 46*)

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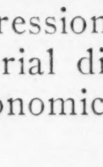

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Bull Pup and Tiger Cub

Continued from page 45

last saw a game from the side lines?"

"Yes," she said promptly, "the Wesleyan-Yale game at old Yale Field. You had a dislocated shoulder and couldn't play, so you devoted yourself to a silly girl, giving her points about the game. You may not remember, but you were the first to teach me football."

"I remember," he said simply. "How long ago that was!"

"Ages, yes."

"Wouldn't think it to look at you, Lucy. Jove!" He chuckled, not knowing exactly why, but knowing only that he felt like chuckling.

"What?" She glanced at him inquiringly.

"Nothing." Confused, he looked out upon the gridiron, where Yale was adjusting the ball on her forty-yard line. Then he smiled. "I'll bet this is the first time on record that a Princeton mother and a Yale father watched their children playing from the same side of the field; I mean together."

SHE laughed, taking up his mood.

"In the next quarter we might march solemnly across the Yale side together the way the President does at the Army-Navy game."

"You mean—" He regarded her curiously. "You mean you're going to let me stay here with you?"

"I don't see how I can prevent you, if you care to stay."

"Just try to pre—"

But at the moment came the dull thud of the pigskin, and the two turned to see the ball sailing to the Princeton goal line.

"Jack is going to catch it!" The woman gripped Joyce's arm as the quarterback snatched the football out of the air.

Momentous details began to develop at once. Biffy Joyce, who had come down with the ends, launched into a tackle. But Rutherford eluded him by a deft withdrawing movement of the hips. He shunted off one of the ends with a straight arm that was rigid as a bayonet and sprinted past the other. The air suddenly was surcharged with thrilling portent. A yell, shrill in its savage joyousness, came from the Princeton stand.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" Mrs. Rutherford's arm was tight about Joyce's neck as the flying boy, having evaded the three opponents farthest down field, sprinted over ten more yards of clear territory and then cut over toward the side lines, always the path of danger for the defense.

The questing Yale center dived at him, got one arm around the runner's hips, knocking him down, but not holding him. Rolling over and over, but always onward, Rutherford regained his feet and, twisting and turning miraculously, worked his way out of a group of Yale tacklers.

"Jack! Don't let them catch you!"

And then, as her son side-stepped the outlying defensive player and sped over the goal line, Mrs. Rutherford turned to Joyce, clinging weakly.

"Jerry!"

The man surveyed her, his face almost devoid of expression.

"What—what happened?"

Sportsman as he was, partisan though he might be, he had remained throughout the most thrilling incident that can happen in a football game spellbound by emotions that had nothing to do with sport, feeling nothing but the tightening pressure of an arm about his neck, against his cheek.

"Oh, yes," he smiled vaguely. "Jack has made a touchdown, hasn't he?"

"Hasn't he!" Lucy shook him, half laughing, half crying. "Didn't you see?"

"Why—why—no, I—I was watching Biffy. But, of course—certainly that was a wonderful run. You've—you've raised a football player, my dear girl."

Then, as Yale began a rushing attack, Joyce, whose attention was fixed upon his son, saw something that seemed completely to involve his interest as he and Lucy walked along about ten yards away from the side line following the movement of the ball.

He waited until Yale had plunged for her second first down and then exclaimed irritably. As his companion glanced at him inquiringly, he pointed toward the field.

"That Princeton right tackle and end," he said, "and that big fullback, are doing nothing but play Biffy, no matter where the ball goes."

"What does that mean, Jerry?"

"It means," he said, "that they're giving him a consistent pounding, trying to weaken him."

"Really?" She was silent a moment. "Is that unusual? I mean, isn't that done in football?"

"Well, of course—" He hesitated, struck by a thought. "Look here, is that what you meant when you said that your son was going to be well protected?"

"How should I know?" Her face was calm. "Mr. Harris, the Princeton coach, said merely that Jack would be protected."

"H'm. Yes." Joyce turned to the field as Yale, having tried two off-tackle plays without gain, threw a forward pass too far, the ball going into the hands of Rutherford, who carried it twenty yards before he was downed.

"Look at them!" Joyce scowled as Princeton essayed a sweep play while the trio of sturdy Princetonians blocked Biffy Joyce high and low, sending him banging to the ground.

Mrs. Rutherford smiled.

"You must be philosophical, you know. Besides, Biffy is so big and powerful—such a brilliant player."

"Lucy, please! There is nothing funny about this. It's my son who is getting pounded, remember."

"I know, but he seems not to mind it."

"Can't you see what they're doing to Biffy?"

SHE shook her head doubtfully.

"Why, no. Everything always seems such a jumble and mix-up in the line. I never can make out details."

"Well, it's an organized attack on the boy, and they're relaying men on the job too. It's the most outrageous thing I ever saw—exactly like a Princeton team."

"If it is as bad as that, Jerry, why don't you have him taken out?"

"Taken out!" Joyce glared at the woman. "When he's taken out he'll take others with him, depend upon that."

"Jerry—" She regarded him with curious eyes. "I really don't understand you at all."

"What don't you understand?"

"Why, when Biffy, who must weigh over one hundred and eighty pounds, tackled Jack, who doesn't weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, and knocked him unconscious you said it was a part of the game. Football is football, you said. Why isn't it just as much football now when the odds happen to be against your son? Or is football only football when the odds favor a Yale man?"

"Lucy, I didn't know you had any spite in your make-up."

"Spite! Merciful lands! I don't mean to be spiteful. I'm merely asking."

"All right, listen. Everyone knows that tackling is a legitimate part of football, the harder the better. But when you set three or four roughnecks on an inexperienced boy, why, it's—it's damnable."

"Jerry, doesn't it strike you that if three or four Princeton men, as you say, are picking on Biffy Joyce the other ten Yale men must be lacking somewhere?"

"That's it. That's just it. They are. They don't know beans. They ought to be making ten touchdowns."

"Well, then, is Princeton to be blamed because they are not?"

"Strange as it may seem—" He broke off suddenly, pointing toward the field where the Princeton team was plunging roughshod for a five-yard gain through his son's position. "Just look at that! Just look at it!"

HE WATCHED Biffy with straining eyes as the big fellow rose painfully to his feet and rejoined his team without that vigor of action and speech which he had previously displayed.

Turning quickly to Mrs. Rutherford, Joyce found her smiling as the linesmen moved the stakes forward indicating a first down.

"Lucy," he said thickly, "if you'll excuse me, I'll go over to my own side of the field. I'm afraid I am out of place here."

"Do you really feel that way?" she surveyed him with interest. "I fancied we had rather a community of interest in our two boys. That was what you said at the end of the first half, wasn't it?"

"I know. I thought we did. But I'm afraid I'll be rather an impossible escort if this scientific butchery which your son is conducting continues."

"Scientific butchery! Jack! Did you notice, or didn't you, Jerry, that it was Jack who helped Biffy to his feet just then?"

"Yes, after he had had him pounded mellow he shoots a play at the dazed boy—then he helps him to his feet! A cheap gesture of sportsmanship."

"I don't think you at all nice, Jerry Joyce. But if you feel that way, if everything you've been saying is true, I should certainly go over to your coach and have him take Biffy out."

"You would!"

"I certainly should." There were little glints of fire in the woman's eyes.

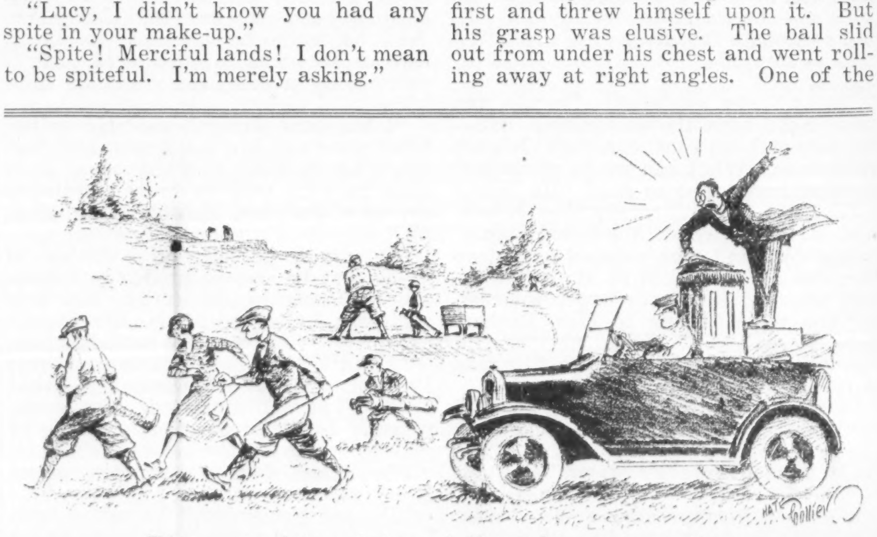
Joyce's face suddenly grew red.

"Let me tell you something if you'll be so good as to listen—" He checked himself. "I'm going around to my own side now," he went on more quietly, "but let me say this: Jack Rutherford looks like you, Lucy, but I'm afraid he inherits certain traits from his father."

"Jeremy Joyce!" Lucy Rutherford turned to the man, her chin held high, regarding him with haughty disdain.

There came the thud of a punt. Rutherford, seeing that the Yale quarterback was playing well up and to one side, had duplicated the expedient of a quick kick which Yale had tried earlier in the game. The ball sailed clear over the outlying back's head, struck the ground and bounded down the field, veering toward the side line.

In the frantic scurry that followed the Yale quarterback got to the ball first and threw himself upon it. But his grasp was elusive. The ball slid out from under his chest and went rolling away at right angles. One of the



The up-to-date minister follows his congregation

Princeton ends picked it up and sped toward the Yale goal, being downed, however, as he reached the ten-yard line.

The climax of the game had been reached. The field judge had run up with the required warning that but two minutes remained to play, and the Princeton players were gathered compactly around Rutherford, their heads down, their arms interlaced about one another's shoulders.

Then as the group disintegrated and the players ran into their positions Rutherford's voice rose, calling the signal. The next instant the play was concentrated upon Biffy Joyce, the big fullback with the ball tucked under his arm, trampling over his prostrate form for a four-yard gain.

Mrs. Rutherford glanced quickly at Joyce as his son rose wearily to his feet, stood a moment, as though gathering his resources and then crouched doggedly into his position. But the man made no sign. His face was set, his eyes stern. She touched him upon the arm.

"Jerry"—her voice was low, insistent—"tell me: it is football, isn't it? Be fair now. I—I—want to know. I'm really ignorant."

"It—it depends upon whose son it is," he replied, not looking at her.

AGAIN the play was shot at Joyce, but this time, like the gallant hero he was, the young giant broke it up in its tracks. Third down. The familiar signal came from Rutherford's lips and the ball on a split play was again shot at Joyce's position, the Princeton fullback and his interference driving over him, knocking him out of the way and penetrating the secondary defense to the two-yard line.

Fourth down. Standing like statues, Lucy Rutherford and Joyce stood watching the Princeton quarterback. Head erect, keen-eyed, cool, he was surveying the Yale left tackle, who was now kneeling in his position waiting for the assault. But obviously he was not in condition to meet it. His supporting elbow was bowed out, and his head was hanging down so that he had no chance of seeing the play, merely the turf beneath him. He was through, carrying on merely by virtue of indomitable spirit.

Joyce moved with a jerk, like a man coming out of a dream. He had just reached the side line when Rutherford's barking voice rose: "Time out for Princeton, Mr. Referee."

He walked straight to Joyce. "Look here, Joyce," he said, "you ought not to stay in this game."

"You—" The Yale man's voice caught. Then, as though instinctively, he aimed a wild swing at Rutherford, who ducked it and caught him by the arm, supporting him as he reeled and nearly fell to the ground.

Rutherford turned to the referee:

"This man is out on his feet. I didn't realize it until the last play. But when he went down his neck was bent 'way back. He can't protect himself and he ought to go out. A football game isn't worth anybody's life."

The official looked from one man to the other, puzzled. Then he stepped to one side, beckoning to the Yale trainer, who ran out with his sponge and pail.

Mrs. Rutherford turned to Joyce, who stood immobile, watching. She wanted to say something, but she knew not what to say, or at least was unable to put what she would like to say into words. And the strangeness of his manner withheld her too.

The manner of his son had also undergone a change. He stood erect now, his eyes blazing as though the incident had summoned resources beyond himself. As the trainer splashed a sponge against the back of his neck and questioned him in the usual formula designed to test mental condition the boy's hand shot out, pushing him away with a force that sent him stumbling backward.

"Get out. I'm all right." He turned his back to the referee and strode into his place.

There came the bark of the signal. The next instant the Princeton left end swung around behind the line, took the ball and darted on a wide course around the right end.

And right then and there the progress of the play was lost to the eyes of the man and woman who stood together on the side line. For Biffy Joyce, untouched by the play, both teams swinging wide and clear with the movement of the ball, stood swaying, his eyes closed, his face devoid of color. Then he went to the ground like a log, alone, unmarked, save by his father and the woman at his side.

It was Lucy who first reached the side of the unconscious player, throwing herself to the ground beside him, taking his head in her lap, while a fluttering cheer from the Yale substitutes and the handful of Yale partisans marked the downing of the Princeton runner on the one-yard line, and the ball in Yale's possession.

Joyce turned to Lucy Rutherford with drawn face. "Do you know what that boy of yours did?"

She looked up at the man with kindling color.

"I'm wondering if he saved Biffy's life?"

Biffy moved, then sat bolt upright.

"Eh?" He looked about him. "What's the matter? Did they score?"

"Tie game, boy." There was a curious note in the father's voice. He turned as though with sudden thought to Lucy Rutherford. "Look there, will you!"

Jack Rutherford and Evelyn Joyce, it appeared, had met in midfield and were coming toward the group.

"Father!" The girl beckoned imperiously at Joyce, who started to advance to meet them, then paused, glancing at his son and smiling with reassurance as he saw him walking from the field with slanting gait, his arm about a fellow player's shoulder.

"Come on, Lucy," he said. He took her arm, and thus the four met on the trampled turf of a hard-fought field.

"Father," cried the girl, flushing, eying Rutherford with a sort of smiling disapproval. "I have been trying to tell Jack that he did a big thing, a bigger thing than anything he will ever do in football. That is what they were saying on the Yale bench."

"Bunk!" Rutherford turned laughingly to Joyce. "All bunk. Anyone could see that the Yale secondary was all massed behind Biffy Joyce. I'm not throwing Yale games away. I don't want to be a hypocrite."

"Jack." His mother faced him, her eyes sparkling. "I'm your mother. There is no one near us. I want the truth."

But Joyce intervened.

"No, no, Lucy, we don't want the truth, and, as you said a while ago, the results are before us. Isn't that enough? It is for me."

THEY stood for a moment eye to eye. Then Lucy Rutherford looked away.

"Yes, I think so." She turned, meeting the man's eyes full. "Yes, it's quite enough for me."

"Say!" Joyce lifted an illumined face to the sky, "You think I'm—well, nutty, but do you remember a fool poem I wrote when I was in college and sent to you? It's been going through my head all day."

"Has it?" She looked at him, coloring vividly. "So it has through my mind. Jerry, I'm wondering. If you'll come around some night in New York and dine, I'll show you the original."

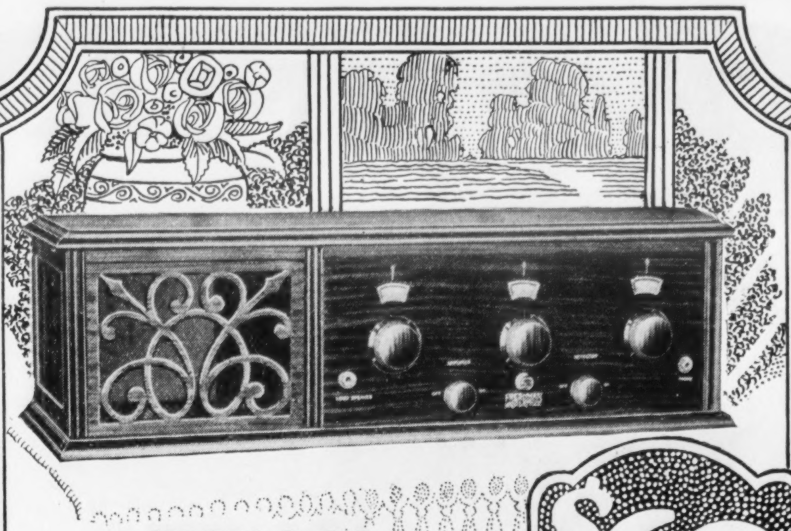
"What night?" Jeremy Joyce confronted her, holding her eyes. "Just name the night."

"Why, Father, why not to-night?" Evelyn smiled at Mrs. Rutherford. "You see, Jack, who seems charmingly progressive, asked me to dine with him in town to-night, and I said we'd take him in our car. But now—well, why can't we get Biffy Joyce and make it sort of a family party?"

"A family party!" Mrs. Rutherford turned to Joyce. "Why not?"

One of Joyce's hands rose swiftly to his forehead. Slowly it fell to his side. His eyes were upon Lucy Rutherford, but he seemed not to hear her, seemed to be seeing through and beyond her, his face that of a man knowing visions. Suddenly his head rose.

"Why not! Lucy, I'll say why not!"



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The Minister's Bad Boy

Continued from page 13

Hardin and his men eased their cattle along the road during the day and sang to them during the night they were constantly stimulated by the gaudy picture that was constantly before their minds of the wine and women and gambling houses and dance halls and fights of the market place. Men were rough and tough when they started on these drives, but as the days and weeks wore on they grew rougher and tougher in anticipation of the spree that would be theirs just as soon as they hit the town. And so it was that each outfit when it entered Abilene generally did so banded together, like a small army, for its own protection. Hardin's crowd was no exception to this rule.

At a place known as the Newton prairies, about a week out from Abilene, Hardin's herd, which he was driving slowly, was trailing along directly ahead of a herd in charge of a gang of Mexicans who kept crowding so closely that the cattle frequently became mixed. As this mixing occasioned a good deal of extra work for Hardin's men, who had to "cut out" and turn back the Mexican stock, our young desperado finally lost all patience and drove the offending herd clear off the trail.

Killed Five Out of Six

THIS led to a preliminary skirmish, during which Hardin had his hat shot off and the Mexican boss received a slight wound in the thigh. After a truce of an hour or two—spent by both sides in getting ready for battle—the real clash came. It was brought on by the Mexicans, who, twelve or fourteen in number, divided into two parties and charged from different directions.

Hardin had only four or five supporters, and, seeing that there was only one thing to do, he acted promptly. As his men were better mounted than the Mexicans he launched a countercharge against the attackers headed by the Mexican boss herder and rode straight into them, shooting as he went. When the smoke of this encounter had cleared away four Mexicans, including the boss, were dead.

Turning about in their tracks, Hardin and his men wheeled and went after the other Mexicans, who immediately took to flight. Overtaking the fugitives, Hardin captured two of them, whom he left in charge of one of his herders, while he went on after the rest. Failing to overtake these men, who joined their stampeded cattle, Hardin returned to his captives. The following excerpt from his own manuscript sufficiently describes what followed:

"We had good interpreters, and just when we thought we had the matter settled up the two Mexicans, believing they had the drop on me, pulled their pistols and both fired point-blank at me. I don't know how they missed me. In an instant I fired first at one and then the other. The first I shot through the heart, and he dropped dead. The second I shot through the lungs, and Jim [Clements] shot him also. He fell off his horse, and I was going to shoot him again when he begged and held up both hands. I couldn't shoot a man, not even a treacherous Mexican, begging and down. Besides, I knew he would die, anyway. In comparing notes after this fight we agreed that I had killed five out of the six dead Mexicans."

Naturally when word of Hardin's latest achievement reached Wild Bill Hickok, who was then the blood-stained marshal of Abilene, it whetted keenly his desire to make the personal acquaintance of so precocious a youth. On the night of Hardin's arrival in Abilene that desire was gratified. The two were introduced to each other by George Johnson, one of Hardin's employers. After they had had several glasses of wine together Wild Bill produced a proclamation from the governor of Texas in which a reward was offered for the arrest of Hardin and said:

"Young man, I am favorably impressed with you, but don't let Ben Thompson influence you. You are in enough trouble now, and I won't do anything about this. If I can do you a favor I will."

Hardin expressed himself as charmed with Wild Bill's liberal views, and that night the two parted as friends.

The next night, however, was a little different. Hardin and one of his men paid a visit to a notorious sporting house and, as was to have been expected of hardy men who had been thirsty and celibate for three months, they put on a party which called for the immediate interference of one of Wild Bill's deputies. But the deputy didn't get anywhere at all in the altercation that he had with Hardin. Before he had even begun to realize that he was trying to arrest somebody that worthy found himself marching down the street with the muzzle of Hardin's gun sticking into the small of his back; and when the two parted company at the corner Hardin told the deputy to convey his compliments to the "boss" and tell him to come down and receive similar treatment.

Wild Bill didn't accept the invitation that evening; but he was on hand the evening following when Hardin started a celebration in a saloon.

Just after he had emitted a series of war whoops the young man heard a voice behind him say:

"What are you howling about, and what are you doing with those pistols on?"

Hardin turned and faced Wild Bill. "I'm taking in the town," he said.

Wild Bill pulled his pistol and replied: "Take off those guns. I arrest you."

"All right, here they are," answered Hardin as he drew his two pistols and held them out, butt foremost, to the marshal. When that gentleman, however, reached out to take them something astonishing happened. Both guns spun through the air and before Wild Bill could take a step backward to recover himself he was looking into the muzzle of one, the muzzle of the other was sticking in his stomach and a boy of nineteen was telling him to lower his pistol. He lowered it, and then the pair of antagonists adjourned to a private wine-room, where they came to an understanding, the most interesting feature of which was that Hardin should continue to be immune from arrest for his Texas crimes as long as he remained in Abilene.

Presented with Purse

AS THIS immunity, however, did not extend itself to cover any local crimes which his jovial nature might tempt him to commit, Hardin was forced to flee the town a few days later and take refuge in his cow camp on the North Cottonwood, there to wait and see what the results of his having killed a man in a drunken quarrel in a restaurant were going to be.

Developments in the case were slow in coming, but while he was waiting a Mexican herder named Bideno killed a prominent white man, Billy Coran, and Hardin, at the behest of a number of cattlemen, took the trail of the murderer, who had headed south.

After four days, by riding day and night and picking up horses where he could find them, Hardin finally overtook Bideno in a small settlement on the Newton prairie, close to the scene of his former massacre. Locating his man in a restaurant Hardin entered and demanded his surrender. In reply Bideno reached for his gun, but before his hand had even touched the butt of it Hardin had put a bullet through his head.

Feeling that by having killed Bideno he had earned clemency for himself for the murder he had committed Hardin rode boldly back into Abilene "fearing nobody but God." And apparently he was correct, because when he reported his success a grateful populace made him a present of a purse of $1,000.

Soon after this Hardin was joined in Abilene by his two cousins, Gyp and

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Manning Clements, from Gonzales County, Tex. Manning confided to his illustrious cousin that he was in Abilene looking for protection because he had just the day before killed two brothers, Joe and Dolph Shannon, and he was afraid he would be arrested.

Telling Manning not to worry, because he would fix it all right with the marshal, Hardin sent word to Wild Bill regarding his wishes in the matter. This being done, the reunited cousins settled themselves down to a renewal of their festivities. But they were soon interrupted by the unexpected appearance on the scene of Wild Bill himself, who came with a warrant for the arrest of Clements.

In reply to Hardin's demand as to why he had disregarded his message Wild Bill's answer was, "I didn't get any." An investigation disclosed that this was the truth—the messenger had got drunk on the way. So, out of simple justice to Wild Bill, Hardin and the Clements boys were willing to admit that it was his duty to lock up the culprit. But it was agreed that promptly at midnight Wild Bill was to turn his keys over to Hardin, who would let his cousin out. With this understanding, Clements was put in the calaboose, but Hardin coppered the play by getting together a band of fifty Texas cowmen who were to stand by ready to shoot up the jail in case the marshal failed to deliver the keys.

The precaution was unnecessary. Promptly on the stroke of twelve Clements was liberated and at once left Abilene. But Hardin's action in organizing his rescue squad was so highly displeasing to Wild Bill that, according to Hardin's version of the story, he began to plot to kill him.

The following night, according to Hardin, a number of Wild Bill's friends got him a good deal drunker than usual, so that when he went to his room he went to sleep very quickly. Before he got into a sound slumber, however, someone entered the room and Hardin awoke. The intruder had a long dirk in his hand, and the young Texan, pulling a pistol from beneath his pillow, began to fire. The man ran from the room. Hardin, in pursuit, emptied his pistol at him, dropping him at the foot of the stairway; but when he returned to his room he found that the fellow had got away with his trousers, to which were attached his cartridge belt and his other gun. His remaining pistol was empty and, being thus unarmed, he was afraid to remain longer in the hotel.

Looking out of a window, Hardin saw Wild Bill and three other men get out of a hack, and feeling sure now that he was the victim of a conspiracy he determined to defeat it. Clad only in his underclothes, he jumped out of the window, landed on top of the hack and disappeared in the darkness.

Using his empty gun as a persuader, Hardin next commandeered a horse from a passing cowboy and headed south. When dawn came he was still riding, but he was being pursued. Having a lead, though, of about four miles, he was not worried. His cow camp, with a cook in charge, was about twenty-five miles distant, and he turned in that direction. Arriving at this haven, some time in advance of his pursuers, he posted the astounded cook as to the part he was to play and then, arming himself with a rifle, he concealed himself in the brush near by.

When the three officers arrived and inquired for Hardin the cook said, "He's gone on through the brush; rest yourselves and have something to eat." Being hungry, the men accepted the invitation. While they were eating, Hardin emerged from his hiding place with his rifle leveled. "Hands up or I'll shoot!" he commanded.

The hands went up, and then, after the cook had disarmed the guests, Hardin told them to finish their meal. At the conclusion of the repast Hardin, in a spirit of jocular retaliation, forced the trio to take off their trousers and their boots and leave them with him.

A few days later Hardin was joined in his camp in the Cottonwood by Gyp Clements, and on July 11, 1871, following the same trail that Manning Clements had taken a week before, the pair started back to Texas, where Hardin was to resume operations on a much larger scale than before.

The tale of John Wesley Hardin's surprising adventures will be concluded in next week's Collier's

This Saturday's
IMPORTANT FOOTBALL GAMES

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Pennsylvania-Illinois, Philadelphia
Army-Yale, New Haven
Brown-Dartmouth, Providence
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Princeton-Swarthmore, Princeton
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Syracuse-Penn. State, Syracuse
Pittsburgh-Johns Hopkins, Pittsburgh
Holy Cross-Bucknell, Worcester

WEST

Michigan-Navy, Ann Arbor
Minnesota-Wisconsin, Minneapolis
Chicago-Purdue, Chicago
Nebraska-Oklahoma, Lincoln
Ohio State-Wooster, Columbus
Stanford-Oregon, Palo Alto
Iowa-Wabash, Iowa City
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Send me a trial Airid (one only). (Guaranteed 5 years.) (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1.60.)
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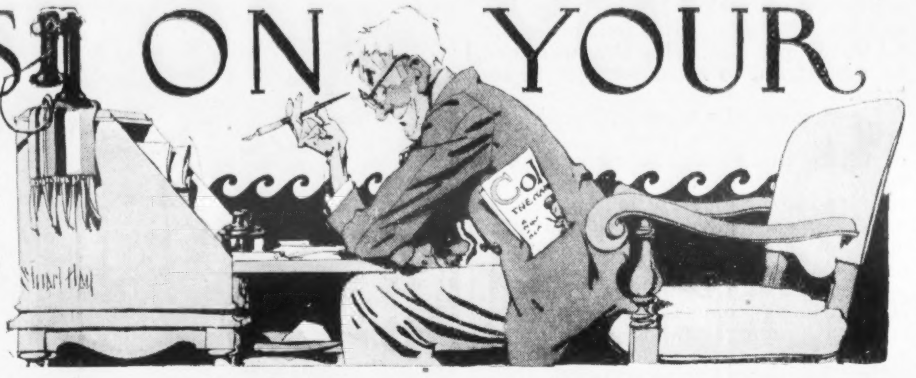
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

A big idea and a two-cent stamp—that's all you need to break into print on this page



Our Upright Night Life

To the Editor of Collier's:

IF I state that I am one of the highest priced performers now appearing in a supper club it is not for the purpose of boasting, but to show that I am in a position to comment on Mr. Kennedy's article, "How the Wasters Play."

Mr. Kennedy seems to think that the cover charge is merely part of the great supper club game of separating the suckers from their money. That is far from the truth. The cover charge makes possible the production of elaborate revues with high-salaried principals, drawn from musical comedy attractions.

Mr. Kennedy is perfectly correct in saying that the supper clubs have come to us from Europe since prohibition and that they are a product of our present so-called dry era. But they are not a haven for the bootlegger and the best of supper clubs do not sell liquor. They dismiss instantly any waiter caught selling it on the side.

As for the conduct of the patrons, I have, on rare occasions only, observed the profligacy which Mr. Kennedy seems to think is so common to all supper clubs. "Butter and egg men," much as I regret to explode one of the accepted social theories of the age, are a simon-pure myth. Most of the patrons of the club where I have appeared for the past two years—and it is one of the most popular and successful of the supper clubs—are just everyday citizens of New York out to enjoy what entertainment their means permit. They don't throw their money around to the waiters (just ask the waiters); they don't squander it on the chorus girls (the girls are hired for their professional skill and no intimacy is permitted with the audience), and the ladies they are attentive to at their tables are usually their wives.

TED LEWIS, New York.

The above is Mr. Lewis' side of the story, but he is wrong. No further evidence is needed than the imposing list of night clubs which have been raided and padlocked by Emory R. Buckner, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Tommy Tucker Stuff

To the Editor of Collier's:

Bruce Barton scares me. He writes so well and so convincingly on the subject of the abolition of banquets that I begin to wonder what I'll do for a livelihood after the world shall have adopted his suggestion and gone on a hunger strike. I have become so accustomed to doing the Tommy Tucker stuff—singing for my supper and the suppers of those at home—that I can't quite see my way clear to taking up any other line of endeavor.

But I am with him in one phase of his grouch against banquets:

I should like to run amuck—a very large muck—and butcher a few toastmasters. While the men who make the set speeches are too often terribly prolix, yet they are partially justified in the fact that they are there to make speeches. The toastmaster is *not* there to make speeches. He is not a box car, he is a coupler. He is there only to make a connection, to establish a point of contact between the audience and the speaker. He is not there to make any speech himself. And when he does make a long speech of introduction and a long speech afterward—death is too gentle a thing to administer to him. He should at least not be killed suddenly. The process should be lingering.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN,
Baltimore, Md.

One Law and No Renos

To the Editor of Collier's:

"What a Divorce Lawyer Knows" is interesting reading. But I wonder how a magazine with Collier's reputation for publishing articles of real worth and importance can be satisfied with an "interesting" article only when there is so much misery and injustice caused by varying state laws concerning divorce.

Our own cases always seem so important. I have lived down the tragedy of my divorce, but it was bitter while it lasted.

My husband came home from the war a changed man morally. He didn't want to switch back to American ways. I felt it impossible to continue to live with him, but I could not get a divorce in my state, which dissolves a marriage only on proved evidence of infidelity. I had only my husband's word, and I couldn't use that word in a court of law. Nor had I money to get evidence here.

Back to his father's home went my husband and got a divorce from me on the grounds of desertion—possible in his state. I could not claim residence in that state because I had voted in the state where *my* home was. So I, who was guiltless, was the defendant in a case when I had every right morally to be the accuser. I was unlucky in picking my state, that's all.

Divorces like that happen all the time. They will go on happening until we have uniform divorce laws. Why not?

S. G., New York.

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Wide Assortment, Take Your Choice

To the Editor of Collier's:

I'm a pretty bright guy, so I *know* that all your prohibition articles come from the office of the Anti-Saloon League, but just for the sake of the poor chaps who aren't so blessed with brains why don't you label your propaganda stuff? Of course, most anybody could guess after reading one or two of Shepherd's effusions that Collier's is a dry organ, but just for the sake of sportsmanship why not fly the flag?

FRANCIS FRANG,
Schenectady, N. Y.

To the Editor of Collier's:

It would be ludicrous if it were not so comical to read Collier's articles on Prohibition. Everybody knows Collier's is to-day and always has been "*Wet*" and one wonders how much the Association Opposed to Prohibition are paying Mr. Shepherd and Collier's for these pitiful wails against prohibition. No writer is welcome to your columns who is not wringing wet.

It took sixty years to get the Eighteenth Amendment and Collier's is howling its head off because it is not fully enforced in five years. Is there any wonder it is not enforced when the friends of prohibition have to fight the world, the flesh, the devil and Collier's?

CHARLES J. HALL, Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor of Collier's:

My name is Tonmy Earlmena. A strange name, says you? Well, says I, 'tis a bit strange. But then, what's in a name? What I really started to say is, William G. Shepherd's article in your last issue, "Women are 'Dry' but Helpless" is largely bunk. "You can't fool these women." I say you can't. Women will have their little brew. Had you added one more question to your list you might have found out something, if the women would honestly answer it. It is this: Do you make or keep brew of any kind in your home? If answered honestly and truly 70 per cent would say, YES, JUST A LITTLE. You don't believe it? Well, you just try it.

Collier's staff is wet. Wet clear through. That's the only thing the matter with Collier's. The wets are dying hard but dying. The head is gone. Someone has aptly reminded us that the whisky ring is like a chicken with its head cut off—"activity increased but longevity shortened."

TONMY EARLMENA, Columbia, Mo.

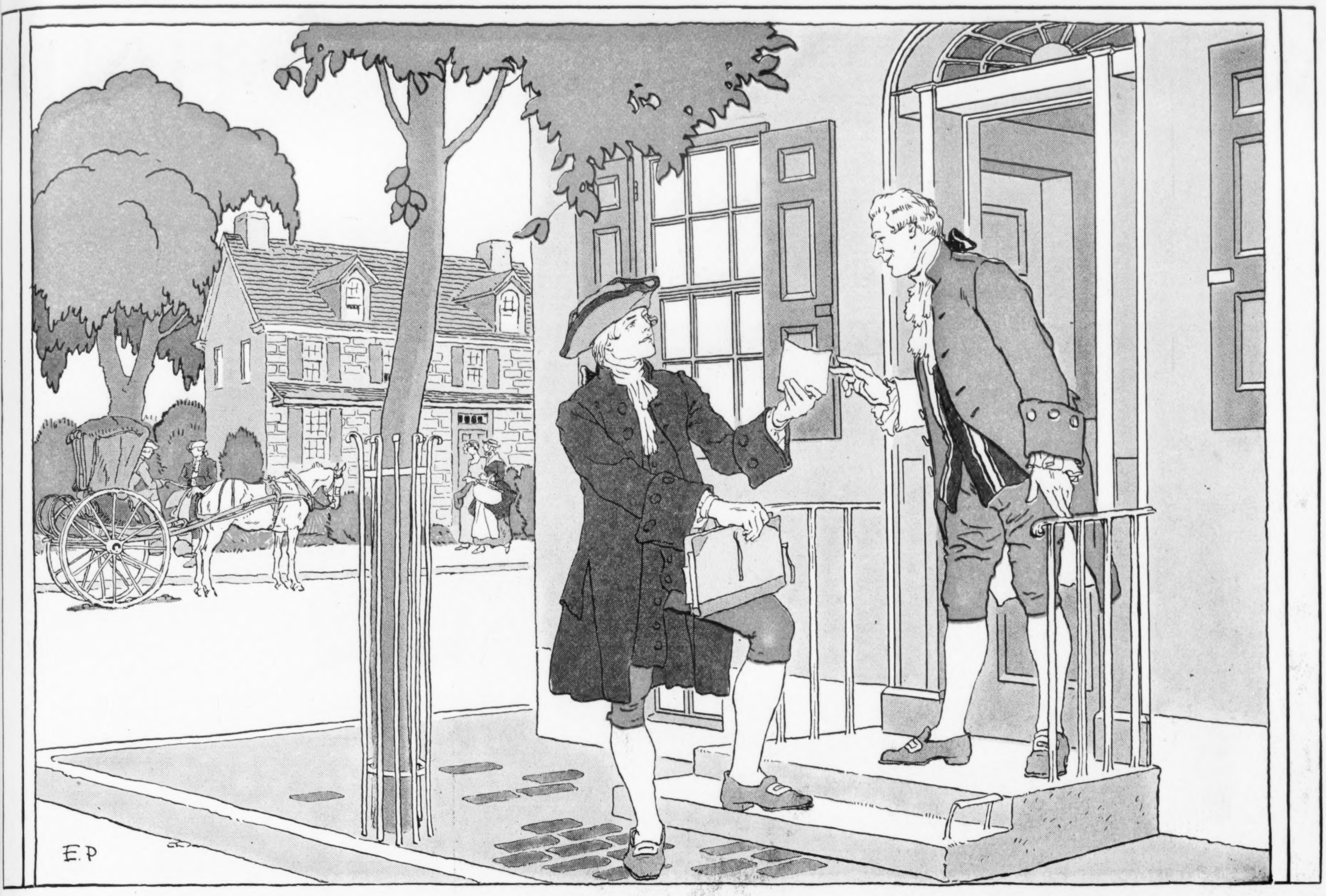
To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. Shepherd's article is like all your articles—splendidly done and remarkable for the truth—but you spilled the beans in the last few lines when you said that the majority of us want prohibition. Why, don't you know that if the majority wanted prohibition they would have it?

Prohibition will be enforced when God Almighty in his wisdom sees fit to send no more rain to water the soil to grow the corn to make the alcohol to satisfy the desires of the enormous majority of people both wets and drys, old and young, male and female, the halt and the blind, senators, congressmen, preachers and laymen and hypocrites.

Go to it, Mr. Shepherd. You sure know how to tell it to them, and sometime when you want the inside on the drinking question and who is drinking arrange for a sixty-day trip with one who comes in contact with the people who "don't drink" and I will make a convert of you to 5% suds and 30% vino and you won't get your info from the fellow behind the pulpit or a mahogany desk in the office of General Andrews or Wayne Wheeler.

C. R. HILL, Meridian, Miss.



Franklin learned the secret for himself—

But it took him an hour or two each day to accomplish what you can do in fifteen minutes—the free booklet tells how

THERE was not a bookstore in Philadelphia in 1731. What books there were had to be imported from Europe. They were expensive and hard to get at any price.

Young Benjamin Franklin saw the tremendous need. From house to house he went—arguing, persuading, *selling* the idea of books; and finally he persuaded fifty Philadelphians to subscribe ten shillings each for a public library.

The tireless efforts of one young man with a purpose changed a dream into a concrete fact. But what was behind these efforts? Franklin says:

"Our library afforded me the means of improvement by study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repaired the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me."

No one helped Franklin to select the few important books that would give him a grasp on literature and life. Without assistance he found the reading which made him one of the greatest Americans.

For you the work which Franklin did has all been done. The books have been selected and edited with notes and reading courses by one of the foremost living educators as

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

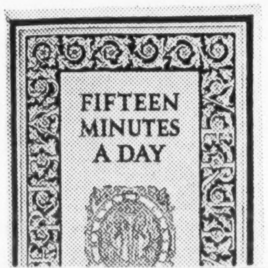
Here are the few really essential things—the books which will make a man think clearly and talk well—clearly printed and handsomely bound, and so arranged that the reading of them is delightful.

In order that you may know more about this complete library for your home an interesting book called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" will be sent free on request to any reader of this page.

In this booklet you will find how, by careful selection and editing, Dr. Eliot has made it possible for you to get in only "fifteen minutes a day" the culture, the broad viewpoint which every university strives to give.

Everyone should at least know something of this famous library and what it can mean in building successful men and women. The booklet costs you nothing and it may be the beginning of big changes in your future.

The convenient coupon alone brings you the free book by return mail prepaid. Only fill it out and mail it now.



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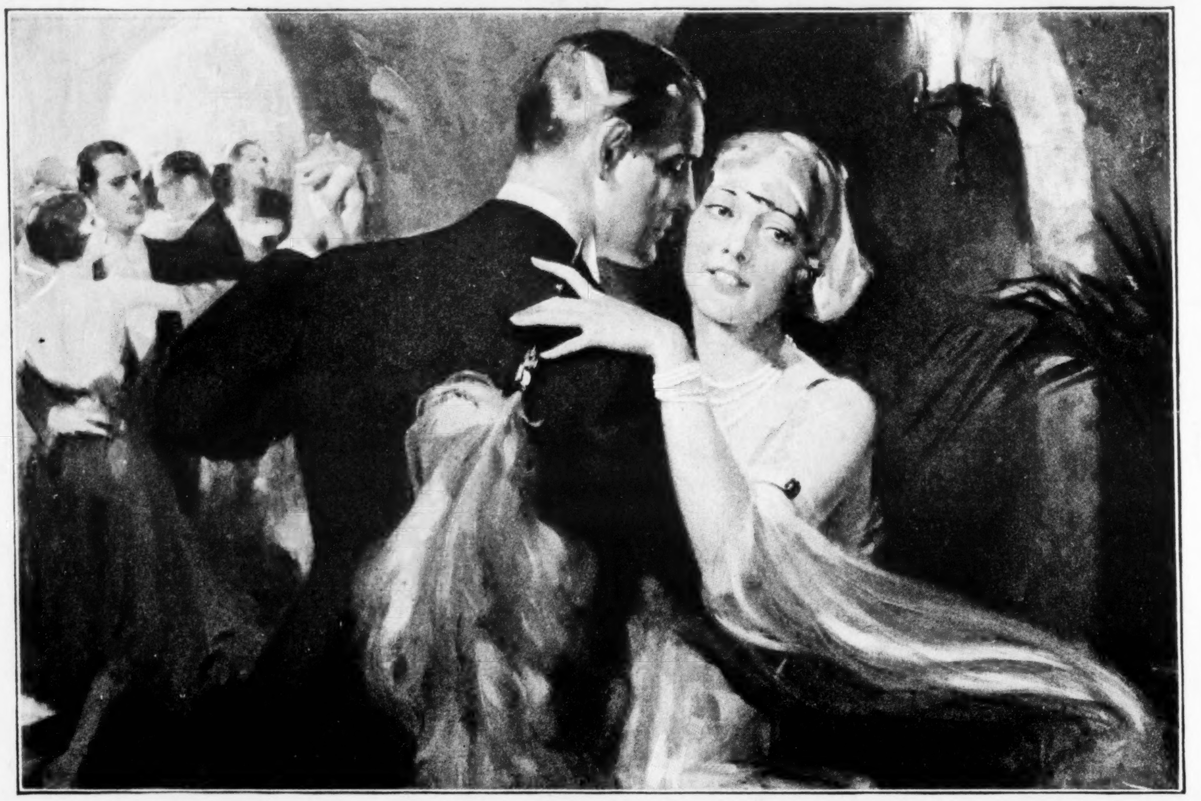
It *removes causes* of tooth decay



Good Teeth—Good Health—Good Times

PEOPLE who care how they look are concerned first of all with their teeth—for the mouth is the front door of personality. Not only are good teeth important to beauty; they are essential to health, to happiness, and sometimes even to life itself.

Because good teeth and good health are so closely related, modern dentists are urging preventive dentistry. Its aim is to combat disease by preventing tooth troubles—to fight tooth decay before it starts.

Use Colgate's After Every Meal

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health.

Colgate's is Safe and Effective

Colgate's is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. The combined action of its soap and chalk gently removes clinging food particles. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe to use for a lifetime.

Tastes Good—Does Good

Take good care of your teeth and they will take good care of you. Brush them after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you like, use Colgate's with it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and sold at a sensible price, 25c for a large size tube. Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806*

Free—Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 601
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream

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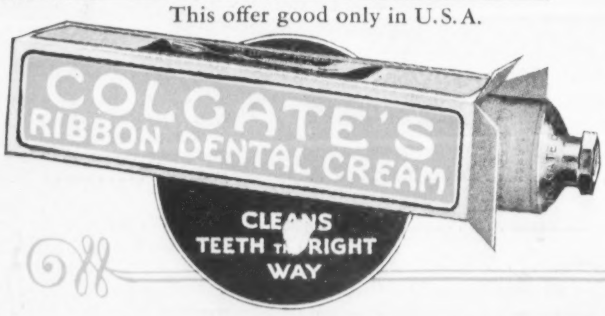
Address____________________

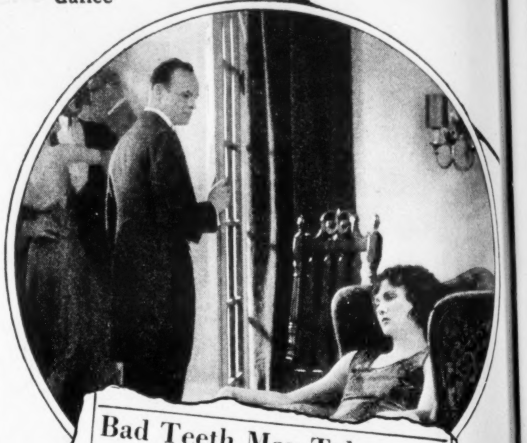
This offer good only in U.S.A.



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Prevent this

Too tired to dance



Bad Teeth May Take The Joy Out of Life

Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap Bodily Strength and Destroy Good Looks.

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.

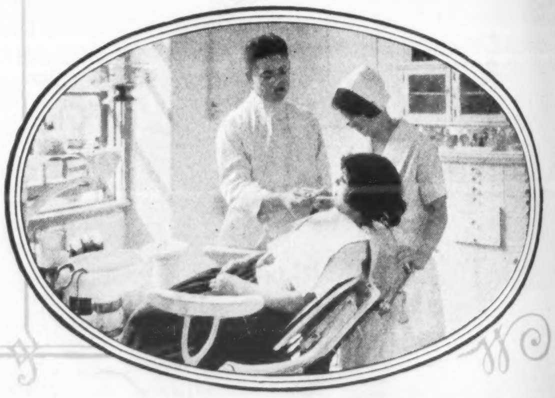
Here is a scientific experiment, told recently by John Amid in Collier's Weekly, that speaks volumes:

> "In the interests of science a bit of the streptococcus culture from one of the extracted teeth (from a human suffering from rheumatism) is injected into the blood of a rabbit. Three weeks and the rabbit is hopelessly deformed."

Preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Today it is fully recognized that tooth decay is a menace to the nation's health.

In schools where preventive oral hygiene has been introduced, children have shown striking advance in health and mental vigor, and increased immunity to disease.

Conditions are improving but much must yet be done. Fight tooth decay before it starts. Give yourself a chance.

Here is a photograph taken in the Dental Clinic of the Heckscher Foundation, New York, where the importance of preventive dentistry is fully realized.